

## Two Pretty Boyfriends

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## Two Pretty Boyfriends

by [1\\_2\\_dichlorocyclopentane](#)

### Summary

Maybe accidentally offending his crush was not the best way to score a date. In Sapnap's defence, he blames his anxiety. And Dream. He's not quite sure how, but he's pretty sure he can blame Dream for everything.

(Maybe, just maybe, he gets two pretty boyfriends out of it in the end.)

(Or: omegaverse university au)

# I did not mean for this to happen

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Sapnap knows that Karl is the most beautiful person he's ever seen.

Dream laughs when he tells him the most beautiful boy in the world is in his software development class and corrects him, saying that surely Karl is only the most beautiful *omega* he's ever seen, considering that, you know, George exists. But Sapnap knows he's right. No matter how pretty the Beta is, Karl is *gorgeous*.

And, unlike George, Karl has a pretty personality to match. He's pretty sure. He's never actually talked to him. But unlike his awkward avoidance of the world through his head phones, Karl actually talks to people. You can hear his laugh ringing out, the last sound to taper off as the lecture hall goes silent. And he's never seemed anything but sweet.

"Yeah, well at least I've managed to have a conversation with George."

"Well at least I've never simped."

"Listen- I- Well- Yeah, you've got me there. So anyway-"

"No, go back, let me have this win man."

"*So anyway* there's a party tonight at Punz's flat."

"Busy."

"You're not busy. We were gonna play video games."

"Yep. Something else came up. Very busy, not going to a party, thanks."

"You're coming."

And now he's here. Standing in the corner, drinking soda because Dream had laughed at him and called him a baby, and he'd been too awkward to walk away and ask someone else to give him a beer.

There's a flash of bright purple out of the corner of his eye. He only looks because he has nothing better to do. He's not sure if he's glad that he did or not.

Karl is slipping through the archway into the kitchen, empty cup in hand.

He follows without even thinking about it.

He stops just outside the kitchen, drags a hand through his hair, chugs the rest of his coke so he has an excuse to be there and so Karl won't know he was drinking soda. The lights in the kitchen are brighter, Karl spotlighted by one of the hanging lights over the island. He looks a little ethereal, neon purple hoodie with squiggly black and white cartoons across the front. It brings out the dark circles under his eyes and the slightly chipped polish on his fingers.

And fuck. He doesn't know what to say.

There's nothing on the countertop that looks like alcohol, with the exception of a few liquor bottles. Which seems like a bad idea. But there's no beer or anything. Realistically, Punz wouldn't care if he dug through his fridge looking for things but he doesn't want Karl to watch him making a mess. Or look like he doesn't know how to drink.

He grabs a bottle of vodka off the counter, tips a shot into his cup. Stops to wonder what the fuck you're supposed to mix with vodka and decides that soda would probably work. Besides, at least then he'll be able to get it down.

He kinda wishes he were high right now.

"Vodka and sprite. Interesting choice."

He looks up from trying too hard to not spill any of the soda on the bench, managing to leave a good few splashes down the side of the cup. Karl has his can of monster tucked between his sweater paws.

"Uh, yeah. I guess."

He leans back against the opposite counter. "I think I've seen you around before. But hi, I'm Karl." His fingers curl over the cuff of the sweater, showing off the electric pink polish as he waves.

"Sapnap."

"Sapnap?"

"Well, that's what people around here call me. I mean like, my friends. Punz and... the guys."

"Right. Cool nickname."

He nods and smiles and takes a sip. Too much vodka; he almost chokes on the burn.

Karl notices anyway, giggles. "Yeah, maybe you should have gone a little lighter. There are less painful ways to get intoxicated." He shakes his can gently.

"Yeah." He tops the drink up with more sprite, making sure he's smiling when he raises it to his lips.

The kitchen lulls into silence, Karl fidgeting one handed with his hoodie strings, drawing them across the seam of his lips as he looks at Nick before letting his gaze flutter away. He represses the urge to clear his throat, not sure what to say where to go from here, how to get from point a to point b, not even sure what he really wants point b to be.

All he can imagine is Dream digging an elbow into his spine, trying to force him towards the pretty boy glancing at him from across the kitchen and telling him to shoot his shot.

He clears his throat. Karl's eyes land on him and stick there. He panics.

"Hey uh... Do you have an Alpha?"

Karl raises an eyebrow, stepping forward from the counter. "No?"

"Really?" He doesn't know whether to sigh in relief or yelp for joy.

"What exactly are you implying?" Karl's arms fold over his chest, crushing the cute little cartoon designs.

“Oh! Nothing! It’s just that well, you’re really pretty and I thought an omega like you would-”

“Piss off. Piss all the way off.” Karl shoves at his shoulder, pushing him into the counter as he storms back into the living room , disappearing into the crowd.

“...Karl?”

~~~

He can’t find Dream anywhere. Or at least anywhere in the kitchen, or front hall. Or the front lawn. Or the way to Bad’s apartment.

He breathes three times before the door opens. Skeppy’s rubbing at his eyes, pajamas bunched around his wrists and ankles.

“Wha- Oh. I’ll go get Bad.”

His favourite blanket is folded over the back of the couch, tucked under Skeppy’s favourite and a fluffy yellow one with ducks wandering across the hem. The sweet smell on it has leached into his blanket.

“Sappy, what’s wrong?” Bad snakes an arm under the blanket, wrapping it around his shoulders. He slumps against the older boy’s chest.

“Bad... I messed up.”

“What happened?”

“Dream wanted me to go to the party with him and I said yes, cause y’know. I’m nice like that. But then I ran into this boy from one of my classes and he’s cute, so I got all awkward and shit, but I think I really offended him, Bad.”

"Well firstly, Language.” Bad taps him gently on the nose in reprimand, before switching it to gentle stroking, the way a mother might for a pup. “And I’m sure you can just apologise.”

“Yeah, cause he’s totally gonna let me get close enough to apologise after I make him storm out of the room the first time we ever talked.”

“Well, you could get someone else to explain to him, then apologise.”

“Who? I don’t know anyone cool enough to know him.”

“Hey! I’m cool!”

“Not cool enough for Karl.”

Bad stops stroking his nose. “Karl? As in Quackity’s boyfriend Karl?”

There’s a sinking feeling dragging him down, down, down into the deep recesses of his blanket cocoon.

“Fuck, probably.”

“Language. Also yeah, Quackity has a boyfriend called Karl. With a ‘k’, fluffy brown hair, omega.”

“Sounds like him.” He’s turning the idea of Karl insisting on his name being spelled correctly over in his mind. He thinks it would be cute; he’d have his hand over his mouth or on the side of his neck. Maybe he’d giggle.

Now he’ll never get to spell Karl’s name, except for hopelessly doodling their names together in a heart.

“...Who’s Quackity?”

“Quackity is... my friend. Unfortunately.”

“Unfortunately?”

“Quackity’s great!” Skeppy leans over the back of the couch. “Most of the time...”

“Mostly? Does he deserve Karl?”

“I mean, I’ve only met Karl a few times. But they’re the sweetest together. High school sweethearts and everything.” Bad’s voice has a wistful edge. Like the shipper he likes to pretend he isn’t.

“Damn. I can’t compete with that, can I?”

Skeppy sets a hand on Sapnap’s shoulder. “I wouldn’t get your hopes up on there being anything to compete for. You’re not exactly, uh, his type.”

"This is not news, man. I'm not anyone's type."

Skeppy shakes his head. "Dude. Quackity is an omega."

## Chapter End Notes

Yay!

There will be more chapters (hopefully. eventually.) but I have no idea how long this will be so we're all along for the ride!

If you're here from Between the Three of Us, thank you for taking a chance on this.

# things sometimes get worse before they get better (or more complicated)

## Chapter Summary

Sapnap would like to send out an application for someone to bury him alive, please and thank you. Hopefully he won't feel embarrassed when the only ones watching are earthworms.

He's not sure if Quackity makes things better or worse.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream is not as sympathetic as he wanted him to be.

“I fucked up so fucking bad, dude. Royal motherfucking fuck up of epic fucking proportions.”

Dream stares down at him where he's sprawled on the couch. “That's... a lot of fucks.”

“Not enough for how bad it was.”

“So you embarrassed yourself. Big deal.”

“I made myself sound like a sexist, homophobic creep and offended him.”

“Oooh... Fuck. That's bad.”

“I just wanted to know if he was single! Which, it turns out, he isn't, which is fine, it's not like I had a fucking chance anyway, but I asked in the worst way possible.”

“What'd you say?”

“Don't laugh at my pain.” Dream just leans forward, eyes wide. “I asked if he had an Alpha. Then implied that he should have an Alpha, because he's pretty, and an omega. Turns out he has an omega boyfriend.”

“Ouch. Yeah, you're never going to live that down.” Dream shrugs. “Oh well.”

“Oh well? This is not an oh well sort of situation.”

“I mean oh well there's plenty of fish in the sea. If you can never face him again, find another cute omega to chat up.”

“Of course you would say that. Not all of us find it so easy. Besides, how would you know how many cuties, omega or otherwise, there are around campus? You can't peel your eyes off of George's nonexistent ass long enough to notice.”

Dream protests, and tries to shove him off the couch and he growls back and they end up wrestling on the floor of their tiny living room and sure it makes him feel a bit better. But still all he can think about is *Karl, Karl, Karl*.

He doesn't want to go to software development. Dream has to shovel him out the door, dumping his bag in his hands and placing a firm elbow between his shoulder blades to pry him off the couch.

He wears down the toes of his shoes, dragging his feet all the way across campus, and all it achieves is making him late for the lecture, pushing the incredibly loud door open mid sentence and hurrying up the stairs while simultaneously trying to sink through the floor.

Karl is sitting in the third row back, right on the aisle. He looks at the floor, trying to somehow activate xray vision so he has something to look at, something to think about, other than the fact that Karl is barely a foot away. He trips on the stairs, having to catch himself. His bag thumps against his leg, he bites down on his lip, he looks anywhere but at Karl and books it to the back of the hall.

He doesn't take a single note the entire class. When he leaves, the imprint of the edge of his notebook has branded itself into his forehead.

He did not mean to run into Karl. That was actually the opposite of his goal.

But here he was, face to face with him in the middle of the hallway.

Karl's hands are tucked into the pockets of his hoodie, not really looking at him at all. He has to step a little out of the way to prevent brushing their shoulders together.

He means to pass by without saying anything. To go unnoticed.

"Hey."

Karl looks up at him, reaching up to pull his headphones off. "Hi?"

"Fuck, umm, I'm sorry!"

"For what?"

"Oh." He ????? "Um, at the party, on Saturday? I said something really douchey. Or like, it sounded really douchey. And I know you have no reason to believe that I'm not like that so I just wanted to say sorry. And I hope you and your boyfriend are really happy."

"Ahhh, what?" Karl's fingers curl over his mouth, laughter spilling out between them. One of his rings clinks against his teeth. His shoulders are collapsing in on themselves, his chest so concave it looks like there's a hole being burrowed all the way through him from the sheer force of Sapnap's awkwardness.

"Sorry. I just wanted to apologise."

"Cool. Cool. Umm.." Karl giggles. "Thanks I guess?"

"I'm just gonna- Sorry. Bye."

He turns tail and runs.

Leaving his room becomes even more of a chore than it already was. Every time he sets foot on campus he worries about running into Karl again, everytime he has to talk to someone he cringes at the memory of his last interaction.

Bad's apartment is his saving grace. He's proud to say that Bad actually invited him over this time, thank you very much. He doesn't depend on his dad-friend for emotional stability. If he just so happened to be an emotional wreck when he agreed to come over then that was purely coincidence. As was him hearing Dream complaining to a mysterious someone about him over the phone the night before.

"Sappy! Come on in, I've just pulled the muffins out of the oven. I know the triple chocolate ones are your favourite."

"You can't just call them muffins just cause you cooked brownies in the muffin tray."

"What was that? I couldn't hear that silly thing you said."

He toes off his sneakers in the entryway as Bad hurries back into the kitchen to get the muffins that Sappnap will believe until the day he dies are actually just chocolate chip brownies, their ludicrous size justified by the large muffin tin Bad always bakes everything in.

The couch cradles him like an old friend, a brief comfort before an actual old friend comes to deliver him his comfort muffins and curl up next to him.

"So... How's class been going?"

"You know I haven't been going to lectures, don't even try."

"Ok, ok. *Why* haven't you been going to lectures?"

"Because I don't want to have to be around people."

"You're around me right now."

"You're not people, Bad."

"So what I'm hearing is you don't want to run into Karl."

"Yep." He takes a bite of his muffin, talking through the mouthful of crumbs. "It's fine. I'll just become a hermit and live out my days from the confines of my cave. You can bring me food and Dream can show up occasionally. Maybe he can bring George to shove it down my throat what I can never have."

"Sappy, don't think like that. Whatever happened, I'm sure Karl forgives you. At the very least, I promise he isn't worrying about it as much as you are."

"No. Because Karl is perfect. He probably has meathead Alphas approach him all the time. Why didn't I think about that? And then, when I tried to apologise, I just made myself stand out. And now whenever he sees me, he'll think wow, what a useless idiot. He won't say it, cause he's way too nice for that, but he'll be thinking it."

"I think you're dramatising a bit."

"No I'm not."

He buries his head in his blanket as Bad wraps it around his shoulders, taking another bite of his self pity steeped muffin. Bad lets him eat in silence, until the muffin is just crumbs and a wrapper in his hands. Bad lightly extracts it from his limp grasp, setting it on the table. Sappnap buries his face in Bad's side to hide the tears that are welling up.

“Aww, pup. It’ll be okay.” Bad’s hands pet over his hair. “You just cry it out, how about that?”

He hides under his blanket, nose saturated with Bad’s soft Beta scent, and lets all the frustrated tears pool down his cheeks and into the soft fabric.

He wakes up to the door slamming.

“BADBOYHALO!”

“ *Quackity! Shhhh!* ”

“Huh?” He raises his head from Bad’s lap, peering over the back of the couch.

“Oh. Oh shit.”

“Language.”

The boy’s dark hair sticks every which way from under his beanie, cheeks a little flushed.

“Fuck.” He pushes himself up off the couch. “Um, guess I’ll go. Sorry for falling asleep.”

“Nah man, you look like you've had a rough time. I can totally leave.”

“I’ve overstayed my welcome anyway.” He almost stumbles over his own feet.

“Right, no, you are staying right here.” Bad pulls him back, with what is either a surprising amount of strength, or he was a lot more unstable than he thought.

“It’s okay dude! We can share the couch cuddling space!” He bounces around the sofa, plopping himself down on the other side of Bad and grabbing the duck printed blanket off the back of the couch. He sticks a hand out. “I’m Quackity.”

“Sapnap.” He’s ready for him to jump up and start yelling at him for being the dickhead that hit on his boyfriend. But Quackity grins, wide and boisterous and brimming with an infectious energy that is making him want to smile too.

“Pleasure to meet you. Now, Bad, I believe I was told there would be muffins.”

Quackity’s number somehow finds its way into his phone by the end of the night. He’s pretty sure it’s Bad’s doing: when Quackity had asked for his number he only remembers stuttering and blinking. He definitely doesn’t remember handing him his phone. Or unlocking it for him.

Maybe he needs to change his password. There’s probably things on there that Bad doesn’t need access to.

Especially now that he has a text chain with Quackity, his own ‘hi :)’ followed by ‘SAPNAP my man!!!’ and a series of inane questions he finds himself answering late into the night.

## Chapter End Notes

Yay! Two whole chapters!

Hopefully the next one will be out soon-ish, and will most likely include Sapnap finally digging his way out of this hole. But I'm writing this as I go, so no promises on

update schedule or plot!

# getting out of bed for the sake of cute boys is a bad idea

## Chapter Summary

Never sacrifice precious sleep for anyone. Especially not cute boys.

or: Sapnap is failing on the Karl front while his new friendship with Quackity takes off too quick for him to keep up.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

He goes to software development on Thursday morning.

Dream is passed out, ridiculously long limbs sprawled off of his bed, still wearing the clothes he had come back from George's place in. Sapnap sets his alarm to go off in an hour and leaves the apartment as quietly as possible.

He gets a text forty minutes into class asking where he is and he responds with all the despondency he can summon from his bones. All his false bravado has been simmering in a pit of disappointment and has become a kind of melancholy.

Karl isn't here.

Not that he was going to talk to him. Or that he wasn't going to freak out the second he saw him. But he was so ready to see him, had emotionally fortified himself for the impending panic.

And now he's sitting through a totally normal lecture with all these feelings.

Kinda sucks.

After class he finds Dream, having just dragged himself onto campus for his noon lecture.

"Did you see him?"

"Nope." Sapnap pulls out his phone, checking to see if Quackity has texted him yet. He'd said goodnight, after complaining about Dream and his conspicuous absence from the apartment, and then hadn't heard from him since.

"Dude. Dude. Who is this person who you're texting who is apparently more important than me? Do I need to take them out?"

"His name's Quackity, Bad introduced us."

"Oh?" Dream wiggles his eyebrows aggressively. "Is Karl no longer part of the picture?"

Sapnap gives Dream the best deadpan he can without rolling his eyes or accidentally bursting out laughing. "He's Karl's boyfriend."

"Oh. Oh fuck." Dream's eyes widen. "Is he cute?"

“*How* is that relevant?”

“Well is he?”

Sapnap smacks him with his phone, making sure to nail him between the ribs with the sharp edge.

“I’m just gonna assume that’s a yes.”

“They’re literally together! It doesn’t matter how cute his face is, cause he belongs to someone else!”

Dream just laughs. “Still! Take the ego boost, man! A cute omega wanted you to have his number.”

“It’s not an ego boost. He’s just a nice guy who’ll probably ditch the idea of being my friend the minute he figures out I’m the same guy who ruined his boyfriend’s night.” He starts walking away from Dream, trying and failing to leave him behind as the other Alpha hurries after him with his stupidly long legs.

“There’s no way he thinks it’s that big of a deal.”

“You weren’t there.”

“I’ve seen you try to flirt before. I can imagine.”

“Fuck you.”

“Listen. Why don’t you just forget about it? You’ve apologised, you’ve done your best. Now just try to be friends with them.”

“Oh yes. Because being friends with the cute guy you couldn’t figure out how to flirt with is going so well for you. How long have you been in the friend zone now?”

“Low blow man.” Dream is still grinning. “At least I’ve managed to have a conversation with him without metaphorically, or literally, falling on my face.”

“I haven’t fallen on my face.” He sighs, trying not to smile. Curse Dream for being himself. “At least, not yet.”

He wakes up at nine thirty on Saturday morning to his phone ringing.

“No George, I will not come collect him. He’s your problem now. Keep him.”

“You know George?”

He opens his eyes. “Quackity. Hi.”

“Hi.”

“Ummm... What did you want?”

“Well, there’s an installation at the arcade, and law school sucks so this is my only day off, but my boyfriend’s busy. Ergo, I’m calling you.”

“Oh.” He tries to play it cool. He is cool. He is the coolest. “Are you sure- I mean, I don’t want Karl to get upset.”

“One, why would Karl be upset. It’s not like I’m asking you to make out. Two, how do you know who Karl is?”

“Oh. Um, Bad told me you guys were dating?”

“Right, ok. Anyway, the arcade. It opened, like, half an hour ago, so we gotta get going soonish.”

“Why are you even asking me?”

“Are you telling me this isn’t exactly your sort of thing? Hmm?” He can hear Quackity’s dumb expression, eyebrows up and head tilted. “Also, George wasn’t picking up.”

“Good to know I’m second choice.”

“Shut the fuck up. Are you gonna be there or not?”

“Of course I’ll be there.” He rubs the sleep out of the corner of his eyes, swings his legs over the side of the bed. “What time should I meet you?”

“Well. Maybe I’m outside your building right now.”

“What the fuck.”

“Yeah. Bad gave me your address. Get down here.”

“You literally woke me up. I’m in my boxers right now.”

“Well then WAKEY WAKEY RISE AND SHINE! Get your FUCKING ass dressed! We’ve got stuff to do!”

He holds the phone away from his ear as Quackity yells.

“Give me fifteen minutes.”

“I’ll be counting.”

He hangs up when Quackity literally starts counting.

Ten minutes later he is scrutinizing his last minute outfit, consisting of the clean clothes he could find on the way from his bed to the bathroom, weighing up the pros and cons of getting in the shower vs styling his hair and trying to find the bottle of cologne he knows Dream has somewhere around here.

His phone rings from the bedroom and he curses, dragging a hand through his hair and hurrying to grab it and get out the door before Quackity starts spam texting him.

Quackity is leant up against the railing at the bottom of the last flight of stairs, phone in hand, making a tapping noise against it with the back of his fingers.

“Sapnap! Let’s go!”

He stumbles down the last few stairs. “Hi.”

“Hi, good morning.” Quackity shoves his phone in his pocket. “The clock is ticking, we gotta go.”

“You do know that the arcade doesn’t close until like eight, right?” He only has a few inches on the other, but surely no one that small should be able to move so fast. Nor should any human being possess that much energy so early on a Saturday.

“We have to get there early though!”

Quackity holds the door open for him like it’s the most casual thing in the world and Sapnap wasn’t seconds away from blushing.

The area around this building, mostly student apartments and small businesses scattered around the borders of campus, is basically deserted.

“So what are we actually going to see?”

“They reinstalled Dance Dance Revolution. For, like, the first time in a decade.”

“You woke me up to play DDR?”

“But Sapnap, would you rather waste your life sleeping or spend time with me?” Quackity’s lashes flutter dramatically and he huffs, pushing him away. “Besides, I am a fucking god at DDR.”

## Chapter End Notes

I! Have! Given! Up! On! Quality! Writing!

Seriously, writing this as I go is weird.

I was gonna include the arcade scene but it's not finished and I wanted to publish a chapter sometime this century so you get a weirdly placed chapter break.

Anyway, let me know what you're liking so far! Tell me if there's anything you want to see and maybe I'll be able to work it in.

# arcades are dangerous man

## Chapter Summary

Sapnap and Quackity at the arcade! What will they do?!

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Quackity turns out to be more bark than bite. They're the first ones there, arriving minutes after the arcade opens to Quackity's dismay, only to find the place is mostly deserted and there's no one in line for the new machine.

The very first round he almost faceplants.

"It's cause the machine is new! It's cause the machine is new and it's slippery!"

"Uh huh." Sapnap stops moving, using the interruption excuse to stop embarrassing himself.

Quackity jumps up, throwing himself around even more enthusiastically. He's not even close to being in time with the machine and his feet land in the wrong place about half the time but he still looks surprised when he fails.

The machine spits a tiny string of tickets at his feet which he stares down at disdainfully. "Well clearly the machine is broken."

"Right." Sapnap doesn't even look at his score, grabbing his jacket from beside the machine. "Should we find one that isn't broken?"

"Good idea. I refuse to be scammed out of my claim to arcade mastery by a dumb piece of metal that plays bad music." He directs his ire over his shoulder at the DDR machine as Sapnap guides him away, sticking out his tongue for good measure as if the game might develop the ability to see. And the ability to feel insulted.

He's equally bad at air hockey, spends the whole game intermittently gripping the paddle too hard and throwing his hands in the air as he yells. The only point he scores that isn't pure luck is because he has his tongue caught between his teeth and Sapnap doesn't look away fast enough to stop the puck.

He doesn't actually start winning until they get to old arcade games. Turns out Quackity is actually a legend at pacman.

Sapnap sighs as his little yellow blob blips out of existence for the last time.

"LET'S GO!" Quackity throws his arms up in the air, almost whacking the top of the machine.

"Alright, alright, but you know what you can't beat me at? Claw machines."

Quackity shoves against his shoulder with possibly a little too much leftover enthusiasm, sending him stumbling. "Yeah right. No one who talks big about claw machines can actually deliver the

goods. It's just a cover for being trash at anything that requires skill."

"Oh yeah? Watch."

The machines are lined up against the back wall perpendicular to the prize counter. He chooses the one with stuffed toys; nothing in a box will ever come out of a claw machine no matter how good you are and unlike the candy one it actually takes some skill to win. Carefully, he picks out his target, a fluffy yellow head sticking cleanly out of a packed layer of toys.

Quackity breathes quietly just behind him, looking over his shoulder as he works. He wishes he had put his hoodie back on, then he might not be able to feel his exhale against his skin.

He takes as much time as he can lining it up, checking around the sides of the machine because the reflective surfaces they put in there mess with your depth perception. And when the claw drops, it wraps cleanly around, pulling the toy out by the head. It wobbles a little with the resistance but clings on all the way to the drop basket.

"Boom." He leans down to pull it out.

"I stand corrected. All hail Sapnap, god of the claw machine."

"My power knows no limits." He holds up the fluffy duck. "It kinda matches the blanket you have at Bad's. Do you want it?"

"You don't want it?"

"Nah. Pandas are more my style."

Quackity eyes him up. "I could see it."

He watches the way he folds the little duck against his chest. "Y'know, Dream, my best friend, he used to call me Pandas. Back in like, middle school. That's where Sapnap came from."

"Aww, that's so cute." He fiddles with the stuffed toy. "Karl randomly called me Duckie one day. That's why Quackity."

"You guys have known each other for a while, huh?" He pretends that fact hasn't been eating away at both sides of his heart for a while now.

"Yeah, man. Since like, middle school. He's owned my heart forever, y'know?"

"Kinda." He turns back towards the arcade. "What now?"

Quackity's eyes scan across the room. They're dark enough to reflect back the neon lighting on the games. "Now..."

He strides towards the prize counter, Sap hurrying to follow. He has all his tickets spread out, trying to count them out.

"I want one of those ones, up in the corner. Is this enough?"

The girl behind the counter purses her lips, then runs a few handfuls through the counter. "Yep, just enough. Which one do you want?"

"The panda, thanks."

The stuffed toy is deposited in his hands before he's finished blinking the surprise out of his eyes.

"For you! And now we match!"

"Are you sure? Don't you wanna get something for Karl?"

"Karl is a bitch who would rather pass his editing class than come to the arcade with me. So no." He dips his chin down towards his collarbone as he laughs. "Plus I spent half my savings last week buying him cute stuff."

"Oof. That's what you get for being a simp." He bops Quackity over the head with the fuzzy arm of the panda.

"Yeah." He grins, crinkles at the corners of his eyes pushing towards the hem of his beanie. "What else do you wanna play? I still have some tokens left."

"Hmmm. Shooter games? I can beat you at those, no problem."

"Big talk. Big talk." Quackity nods. "Your skills may be superior, I will admit. But are they on par with my power of distraction?"

No matter how many nights he may have spent locked inside battling it out with Dream over video game controllers, Sapnap was absolutely sure that his skills were not up to it. "Bring it."

They were lucky they were both average in the height department. This was still an attraction built for kids, and the covered booth for the most graphic first person shooter game they could find wasn't designed with fully grown adults in mind. At least he didn't feel in danger of hitting his head, but he could distinctly feel the warmth of Quackity's shoulder pressing against his through the fabric of his t-shirt.

Quackity is, as reported, rubbish. Mostly because he doesn't even try, immediately resorting to throwing himself and his weapon around and making dramatic sound effects. He gets fully into character, running comms like it's a spy mission. Sapnap just laughs and keeps taking out enemies at triple the rate Quackity is. So Quackity resorts to physical distraction.

Quackity's arm blurring in front of his face obscures his vision, sure, but it isn't that distracting. He's dealt with so much worse from Dream when he gets salty after losing a few too many games in a row. But being so close together, combined with Quackity moving around, and the scent gland of his wrist dangerously close to his face, Sapnap gets a noseful of Quackity's sweet scent. And then promptly has to hold his breath in favour of hoisting the plastic rifle higher to take out more enemies.

"Sapnap! Duck!"

He plays along, ducking his head down at Quackity's command. But there's something about the confined space and having not breathed for the last ten seconds because suddenly the hard plastic controller is coming towards his face faster than anticipated. If only his irl reflexes were as good as his video game ones.

"Fuck. Are you okay?"

Bony hands close over his shoulders, pulling his head up.

"Ooh. That looks bad."

He can feel heat dripping over his lips as the fizzy pain in the bridge of his nose recedes into a head pounding ache.

“In good news... I don’t think it’s broken?”

“Lovely.” He raises his hand to wipe the blood from his face and his entire arm comes away stained red. “Umm...”

“Shit.” Quackity grabs their jackets from beside the machine. “C’mon, my place isn’t too far from here, just a few blocks back towards campus. We can get you cleaned up.”

He blinks away the stinging in his eyes. “I’ll be fine. I can just go grab some paper towels.”

“No, no, come back to my place.” Quackity starts helping him to the door. He can’t exactly resist, as his eyes are still unfocused and his head is spinning a little.

The walk isn’t that far but his nose has mostly stopped bleeding by the time they get there. Quackity unlocks the door while he takes stock of the damage to his clothes. His shirt is going tacky around the collar, but he wasn’t wearing his hoodie so it’s gotten out mostly unscathed except a few dark flecks on the grey.

“Go sit on the couch, I’ll grab a washcloth.”

He leans forward, hands cupped under his nose just in case. Nevermind that his hands are probably dripping more at this point.

A wad of paper towels is shoved into his hands and he starts scrubbing the partially dried blood. “Thanks.”

“No worries. Here, look at me so I can clean your face up a bit.”

The wash cloth is a little bit cold and he flinches away when it touches his skin. Quackity’s fingertips settle on his face, holding him still as he wipes gently over his nose.

“There. Now we can see your face again.”

He can feel the heat creeping up behind his ears and he wills it to stay there. “Ok.”

The door swings open and he’s not sure why he wasn’t thinking, why he didn’t think, why he didn’t bolt.

“Hi babe.”

“Hey baby.” The smile Quackity shoots over Sapnap’s shoulder is show stopping.

“Hey. Sapnap, right?”

## Chapter End Notes

Listen, it took a while, but in my defence- I have no defence.

Did you like it though!?

And look, a wild Karl appeared at the end! It's exciting! Be ready for the next chapter

in... up to three weeks, I have exams coming up.

(Ps: don't tell anyone I told you this but comments make the writer write faster. It's like giving a monkey caffeine. No promises on quality, but the quantity of writing goes up.)

# oh no oh fuck fuck why

## Chapter Summary

a wild karl has appeared

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

*“Hey. Sapnap, right?”*

Sapnap did not know that the cartilage rings in a human trachea could grow a mind of their own and decide to attempt murder. But apparently they can because he currently cannot breathe.

Karl’s chin hooks over Quackity’s shoulder, who is still crouched in front of him and they’re both *so close*.

His mouth is dropped open but there's no air going in or out.

Quackity speaks for him.

“Yeah, this is Sapnap. We went to the arcade but my mans got a bit roughed up.”

“Have you put an icepack on that yet?”

Karl’s face is far too close to his own and he’s remembered how to breathe because suddenly his chest is heaving and he can’t make it stop.

“Oops?”

“I’ll go grab one.” He leaves a kiss on the top of Quackity’s head on his way to the kitchen and leaves Sapnap with a smile.

Quackity waves a hand in front of his face.

“Dude, you look like you’ve seen a ghost.”

“No. But I’m not sure that I’m not dreaming.”

Quackity giggles. “Yeah. My boy sure is pretty, huh?”

“He already knows that.” Sapnap flinches in advance. Just to be prepared. “We met because he hit on me at a party.”

“I am so sorry about that.”

Karl laughs and he wants to feel his chest caving in from embarrassment but instead it just feels warm and that's so much scarier.

“You’ve already apologised! It’s fine, it wasn’t that big of a deal.” Karl grins. “Plus, your apology was adorable.”

“Sapnap! Are you trying to steal my man?!”

“I swear I didn’t know, I never would have- I can go, I should leave-”

Quackity pushes his shoulders back against the couch. “Oh my god, dude! It’s fine, you’re fine. Stay still.”

He tentatively takes the washcloth that’s been abandoned on the edge of the couch, using it to wipe the blood off his hands that he couldn’t get off with the paper towels. Karl hands Quackity the ice pack, wrapped in a kitchen towel in the strangest colour of green he’s ever seen someone other than Dream willingly choose. Quackity presses it to the side of his nose. The sensitivity is fading but he pretends that he flinches because it hurts rather than because of the fingers on the side of his face.

“How much blood does someone have to lose before it becomes a problem? Do we have to like, get you food and stuff? Do you need sugar?”

“I don’t think I’m gonna die of blood loss from a nosebleed.”

“You never know, it’s totally possible!” Quackity gasps. “I’ll be responsible for your death! They’ll lock me away! Karl, you can’t let them take me!”

“I won’t let them separate us! They’ll have to take me too!”

“Nooo! You’re too pretty for prison!”

They slump into each other, Quackity’s arms around Karl’s waist and face pressed to his stomach as Karl folds over his back. The ice pack drips water onto Sapnap’s pants where Quackity abandoned it.

“Guys... I’m not gonna die on your couch. I promise.”

“That’s good.” Karl smiles at him. He can feel all of his insides squishing themselves together. He picks up the ice pack, pressing it a little too harshly to his nose.

“Sorry that our totally epic awesome day off ended in you getting hurt.”

“It’s not a big deal. As you said, it’s not broken. Probably. So, no harm, no foul.”

Quackity pulls fully away from Karl so that he can grin at Sapnap. He shoots a glance at Karl before he returns it, a little more cautious.

“Right. I don’t know what you two have been getting up to all morning but I am starving.” Karl heads back into the kitchen behind him. “Do you guys want anything to eat?”

“Sure thing, thanks baby.”

“Sapnap?”

“Um, uhh, I’m good?”

“Right, two sandwiches coming right up.”

Quackity hauls himself up from the floor to drop onto the couch next to him. “I really am sorry you got hurt though. Maybe next time we hang out somewhere with a few less potential hazards.”

His brain takes a minute or two to churn through the fact that Quackity actually wants to hang out with him again.

There's the sound of the fridge opening in the kitchen behind them.

"You're both getting peanut butter and jelly because that's what I want."

The plates clink on the coffee table, Quackity quickly shoving the scuffed first aid supplies out of the way. Realising he's sitting in what is probably normally Karl's seat, he goes to move, but Karl just sits down on the floor on the other side of the table.

"How'd the project go?"

"Still not done. I got a good part of the design elements done though, so that's something." He tilts his head at them. "I'd ask how the arcade went, but I think I can tell." He takes a bite of his sandwich. Not wanting to look rude, Sapnap starts eating.

"It wasn't all bad." Quackity talks with his mouth full. Which should definitely not be an endearing trait. "We kicked ass at like, at least half the games."

"Half the games made for kids?"

"Kids are crafty motherfuckers."

"And did DDR live up to all your expectations?"

Quackity shakes his head, gripping at the edge of his banister.

"Nah man, the machine was scuffed. It tried to tell us we were losers." He gestures between himself and Sapnap. "And clearly that's just simply not true."

"Sapnap? Is he lying?"

Sapnap swallows as Karl stares him down, trying to look serious as he hides his grin behind his fingers. "Nah. He's one hundred percent truthing. It was the machine's fault."

"Sureee..."

Karl smiles at him. He looks down at his empty plate.

"I should go home..."

"Are you sure? Don't feel like you have to, we want you to be here-"

"Nah, Dream probably expects me home. I kinda disappeared without notice, I don't want him to worry when he gets home."

He grabs his hoodie off the arm of the couch, wincing as he glances down at the bloodstained shirt he's about to put it over.

"Wait, wait, I'll grab you a spare shirt!" Karl jumps up.

"No, no, it's fine."

"C'mon, Dream will be way more worried if you show up covered in blood. My stuff should fit you okay."

"Are you sure?" He's not sure it's at all safe for him to have an object with Karl's scent in his possession. He's working on getting over him, but this feels like staring down the gullet of a snake

that's going to send him ten squares back.

"Yeah, I have stuff I barely even wear. You can even keep it if that's what you're worried about." Karl grabs his wrist and ducks down the hallway.

The first thing he notices about their bedroom is how sweet it smells. Two omegas sharing a small space and it feels like breathing in cotton candy. In the most comfortable, least sticky and potentially dangerous way possible. Maybe he needs to work on his metaphors.

Karl lets go of him to pull open a drawer, digging through the top layer of clothes to grab something from underneath.

"Hey Karl?"

"What?" His eyes flick over his shoulder and Sapnap swears the room smells a little less sweet. Sapnap takes a step back

"I just wanted to apologise. Again. I swear I didn't know Quackity, or that the two of you were together. And even then, I went about it all wrong and I probably made you really uncomfortable." He winces, looking away. "It was just cause I thought you seemed nice. Shitty excuse, I know, but..."

"You're fine. I've had Alphas say much worse. And they certainly didn't bother apologising."

"Still. I totally understand if you don't want me hanging out with Quackity, or if you don't want me around here anymore."

Karl whirls around to face him. "Sapnap. Are you homophobic?"

"What? No, people can be with whoever they want, no matter their presentation!"

"Then you're fine in my books. And your apology was accepted the first time." He pushes a bundle of fabric into his hands. "Try that. I've barely worn it." And then he's gone.

He comes out of the bedroom wearing Karl's shirt, a little tight across his shoulders. It smells like laundry detergent and sugar.

"Are you really sure this is okay?"

"Of course."

"Don't forget your panda!" Quackity shoves the stuffed animal into his arms along with his hoodie.

"Aww, but if I don't leave him here then how will I have an excuse to come back?"

Quackity's row furrows together, like he's considering holding the stuffed toy hostage. Or like he's wondering if he actually wants Sapnap to come back.

"Invite him for dinner on Friday!"

"Yes!" Quackity grabs his hand, almost making him drop the panda again. "My good sir! You're invited to take out Friday!"

"Be here or be a nimrod!" Karl yells from the kitchen.

“O-ok.”

He leaves the apartment with a panda tucked under his arm and a text from Quackity with the details for dinner on Friday.

## Chapter End Notes

sorry it's late, I am currently very sick. which you would think would mean I would do more writing, except I've bee using what little energy I have to make an attempt at studying.

what happens next guys?

(please tell me. I don't know.)

# trapped in the best way possible

## Chapter Summary

Half the dinner chapter because the other half is not written yet and I feel bad about the lack of updates.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

He's walking on sunshine the whole week.

Dream gives him a weird look when he comes home smelling like an omega, carrying a new plushie and his own bloodsoaked shirt, but he just brushes the questions aside.

In software development Karl waves at him from the front of the room, and his phone blows up with texts every time Quackity has even a moment's break from his law lectures.

Dream starts confiscating his phone at dinner, trying to pry him away long enough to have a productive conversation without it being interrupted.

"Hey, I was thinking we could have George over for dinner? And then we can bribe him into helping out with our coding work?"

"Sure, as long as it's not Friday. I'm busy."

"You've told me." Dream lolls his head back to look at him. "You're awfully protective of these plans. Do you have a date or something?"

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah. I'm just hanging out with Quackity."

"See, but you don't grin like that when you're gonna be hanging out with me."

"Karl's gonna be there too."

"Sapnap. Homewrecking is not cool."

"Oh my fucking god, dude! Shut up!"

He gets to Friday morning before he realises that he doesn't quite know what to expect. Other than like, Karl and Quackity and all the nerves that entails. And like, dinner. Which is food. Is he supposed to like, bring something? That's what adults do. Oh god, he's supposed to be an adult. He doesn't know how to cook, what does one bring to dinner if they can't cook?

*Hey. So, what exactly is happening tonight? Like, is there something in particular I should bring?"*

**nah**

**that's the whole point of inviting you on friday**

**then you don't have to be endangered by me and karl's cooking skills**

**we're doing takeout**

*cool.*

And so he finds himself standing outside the apartment with his hands wringing against each other because he doesn't have anything with him, at least half an hour early but Quackity had said about six so was five fifteen really that bad. And he's so sure he's forgotten something, patting down his pockets for his phone and wallet and keys again and again. And he's not sure he's ready to knock, maybe he can just stand out here for a little longer.

The door swings open.

"Hey man!"

"Hi!" His voice cracks so bad it's practically a shattered mess on the floor at this point.

"Is the hallway really more interesting than us?"

"No, no, I was- I was just wondering if I was too early?"

"You're fine man, get inside!" Hands grip the loose fabric of his hoodie sleeves, pulling him through the doorway.

He tries to subtly take a deep breath, drawing the air in slow through his nose and almost choking when the sweet scent that he remembers is taken over by a cloying chemical scent.

Quackity laughs, slapping him on the back. "Karl's painting his nails. Unfortunately the fumes are here to stay for a little bit."

A fluffy brown head pokes over the back of the couch.

"Sapnap! Hi."

"Hi." He leans his hip carefully against the armrest of the couch so he can see what Karl's doing.

The process seems methodical. He dips the brush into the tiny bottle, dabbing the excess of the foul smelling liquid off on the lip of the bottle. Swipe onto the nail, maybe a second pass to get the other side. Scrape the overflow off the surrounding skin. Repeat.

"Do you do this..."

"Every week or so." He holds up his hand so the Alpha can see the shine on the blue colour, where it turns silver as it hits the light. "I just paint them when the last coat starts looking trash."

"Is it... fun?" He eyes the little brushes, the piles of tissues smudged with colour.

"It can be. It's always fun to try out new colours, and it's nice to paint them with someone else." Karl looks to the side for a second before focusing back on getting an even coating on his thumb.

Sapnap waits until he's looked back to his task before he slides onto the cushion next to Karl, watching without leaning into him, leaving a careful distance between their shoulders.

"It looks frustrating honestly."

"You get used to it, and you get better at it." He grins without looking over at him. "The first few times my nails were a mess. But eventually it becomes, I don't know, kinda soothing."

He drops the brush back into the paint, trying to screw them together without bringing his hands together, tongue clenched between teeth and lower lip.

"Here, I can-" Sapnap takes the blue bottle, screwing the cap back on. It leaves little lines of blue on his palms.

Karl folds a leg up under him, his knee poking into Sapnap's thigh. Which is very very close. Huh.

"Let me do yours?"

He shakes himself out of the momentary brain malfunction. "...You want to paint me?"

"Yeah!" Karl grabs his hand, splaying his fingers. "We don't have to do anything super adventurous, just black or something."

His breath has decided to enter manual mode, which quickly becomes an issue as his brain ceases all function and refuses to process anything other than the fact that Karl's hands are just a few degrees warmer than his own.

Karl seems to take his silence as agreement because his hand is being planted on the coffee table in front of Karl and he's being ordered to hold still.

The paint is cold and feels sticky where it touches his skin. His gaze is trained on where Karl's fingertips are pressed against the back of his hand to steady him.

"Oh no." Quackity leans over his shoulder, chin pressing into his collarbone and making him squirm. Karl grips his hand a little tighter. "He's caught you now. He'll never let you escape. You'll be permanently decorated."

"Not if he doesn't like it."

"I mean..." He looks at the paint smeared over his nails. "I can't promise I'll keep it on. But I don't mind you painting them."

"Petition to make Sapnap my new roommate. My current one won't let me touch his nails. Or his hair."

Quackity flips him off. Sapnap snorts.

"Unfortunately, I can't do Dream dirty like that. He'd never find someone else who tolerates him."

"Right." Karl sets his hand down on the coffee table, shifting to his other hand. "Don't move or else you'll smudge it. I still need to put the top coat on."

"Okay."

Quackity huffs and disappears behind them into the kitchen. "Where are we ordering from tonight?"

“Let Sapnap decide.” Karl turns his hand to paint the nail of his thumb.

“Ah yes, a test to determine whether his taste is refined enough to remain in our good graces!”

“I mean, I was more going for guest of honor, but sure, hazing works too.” His eyes flicker up from his work. “Sap? What do you want to eat?”

“Uh...” He rolls his shoulders out, trying not to jostle Karl’s grip on his hand. “There’s the nice pizza place by campus. They do delivery, right?”

“He has taste!” A paper plane made of a takeout menu soars over their heads and skids off the other side of the coffee table. Karl releases his hands, now fully tainted, and goes to pick it up.

“Do you have a go to?”

“Yeah.” He goes to rub at the back of his head but forces his hands back onto the table. He’s not particularly interested in accidentally dyeing his hair black. “Dream’s almost a competent cook, but I’m completely incapable. We end up eating out an embarrassing amount.”

“Yeah. We’re both hazards in the kitchen. The reason we have take out Fridays is cause we ended up way out of budget for food. Now we’re forced to cook at least six nights a week, no matter how unpleasant the outcome.”

“Speak for yourself, I am a professional chef.” Quackity throws himself onto the arm of the couch, startling him. His elbow is braced on the back of the seat behind his shoulder. If he leaned back into it a little more he could probably smell the smaller boy’s scent straight off his skin. Something he totally doesn’t want and he totally doesn’t think repeatedly about every time they’ve been that close before.

## Chapter End Notes

The first half! It was an abrupt ending, because this is just what I have so far. The next bit will be out... sometime. Hopefully.

My country is back in full lockdown. Last time, this was brilliant for my fanfiction productivity. This time, I think I've written about three paragraphs in the last four days. So, this might be slow going for a bit. Hopefully, once I get some of my school work out of the way I'll get some more written.

In good news, I kind of have a progression for this story now! Kind of!

# hating dnf is a bonding experience

## Chapter Summary

The continuation of friday night take out.

Featuring them getting comfortable with each other and a sprinkling of cute Quackity and Karl interactions.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

*“Speak for yourself, I am a professional chef.” Quackity throws himself onto the arm of the couch, startling him. His elbow is braced on the back of the seat behind his shoulder. If he leaned back into it a little more he could probably smell the smaller boy’s scent straight off his skin. Something he totally doesn’t want and he totally doesn’t think repeatedly about every time they’ve been that close before.*

“Ah yes. A professional chef who’s given me food poisoning multiple times.” Karl unfolds the menu and settles back on the couch. His hand snakes behind Sapnap to smack Quackity with the page.

“That’s just part of the experience.”

“Right. Right, I’ll remember that next time I’m puking my guts out at 2 am.”

Sapnap’s eyes flicker back and forth. He wonders whether or not he should move so he isn’t in the middle of the two of them.

“I’ll remind you.”

“Sure you will.” Karl’s eyes settle on him and he almost apologises for being in the way. “What was that go-to pizza order again?”

“Meat Lovers with barbeque and extra cheese.” His face flushes red. “But you don’t have to get it, I’m fine with anything.”

“It’s fine, Quackity will finally get to try something that doesn’t align with my incredibly particular food preferences.” Karl pulls up the ordering app, tapping in the order and showing him to double check it. When he nods, he clicks on the very first thing on the menu, plain cheese pizza, none of the optional toppings.

“Seriously?”

“Having toppings on your pizza is the most disgusting textural experience in the world.” Karl sends the order off.

“He doesn’t like burgers either. I learned how to fry burger patties and everything and then this mother fucker puts pre sliced cheese between two burger buns and calls it a meal.”

“You gotta admit, meat is kinda gross.”

Quackity leans all the way over Sapnap, wiggling his eyebrows. “What about my meat, huh babe?”

He’s sure his face is pink and his scent is probably starting to air on the side of suspicious with how long Quackity has been in his space and this is the final straw. “Ummm...”

“Alex! We have a guest!” Karl giggles, shoving Quackity away, which just means that they’re both in Sapnap’s space and he’s not coping anymore.

“So! You said we had to do a top layer on this?”

“Right.” Karl grins at the obvious change of subject. “Do you want darker black? Like another layer of colour? Or we can add a layer to make it more shiny? I don’t have a matte one.”

“Um. More black?”

Karl just smiles, grabs his hands from where he’s tucked them dangerously close to his clothes. His fingertips tap gently at the paint.

“This should be dry enough to paint over.” The bottle of paint gets scooted a little closer, his hand splayed out on the coffee table. “So. Sapnap. Tell me about yourself.”

“Umm.” Oh this was a bad idea, now he’s pinned in place, unable to move or even escape Karl’s gaze without risking messing up his work. “What do you wanna know?”

“All the important things: favourite flavour of monster, your record for procrastinating homework, whether your mom is free tomorrow night?” He pauses to stare directly into Sapnap’s soul.

“Answer the questions. I’m holding your hands ransom.”

“Well, I’m not a regular monster drinker, but like, I’m not super picky. My record, indefinite. There’s a project from eighth grade that I still haven’t handed in. And my mom is almost definitely not free and I feel like my stepdad would have something to say about that.”

“Right.” Karl nods in serious consideration, swiping the brush across the nail of his thumb.

“Hmm... opinions on weekend homework.”

“An unavoidable evil because I never have the energy to do it on a weeknight.”

“Breakfast for dinner?”

“Wonderful. Also unavoidable when the only thing I can reliably make is cereal.”

“Don’t underestimate yourself, making cereal with the right ratio of cereal to milk is hard.”

“Karl knows because he always puts too much milk.”

Karl sticks his tongue out at Quackity without looking up from dabbing more paint onto his pinkie.

“Um, what about you?”

“Well, I like white monster, I procrastinated my semester project for an entire term last year, plus two extensions, my mom is too busy being too epic for all of us, weekend homework is a violation of human rights, and I’d love breakfast for dinner if I knew how to cook it.”

He nods, trying to not move his shoulders at all. “Cool.”

“Cool.” Karl has the tip of his tongue between his teeth as he grins up at Sapnap, imitating his tone. “Right, now that you’ve passed the interesting questions test, I’m allowed to ask the boring ones.”

“It that how it works?”

“It’s the dumbest thing- We decided in highschool that unless someone gives good answers to random questions, they’re not worth knowing about.” Quackity nudges his shoulder gently. “You should feel honoured. Karl doesn’t pull out traditions like that for just anyone.”

“I feel honoured to be deemed worth knowing about.” He catches Karl’s eye as he puts the brush back into the polish. “What are the boring questions?”

“Hmm, well normally the first one is age, but I’m assuming you’re in the same year as us if you’re in my lecture. So instead.... Birthday.”

“First of March.”

Quackity leans forward, craning his head so he can look him in the eyes. “2000 or 2001?”

“2001.”

“Yes!” He almost topples over trying to fist pump, having to grab the back of the couch to catch himself. “That means you’re the youngest! Me and Karl are both 2001.”

“And therefore you are no longer relegated to being the baby. Congratulations babe.” Karl leans back to nuzzle gently into the hand the other omega has braced on the back of the couch.

“Happy I could help, I guess?”

Karl sits back up, remembering his mission and focusing back on Sapnap. “What’s your major?”

“He’s a computer science major, it actually sounds really cool,” Quackity says.

“Jeez Quackity, let the man talk!”

“It’s not that cool. It’s just the only thing that I’m any good at.”

“Not true, you’re boss at video games.”

Sapnap nods. “Hence the computer science.”

There’s a knock on the door, loud and startling through the thin wood. Quackity tumbles off the back of the couch.

“Pizza!”

Karl starts tossing the nail polish back into its box, glass clattering against each other. Sapnap shifts, trying not to touch anything with his painted hands.

Quackity slides both boxes onto the table, flipping them open. “The wonders of food that doesn’t just taste like cheese!”

“You said you didn’t mind eating my food all the time.” Karl pouts, crossing his arms. Quackity leans across the table to peck his lips.

“I don’t. Let me complain in peace.”

Sapnap averts his eyes.

“Umm, how am I supposed to eat with-” he shakes his hands around a little. “This?”

“If you get grease on those it will ruin it.”

Quackity grabs a slice of the meat lovers pizza, making mildly disturbing noises as he sinks his teeth into it. “The sweet taste of something I didn’t have to cook.”

“Are you telling me I have to sit here and watch you guys eat, starving and withering away, because of the nail polish?”

“Well, I could feed you...”

“No thanks. I think I can wait.”

Karl giggles, shoving his sweater sleeves up as he pulls his box closer to him. “Mmm, food. Smells so good...” He can’t even get the pizza to his mouth, dropping it back in the box in favour of covering his face while he laughs.

“I hate you.”

“Love you too. You know what else I love? Pizza.”

“Oooh. What do you have to say to that?” Quackity waves his spare hand in his face like a mic.

“I think you’re both meanies.”

“Oof. OOF. Karl- Karl, we’ve been called meanies. How will we go on? Oh my god.”

“We’ll have to stick together in these hard times. I know with your support I can get through this tragedy.”

Sapnap rolls his eyes. “You’re both idiots.”

Karl grins. “You’re probably okay to eat, just try not to end up with any nail polish like, in your food.”

“Thank god.” He grabs a slice of the pizza as Quackity goes for his second.

Quackity leans back against the couch, shuffling so he’s positioned between Karl and Sapnap, head tilting back to look at them.

“Do you and Dream have dumb traditions like this?”

He swallows a mouthful of pizza before answering. “Not weekly ones. Just things like spending a whole day playing games when term ends, or eating together after study sessions. He used to get me breakfast in the morning when we lived in the halls, even though he had to walk halfway across the building to do it.”

“Dedication.” Quackity nods seriously. “That’s always something to look for in a man.”

Sapnap falls into a mess, half choking, half coughing, half laughing so hard he snorts. “The very implication that Dream could ever be desirable in any capacity does not compute in my brain.”

“George certainly seems to disagree. It’s always ‘Dream this,’ and ‘That idiot,’ and ‘Why do I put up with his dumb face?’”

“Which in Gogy translates to being sickeningly in love.”

Quackity nods. “Even I don’t get that kind of high praise.”

Karl gestures with the crust of his pizza. “The real question is, with all of us in the know, how are they still not together?”

“Hey, I’m not gonna get my hands dirty with their issues; if they’re gonna be dumbasses that’s their problem.” He makes a face. “Although I’d appreciate it if they stopped being gross while I’m just trying to get my homework done. Dream aggressively simping is not good for my focus.”

“Well George is an emotionally constipated brat who’s never going to make the first move.”

Karl nods. “A total nimrod.”

“Dream thinks he’s too far into the friend zone to ever stand a chance.”

Karl’s fingers tap against the armrest. “Gonna be honest; he basically is. George might be swooning but he wouldn’t know actual romance if it hit him in the face. Dream could get down on one knee and offer George his entire soul and George would probably punch him in the face and walk away.”

“True. I’ve seen it happen.” Sapnap sets his slice of pizza on the lid of the box so he has both hands free for dramatic storytelling. “George comes over to our place and Dream’s waiting at the door for him like a golden retriever. He asks him if he wants to go to the movies and George just says he’s not in the mood and leaves. He literally just got there and he turns around and walks out the door.”

Quackity winces dramatically, puling a face. “Ouch. He really got noped.”

“And then another time we’re going out to meet with him and Dream’s got this bouquet that he stole from a friend’s garden. And it looks all nice and handmade and it’s got every yellow flower under the sun. And Dream asks if he likes them, clearly ready to give them to him and this fucker looks at it and goes “I’m colourblind” and doesn’t even take the god damned flowers!”

“That’s so extra!” Karl grins, squeezing his hoodie sleeves in his fists. “If someone did something like that for me I would swoon.”

“Hey, I brought you flowers on our first date!”

“You picked dandelions on your way over.”

“I was fifteen! I didn’t have the money for flowers!”

“I know. Love you.”

“Love you too baby.”

He swallows hard, picking up his pizza. “You two are cute.”

“Yeah.” Quackity grins up at Karl. “Much better than those two idiots.”

“We are the best, afterall.” Karl’s fingers dance across Quackity’s forehead, straightening the hem of his beanie.

Quackity breaks their little moment to grab another slice of Karl's pizza, passing it back to him. He waits until Karl takes a bite before he gets himself another piece. It feels weirdly sacred, like a little secret they're letting him in on, just one he doesn't quite understand yet. More realistically, he should just feel happy that they're comfortable with his seeing them being domestic together.

The pizza is mostly gone by the time he's standing up and stretching the feeling of sitting still out of his spine. Karl goes to the kitchen to put the rest of his leftovers in the fridge, yelling at Quackity that he better not take any after he complained about Karl's taste in pizza. Quackity walks him to the door, lingering as he checks he picked up his phone, finding his wallet in his pocket in the process.

"Wait, let me pay you back for the food."

"No, no." Quackity waves him away. "You can just buy next week."

"Oh."

He lets his brain re route itself around the idea of next week and waves goodbye, ready to start counting down the days again.

## Chapter End Notes

I went back and reread some of the older chapters to see if I could justify them getting this comfortable with each other and in the process found about 5000 typos. Clearly I need to try harder with my proof reading.

Anyway, the chapter is late because I have other stuff coming out soon, also school, also other things like a global pandemic interrupting my life. The usual.

Let me know what you wanna see in the future, I need ideas for things for them to do together that isn't sitting on the couch talking ( I write soooooo much sitting on the couch talking. It invades all my stories.)

## because school still exists, even when boys

### Chapter Summary

Because university means doing actual school work. Who knew?

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

He knows it's only nine in the morning, so both his brain and ears aren't necessarily to be trusted, but he swears that he heard "yada yada, something something, group project."

He looks up to the front of the room at his software development lecturer, who has the website they use for labs pulled up on the board, showing them where to register their teams, the list of requirements, the project guidelines.

"Pairs or threes. If you start with an existing template we will be able to tell, unless you do more work than the project requires to try to cover your tracks."

It's just website building. He can do that on his own. Right? It's a pretty simple mid semester project.

"You will be marked on visual design elements as well."

He immediately cranes his head to look at Karl on the other side of the hall.

Karl isn't looking back at him, head propped in his hands and eyes on the front of the room.

When the lecture is over he hurries down the stairs to catch up with him.

"Karl!"

"Sapnap!" He pauses with a hand already on the door. "What's up?"

"Do you have a team for the project?"

"I mean, I was going to work with the guys. But if you need a partner-"

"No, no, it's okay, I can manage on my own-"

"I'm not gonna let you do a whole group project on your own." Karl wags a purple painted finger at him. "We're teammates now."

"Um, okay." He blinks. "So... What are we going to do our project on?"

"No idea!" Karl grins down at him, eyes crinkled at the corners. "We'll figure it out. Are you free this afternoon?"

"Uh, probably, after two. I'm free right now?"

Karl's hair flops over his eyes as he shakes his head. "I have a lab to get to. But I'll meet you in the

library at two?”

“Okay.”

Karl smiles, slipping through his fingers and he’s gone, a backwards wave over his shoulder. Sapnap runs in the other direction to catch Dream before his class.

It only occurs to him at about quarter to two that there’s two libraries on campus, and even though there’s almost no chance that Karl meant the science library, the main one is multiple levels. He doesn’t want to be late. Karl will probably be waiting for him.

He books it out of class probably a little too early, not even giving the lecturer time to make his goodbyes and gather up his materials. His backpack thumps against his back as he rounds the corner of the student services building, already bracing himself for the stairs up to the library.

The bottom floor is mostly made up of administrative areas and he only takes a cursory glance around before heading towards yet more stairs.

The second floor he has to walk halfway around the library before he gets to the work spaces, evenly spread tables that are only a third occupied at this point in the semester.

Karl’s bright purple sweater shines in the light coming through the window, head bent over the table furthest from him. Sapnap has to brush past a few groups of students, apologising as he bumps into chairs and stirs papers off of tables. Karl looks up, watching him cross the room towards him. He almost trips over an empty chair, too busy looking at Karl.

“Hi.”

“Hi. Did your lecture get out early?”

“Uh, yeah.” He puts his bag down on the chair in front of him so he has an excuse to sit as close as possible to Karl. Then he regrets it, tries to subtly move his bag, gives up and sits down. His shoulder brushes just slightly against Karl’s loose hoodie sleeve. “So...”

“So.” Karl pivots in his chair to look at him, sunlight catching across his profile. “What should our project be on?”

“Well. The easiest thing is like, informative. Cause then you can just find shit on wikipedia and make it look okay and it’s done.”

“Hmm. Okay, just a thought here, just spitballing... How about we don’t do that?”

He flips Karl off who just giggles and opens up his notebook.

“Okay so I was just doodling before you got here, and my drawing skills leave something to be desired so just ignore what it actually looks like and just imagine what it could look like if I made it look nice.”

He pulls the notebook a little closer to himself, looking over the basic designs on the lined paper.

“Looks way nicer than any other project I’ve ever turned in and it’s not even on a screen yet.”

“Yeah well, can you consistently make something that functions?”

“Mostly.”

“Well then hopefully our skills add together rather than cancelling out, because any attempt I’ve ever made at coding has gone... Poorly.”

“Right.” He pulls out his laptop from his bag and when he straightens up Karl has moved even closer. “If I, uh, make a basic template, can you make it pretty?”

“Of course.” Karl fiddles with the corner of the notebook. “Half of my degree is basically design and aesthetics anyway.”

“You have maybe just saved my halfway decent grade in this course. I knew there was going to be a presentation component to the project and I was just planning to fail that entire thing and make it up with exam results.”

“Dude, the exams for this paper are notoriously hard. Most people get by on project results.”

“Good thing you’re here then.” He almost stumbles, is about to try and take it back when Karl looks over at him.

“Good thing.”

“Right.” He looks down at his laptop, fumbles the password once before he gets it open. “So... I’ll get the coding started, figure out a format?”

“Yeah, just basic stuff, links from a menu with a decently routed homepage?”

“Yep.”

He works for a little while, occasionally pulling up the render for Karl to approve. Eventually Karl glances over to catch the time on the corner of his screen.

“I have to get home to Quackity, he’ll get salty if I’m not back to help with dinner. Thursdays can be kinda rough for him.”

“Okay.” He saves their progress, shutting his computer. “I can keep working on this and then we can check in at some point.”

“Uh huh.” Karl slides his stuff into his backpack in a messy pile, almost losing a pen as it rolls off the table. “Walk me out?”

He scrambles to get his laptop back in his bag.

They fall into step at the top of the stairs, his shoulder brushing against Karl’s hoodie sleeve and the omega’s fingers barely grazing the outside of his wrist. He looks down and away.

“Hey, uh, if we’re going to be working on this again, would I be able to get your number? Just for the project, I swear, I’m not trying to like-”

Karl laughs, shoving his nose into the elbow of his hoodie trying to muffle the sound.

“You look so uncomfortable! Sapnap, I swear, I’m not going to think you’re hitting on me every time you try to be my friend! I think we can move past that.”

“But I was such a creep and like, first impressions stick, and-”

“Shut up. You’re fine. First impression officially overridden.”

“So you admit that you thought I was a creep.” He can’t decide between grinning and burying his face in his hands so he just does both.

“I thought you were awkward, an absolutely terrible flirt, and a bit ignorant. And now I know that you’re all of those things, but it was just your natural stupidity disguised as ignorance.”

“Hey!”

He stops at the library door. Karl smiles at him.

Give me your phone

“I’ll see you tomorrow night, yeah?”

“Yeah.”

Karl waves as he walks backwards down the footpath into the falling dusk, stumbling over his own feet. Sapnap grins and turns the other way, back to his apartment.

## Chapter End Notes

Ok listen, I needed an excuse for them to hang out.

Thoughts? Questions? Feelings? Please let me know, this story needs, like, plot points, that aren't directly related to slow burn.

(Also, still sorry for typos, there are many. and I am no good at proofreading.)

## repetition is a sign of increasing madness

### Chapter Summary

the same sort of thing all over again. A suer duper filler chapter, I just kinda like it so I'm publishing it anyway, even with close to zero plot progress.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Bye.”

He has the front door centimeters from the frame when Dream throws his bedroom door open.

“Where are you going?”

“I have a group project?”

“That’s a lie.” The sharp edge of a cell phone is brandished in his face. He shoves it away. “Where are you going?”

“Chill. I actually do have a group project. But right now I’m going to dinner with Karl and Quackity.”

“Sapnap. Pandas.” Dream shakes his head. “What did we say about homewrecking?”

“Listen, you can shut the fuck up and but the hell out, it’s none of your fucking business.”

He crosses his arms, backing up into the hallway. “For your information, I actually enjoy their company. As a friend. Because I’m not a meathead who can only think with his nose and his knot.”

“Right. Ok. Well, I was joking.”

“Piss off.”

“Seriously though, you’re making new friends! That’s good! I was just discouraging you from chasing after hopeless romantic fantasies. I don’t want to see you hurt, ya know?”

“Okay man.” He drags his shoulders up to his ears as he inhales. “Me and Karl are working on a thing together for software.”

“That’s nice.” Dream leans against the still open doorway.

“Yeah. He’s good with like, colours and stuff. Not art but like, design and pictures and things. It’s cool.”

“So basically he takes what you do and makes it not suck.”

“That’s pretty much the plan.”

“That sounds great.” Dream pulls him into a side hug, nudging against his shoulder. “Just don’t go

falling for them or anything.”

“I won’t, I won’t. Now let me go, or else I’ll be late.”

~~~

Karl opens the door for him this time, nails a fresh and pretty pink compared to the faded blue they still had yesterday.

“Hi.”

“Hi.”

“I like your nails.”

“Thank you.” He giggles and holds the door open. “I painted them instead of going to my editing class this morning.”

“That is totally valid of you.” He kicks his shoes off as Karl leans in the living room doorway. “I only have one lecture on a Friday and I never feel like going.”

“Yeah.” Karl’s smile is a little lopsided. “But you go. Which makes you a better student than me.”

“If I didn’t, Dream would snitch and Bad would have my ass.”

Karl grins and turns into the living room.

“Sapnap!” Quackity runs in from the hall, shirt only buttoned halfway down, flapping open over his stomach. “Sapnap! You’re paying tonight, right?”

“Is that all I am to you? A source of free food?” He drops down on the couch. “Yeah, I’m paying.”

Quackity’s hair is damp, the smell of conditioner blocking out his normal scent. His ever present beanie is shoved lopsided on top, strands curling out at odd angles from underneath. He runs a hand through the ends as he sits down next to Sapnap, water droplets collecting on his fingers.

“Good. Because I’m starving.”

“That’s because you didn’t eat lunch.”

Quackity gets up on his knees on the seat of the couch, leaning against the back so he can see Karl. “You know what I think about that? I think you’re a hypocrite. That’s right, a hypocrite! What do you think about that, huh? Huh?”

“I think that nobody asked.”

Karl presses the quickest kiss to Quackity’s cheek. The smaller omega seems to have gone into shock. He doesn’t move for several long seconds, even as Karl moves away.

“Are you...ok?”

“Sapnap...” He keels over, collapsing against him. “Sapnap, I’ve been fatally wounded.”

He adjusts himself so that Quackity is more comfortably sprawled across his lap and less at risk of falling off the couch.

“Pretty sure you’re fine actually.”

“I’ll never recover!” He makes a distorted screeching sound, something approximating crying, burying his face in Sapnap’s hoodie. His hands hover over the back of Quackity’s beanie for a second before he starts patting him gently.

“Quackity?”

He pretends to sniff, looking up. “Yes?”

“Shut the fuck up.”

He rolls off Sapnap’s lap, colliding with the floor hard as he cackles.

“Karl! Karl, can we keep him!?”

“I thought we already agreed!”

“Right, right.” Quackity pushes himself up off the floor. “We should get burgers.”

He just rolls with the change of subject. “Alright.”

“I know a place!”

“You just want to be able to order your dumb grilled cheese! Sapnap, this man has an inside at the burger joint, and he doesn’t use it to get free food, or extra toppings. Instead, he gets him to make him this dumb grilled cheese.”

“Chris loves me, and he knows what I like, and he respects that. Unlike someone.” Karl kicks at Quackity’s ribs as he comes to sit next to Sapnap on the couch.

“It’s okay Karl. I love you.”

He regrets it as soon as he says it, averting his eyes to Karl’s chest. The urge is to just stand up and leave before anyone else can say something that will just make this worse, that will just highlight the sheer mortification this memory will forever carry. Here lies the last conversation he ever had with the prettiest boy ever and the boy’s adorable boyfriend, in which he ruined everything and had to drop out of college and go into hiding.

“Aww, thank’s Sapnap. At least someone appreciates me.” Karl nudges his shoulder, knocking the breath back into his lungs.

~~~

“So.” Karl swallows a bite of his strange inverted grilled cheese. “I know it’s not due for a few weeks, but do you wanna work on the project sometime? I figure I should at least offer assistance. You’re really doing the bulk of the project and I feel bad.”

“I mean, you’re getting me the bulk of the grade. It seems fair to me.”

“Still. This weekend? Even if I’m just moral support and snock providing services.”

“I-” He winces. “I’ll have to check with Dream and George. I might be doing other studying? But I can find time! Or rain check with Dream again.”

“No, no, it’s fine, we can do a week day instead.”

“If the weekend works for you though, I don’t mind doing double studying or something-”

“This is like watching a soap opera where both the main characters are pushovers.” Quackity lean forward over the coffee table. “Sap. Are you free monday afternoon?”

“Yeah, after 4 o’clock class.”

“Great. Karl’s free then too. You can do your computer shit then.”

Karl’s eyes are soft. “Love you, Q.”

“Love you too baby.”

“Eww gross. Affection.”

Karl giggles and Quackity kicks him under the table and he grins wide.

He leaves late, after a single episode of the show Karl just had to show him turns into three, and he and Quackity have stopped giggling at Karl’s dramatic reactions to conflicts he’s seen play out exactly the same at least a dozen times. Karl got huffy at them for laughing when it was in actuality “very sad and tragic” and they just laughed more until Quackity got tackled off the couch. It takes longer than it perhaps should have for them to all pick themselves up off the floor.

When he gets back to his apartment, Dream is lying on the couch, phone inches from his nose.

“How’d it go?”

“Good. I’m hanging out with Karl again on Monday.”

Dream makes a noise of distress and drops his phone on his face.

## Chapter End Notes

it's late, it's not particularly good, it doesn't improve the plot and I'm sorry. TBH, the next one will probably be late too.

If you want the next one faster, come yell at me in the comments.

# school projects and muffins and muffinheads

## Chapter Summary

basically they do the project, except I realised I don't know shit about computers, so instead they go to Bad's house for snacks.

Or: Sapnap accidentally takes his crush to meet his dad without realising it

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

*Do you wanna come over to mine or meet in the library?*

He pauses with his fingers over the screen.

*Library? I can get there sooner after my lecture.*

*Ok! :)*

<3

He stifles what was definitely an adoring ‘aww’ at the sight of the heart and sends a little smiley face back. He almost sends a heart as well but chickens out last minute, deciding that maybe he can’t justify that to himself as platonic.

He tucks his phone back into the front pocket of his bag, sliding his notes closer to him and quickly glancing up at the screen to make sure he hasn’t missed anything too important. It appears that at some point during his conversation they announced the premise of the lab and then left them all to their own devices. Wonderful.

“Dream. Dream, what’s going on?”

“Hmm?” Dream looks up from the scribble he’s doodling on the corner of his notebook.

“Oh my god, we’re both screwed.”

Dream eyes the instructions left open on the slide, winces, tries to shrug it off.

“It’ll be fine. George took this course last year, right?”

“Slim chance. He’s going to hand my ass to me in a body bag.”

“George is fine.”

“To you, maybe.” He presses his temple against the desk, turned to face the other Alpha. “When it’s you he’s all “oh Dream, it’s ok, I know you have a hard time concentrating, I’m proud of you for asking for help, here, let me help you with all the homework and proofread your projects and teach you the whole curriculum all over again because you’re my precious Dreamy.” For me he just tells me to get my shit together.”

“George has never said a single one of those things in his life.”

“He has. You can see it is his eyes. Such fucking simps, the both of you.”

The tutor starts packing up at the front of the room and Sapnap takes that as his cue to leave, sliding his notes into his bag without much regard for the condition they’ll emerge in. Not like they’re complete enough to be useful anyway.

“Where are you going?”

“To see Karl.”

He can’t see it behind his back but Dream rolls his eyes. Sapnap just rushes out of the room.

~~~

“Hi.” He drops breathlessly into the chair next to Karl. “Okay so, I finished up most of it on Sunday night cause I didn’t want to waste your time sitting here doing nothing, so give me a few minutes and it should be ready to start working on the graphics.”

A little crease forms between Karl’s brows. “I thought you were busy Sunday?”

“I was.” Sapnap grabs his laptop, pulling up his work. “Don’t worry, I had a bit of time before I went to bed.”

Karl shakes his head. “You didn’t have to-”

“It’s fine, I promise.” He hands the computer to Karl. “Looking good?”

“Yeah, it looks great!” Karl turns his own screen so he can see both at the same time. “I should be able to put this all in and then it will be pretty much done.”

“Send it to me and I can copy paste it in?”

“Should work.”

It takes them only a few minutes and one or two bugs to work out. When Karl works there’s a certain set to his jaw, the way his eyes focus changes. Or maybe Sapnap is looking too hard, and wow, he should really stop staring at his friend.

“Done!” Karl holds his hand up for a high five and Sapnap grins. “And now we go to the cafe! On me!”

“What happened to only eating out on Fridays?”

“Friday and monday are basically the same thing if you think about it.”

“And coffee and dinner are the same thing too?”

“I mean, I don’t know about you, but I had very little intention of getting coffee and was mostly going to get brownies. And Monster.”

Sapnap shoves his stuff into his bag, probably crushing his lab notes into a pulp at the bottom.

“Well if you want brownies, we could just invade Bad’s house. Cause you know, free food always tastes better.”

“You sure that’s okay? If we just show up to steal food? I mean, I know Quackity does it, but he just gets away with stuff like that.”

“Of course. Bad is like, basically my dad. Actually, he’s basically everyone’s dad. And he always has at least three batches of muffins sitting around the house, just waiting for someone to show up. And he always has the brownie ones because I’m his favourite.” He pauses. “No promises on the energy drinks though. Bad’s more of a hot chocolate guy.”

“It’s fine, I can have Monster at home. I have a whole crate.”

“Wait- what? Karl, why would you-”

~~~

Bad grins when he opens the door for them.

“Sapnap!” He does what must be, thankfully, the most subtle double take. “And Karl! What a pleasant surprise! Come in, come in!”

“I’ve promised Karl your chocolate muffins and hot chocolate.”

“Oh yes.” Bad ushers them into the kitchen, fussing over them until they take a seat at the table. “Karl, do you like marshmallows?”

“Yes.”

“Wonderful.”

There is somehow already a pot on the stove, the cocoa powder kept just behind the element. There’s more gallons of milk in the fridge door than it really seems feasible for a household of two to get through. Bad empties most of a jug into the pot, pouring powder straight from the jar while stirring with his other hand.

“So, what brings you two muffins here today?”

“Just finished an important project.”

“Oh yes, for software? That’s the one you have together, yes?”

Karl cocks his head to the side. “How did you know?”

“Oh, Sappy Nappy here tells me many many things.”

He blushes, ready to start making excuses,. Thankfully, Karl chooses to focus on the slightly less mortifying part of that sentence.

“Sappy Nappy?”

“Shut it. No one’s allowed to call me that.”

“What about Bad?”

“Not even Bad. There just isn’t anything I can do about it.”

“So what would you do if it was me... Sappy Nappy?”

He growls, reaching over to shove at the omega's shoulder, pushing him over the edge of a giggling fit.

A plate of muffin-brownies is pushed onto the table. He waits until Karl grabs one to take the first bite.

Karl follows his lead, trying and failing to wrap his mouth around an entire side of the muffin.

"Oh my god, these are so good. How has Q never brought any of these home for me?"

Bad shakes his head. "Honestly Karl, you can drop by whenever you want. I swear Quackity's here every other day, but I don't think you've ever even been here before." He sets two mugs topped with a layer of mini marshmallows in front of them.

"Sorry."

"Don't apologise, you muffin." Bad sits down across from them. "Next time he comes over you just invite yourself along. Maybe next time we can work on finding your favourite muffin flavour."

"There's no way it gets better than this. No way."

"I mean, these are just my personal favourite. Skeppy has like, orange chocolate chip ones that no one's allowed to touch, and Dream has boring ass vanilla ones." He glances over at Bad. "What are Q's favourite? We should give Karl some to take home."

"Lemon and blueberry. I don't have any made up right now, but it would only take me fifteen minutes or so, if you're happy to wait."

"I don't want to trouble you."

The beta leans over to set his hand over Karl's, who seems to melt forward into the paternal gesture. "No trouble at all."

"Then that would be wonderful. He would love me forever."

"That muffin already loves you forever." Bad walks through the kitchen, still chatting to Karl over his shoulder while blindly pulling ingredients and bowls out.

"I know. I'm lucky."

Bad makes eye contact with Sapnap around the open fridge door. He just grins, leans a little further forward to slurp the sticky mess of marshmallows off the top of his hot chocolate.

Bad turns out a still steaming tray of lemon muffins into a basket for Karl almost exactly fifteen minutes later, give or take a few minutes for cooling. Karl grins up at Bad as he sneaks one off the top, almost burning his tongue. Bad huffs in the way one would at a misbehaving pup, all affection and exasperation, the way he always does to Sapnap or Dream when they get rowdy.

Sapnap thinks that maybe he should bring Karl along every time he comes to Bad's. Quackity too.

Yay for late chapters! We're just doing every other week at this point.  
Did you like it? Let me know! Personally I love these dumb filler chapter (of which there are many) but if they're not everyone's cup of tea then I can dust off my plot writing brain.

# two people is not enough for a secret society

## Chapter Summary

A party! Part 1!

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“SAPNAP!”

He holds the phone a couple of inches away from his ear. He would never dare imply that Quackity was too loud, especially after the dramatic waterworks he incited with that exact comment just last night over facetime. But somethings are just a little unexpected at seven pm on a wednesday night when the only sound he’s heard for the past hour is his own brain combusting under the weight of his textbook.

“Hi. What’s up?”

“Me and Skeppy are going to a party! But it’s a secret, Karl and Bad don’t know!”

“Right.” He smiles. Doesn’t know why, just does. The kind of smile that folds into a laugh if you put a little pressure on it. Quackity hasn’t even said anything funny yet. “And if it’s a secret, why are you telling me?”

“Because if there’s two people who know and two people who don’t know, then it’s not a secret. You gotta have a whole group on one side or the other. Like a surprise party, or a secret confession.”

“And if there’s three of us who know then it’s a secret. Gotcha. Was that all you called me for?”

“No, no, you gotta come with us! Then it’s a secret.”

“This sounds suspiciously like Skeppy logic. Did Skeppy put you up to this?”

“No!” Quackity giggles. Sapnap can hear someone else moving around in the background.

“I hope you know that last time I went to a party it went terribly.”

“Yeah but I’ll be with you so everything will be great.” He can hear Quackity’s soft breaths through the speaker. “Right?”

“I guess.”

He ends up running down the last few stairs with his favourite hoodie tangled around his waist and his coolest sneakers making far too much noise against the floor.

“Sapnap!” Quackity makes a loud exaggerated whistle. “Looking fine!”

He shoves against Quackity’s shoulder, almost toppling him where he’s leaning sleazily against the bannister. “Where’s Skep?”

“He’s getting us a ride.” Quackity grabs onto him to stay upright. “Can’t just take the car on a covert mission. We’re not amateurs.”

“Right.” Sapnap shakes his head as Quackity lets go, bounding a few steps ahead. “Where are we going?”

“Wilbur’s house!”

“Can’t believe Techno let him host. Or Phil for that matter.”

Quackity freezes. “Techno?”

“Yeah, Techno, his flatmate. And Phil, he’s the guy they board with.”

“Right. Right, umm…” He glances over his shoulder. “We could just go back to your place.”

“I thought we were going to party?”

A black car rolls up in front of them, Sapnap taking a half step back from the curb and dragging Quackity with him. The passenger door swings open.

“Let’s go, bitches!”

Skeppy waves them into the car. Quackity is tugged along by his wrist.

“Callahan!”

Sapnap gets a grin directed at him in the rearview mirror. Quackity climbs over him to wrap an arm around Callahan’s shoulders, completely disregarding the presence of the car seat.

“Callahan! My buddy, my pal! Please take us anywhere except Technoblade’s house.”

“What?” Skeppy turns around, straining against his seatbelt as Callahan peels away from the curb.

“I thought we were going to the party. Quackity is thrown back against Sapnap’s chest by the momentum.

“That was before I knew it was at Technoblade’s house.”

“What are you talking about, Techno’s great. Kinda a bitch sometimes, but great.”

“He hangs around with Dream occasionally, I think they have a writing course together. He seems cool. Quiet, but funny.”

Quackity shakes his head, shuffling over to sit in the middle seat, finally reaching for a seatbelt. He still clings to Sapnap’s arm. He twists to face him, untangling them so he can move the arm to wrap around his shoulders.

“What’s wrong?”

“Mans is scary.” Quackity leans into him.

“Techno? He seems harmless.”

“Nuh uh. He was in my english course first year. I tried to talk to him and he fucking threatened me, told me to piss off, and then glared at me the rest of the year.”

“That’s just his resting bitch face.”

“He chased me away!”

“Sure...” Skeppy rolls his eyes. Sapnap squeezes Quackity’s shoulder.

“I’m sure he won’t actually be at the party. He’s a pretty introverted guy, he’ll probably be out or hiding in his room.”

“Are you sure?” Quackity pins him with a stare.

“I’m sure.”

Quackity breaks into a grin. “Then let’s go party.”

## Chapter End Notes

This is part one of the party chapter, because it was getting long, and this was finished and I thought why not.

## **parties are destined to end in disaster**

### Chapter Summary

Quackity and Sapnap at a party, what will they do?

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

He hates parties. He hates talking to strangers in real life. He gets more uncomfortable the more people are forced into his space and he'd rather have scooped up the fun little car load of people he had arrived with and forced them to participate in a Mario Kart Tournament.

However, he can't deny that having them there is brilliant. Don't get him wrong, Dream is his best friend, but he's not exactly a party person either. But Callahan has people calling out to him the second they step in the door, Skeppy is pulled away into a group of people, a drink shoved into his hand. They move seamlessly into the party, no awkward lingering, no looking in from the outside.

And within a handful of seconds, Quackity has found someone else to talk to. But instead of wandering off, getting distracted or caught up like Dream would, he drags Sapnap along with him, introduces him to people from his law classes, lets him hang off of his social competence, and draws him seamlessly into conversations.

"Hey, I'm going to go get a drink."

"Not alcohol, right?"

"Sure?..."

"Sapnap. You are underage."

"Barely. I mean, I wasn't going to anyway, but come on."

"Nope. You are a child. A teeny tiny baby."

He puffs up his chest. "I'm literally bigger than you."

"Yeah right. If you weren't an Alpha you'd be tiny. Itsy bitsy. Way shorter than me."

"Yeah right." He stands on his tip toes so he can properly look down at him. "Even if I was an Omega I'd still be taller than you."

"No way. You're barely taller than me as it is."

He scoffs, tries to lean over him and almost falls flat on his face. "I'm average height. You aren't even close."

"Listen, I might be short but you're lying to yourself if you think you're average."

"Slander." He movies like he's gonna steal Quackity's beanie off his head, the abrupt lurch putting them chest to chest. He hates to admit that Quackity's chin hovers just above his shoulder. He's

kind of the perfect height for hugging...

“You’ve just got too much dumb knothead ego to admit that I’m right.” Fingers wrap around his wrist, tugging him through the people around them that Sapnap had forgotten existed. “Let’s go get that drink.”

He ends up with a red solo cup full of coke. He whines about it a little; there’s a group of Alphas in the kitchen drinking cheap shitty beer and he’s pretty sure they’re not legal either, but Quackity just shoves the cup into his hands and that’s that. He reminds himself to watch himself; he’s not really the type to get caught up in the hype of parties, but if he were to, he officially can’t blame anything on the booze.

Quackity makes himself some horrific combination of every mixer on the bench, orange juice and sprite and some toxic green margarita mix.

“It tastes good, I promise!”

“It’s your funeral I guess.”

Quackity tips his head all the way back, pouring it straight into his mouth, coming back up with a wink. “I’m counting on it, baby.”

He levels the most disgusted look he possibly can. Quackity bursts out laughing.

~~~

He swears he only looked away for a second, just long enough to dump their empty cups somewhere a little less obnoxious than the middle of the living room floor. But somehow when he looks back Quackity is bounding down the stairs, having somehow gotten up them in the second he was gone and found some source of info, presumably Wilbur, and gained about thirty decibels of volume.

“Sapnap! There’s a pool!”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah, c’mon, we gotta go outside!”

“Q, it’s barely even fifty degrees outside, we can’t exactly go swimming.”

“Doesn’t matter, we’re going outside anyway!”

They find Skeppy on the way through the kitchen, sitting on a counter chatting. He tags along as Quackity fumbles with the sliding door.

“Dude, you haven’t been secretly spiking your poison have you?”

Quackity rolls his eyes in a movement so dramatic they might just roll away across the floor. “No. I’m just- You know?”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about.” Sapnap reaches past him to unlatch the door.

Quackity takes off across the concrete patio towards the edge of the sunken pool.

Sapnap follows him as he kneels down to dip his fingers in the water. He flinches back at the temperature, shaking his hand off and standing back up.

“Are you satisfied? Do you wanna go back in again?”

“Nah, let me just- chill the fuck out for a second.” He shakes his head, beanie slipping a little on his hair. “Parties just get so in my head, you know?”

“Parties get me so in my head. But I have a funny feeling we’re not having the same experience.”

“Yeah. You look like someone’s asking you algebra questions. I regularly have people asking me if I’m on crack.”

Skeppy wanders over to join them, spinning an empty solo cup on his finger.

“One time he was so all over the place he didn’t even realise this Alpha was trying to take him home. We had to get him away from them so we could, like, make sure he wasn’t just gonna go along with it.”

“Please. I had it fully under control. Besides, me, with some creepy Alpha from a party? Can you imagine? When I have an entire angel at home?”

Sapnap almost laughs at the irony. Almost.

“I was once a sleazy guy at a party hitting on Bad.” Skeppy lays a hand over his heart in feigned nostalgia. “Oh how the times have changed.”

“You were barely out of middle school, I’m not sure it counted as a party.”

“I was a very cool freshman.”

“Bad thought you were having some kind of episode.”

“He was so wooed by my charms he felt compelled to take care of me.”

“Are you really telling me, Skeppy, that you and Bad are only together because he was too confused and or worried to say no?” Quackity leans heavily on Sapnap’s shoulder, raising his eyebrows at Skeppy. Sapnap adjusts to support his weight.

“No. We’re together because I annoyed him for almost four years until he said yes.”

“Now I know I’m not the expert here- But I don’t think that’s something you should sound so proud of.”

“Fuck off.” He gets smacked in the arm with an empty solo cup. Quackity laughs into the shoulder of his hoodie.

There’s a hint of movement in the dark behind Skeppy.

“Hullo.”

Quackity makes an unholy screech, tumbling backwards into the pool with a splash.

“Q!”

Techno tilts his head to the side, long hair falling over his shoulder. “Did I... do something?”

Quackity comes up spluttering, treading water in the deep end. “Fuck!”

“Oh my god, you got him so good! So good!” Skeppy’s face is turning red, keeled over cackling like a maniac.

Sapnap kneels down on the side of the pool, the knees of his jeans soaking through. He reaches out a hand for Quackity. “How did you even manage that?”

“Shut up.” Damp fingers wrap around his wrist. He leans back, ready to pull Quackity up beside him. And then suddenly he’s toppling forward, headfirst into the pool.

Under the water it is quiet. He can see the blurry outline of Quackity before he kicks up towards the surface. He emerges to the sound of Skeppy screaming with laughter and Techno’s quiet chuckles.

“Fuck! That was gold! That was gold!”

“Skeppy!” He tries to splash him as best as he can from the pool. “What the fuck man!”

Techno reaches down a hand to help him up. “I’m sorry?”

“You’re all good man.” He sits at the edge to haul Quackity up after him.

His teeth are chattering before he can even get his feet firmly on the concrete.

“Sorry if I startled you.”

“You fucking terrified me man. What the fuck.” Quackity scrubs uselessly at his face with a soaking sleeve.

“I’m sorry.” He knots a hand loosely in his hair, dragging his head to the side. “I can like, get you a towel or something?”

“That’d be great.” Sapnap gives Techno a smile through his shivering. Quackity watches the interaction warily over his shoulder.

Techno nods and disappears back into the house.

“You said he wouldn’t be here!”

“I mean, technically we’re not really at the party anymore. Now we’re just in his yard.”

“Oh great, just hanging out in an axe murderer’s yard.”

“Techno’s a softie. I honestly don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“He just pushed me into the pool!”

“He literally never touched you.” Sapnap drags Quackity closer because the omega is shaking so hard he’s worried he’s going to fall over again.

“Yeah, calm your dramatic ass, Quackity!” Skeppy braces his hand against his knee, trying to haul himself upright against the sheer force of his laughter. And then gives up again.

Techno reappears with towels. Seeing that Quackity isn’t gonna get close enough to take one, Sapnap grabs both, giving Techno a thankful smile and wrapping one around Quackity’s shoulders.

Techno just nods and ducks back inside.

“Dude.” Quackity sticks his hand in his hoodie pocket. “My fucking phone.”

“Fuck.” He grabs his out. “It’ll be fine. Yeah.” He uses the corner of his towel to get most of the water off.

Skeppy finally stops giggling at random intervals.

“Okay, okay. We should probably get going.”

“Okay.”

He sticks close to Quackity as they head around the side to the car. The cobbled path is loose and in the dark, with limbs still numbed by cold, he just doesn’t want his friend tripping. He gets him safely into the backseat before grabbing the towel off him.

“I’ll run these back in to Techno.”

Skeppy gives him a thumbs up as he turns on the heating, Quackity leaning forward so he can get his face in the warm air.

Techno's surprisingly easy to find once he figures out to go where the music isn’t. Turns out there’s a whole third floor, lined with what seems to be bedrooms.

Techno pokes his head out as he gets to the top of the stairs.

“Here, I wasn’t sure where to leave these. Thanks for helping us out.”

Techno just shrugs, nods, looks down at him through furrowed brows. “Your boyfriend, uh... Quackity?”

“No!” He clears his throat. “Uh, no, Quackity’s not my boyfriend. Not a thing.”

“Right. Sorry.” Techno stares at the ground. “Can you tell him I’m sorry? For like, offending him. Or whatever I did.”

“I don’t think you did anything. He’s just a weirdo. He’ll get over it. He just thinks you’re intimidating.

“That was... Not my intention.”

“I know man. You’re fine.”

Techno nods, and heads back into his room without a word. Sapnap’s beginning to get where Quackity’s coming from. He has no idea if that conversation went well, or just spelled his doom for all future interactions.

When he gets back into the car Quackity curls up against his shoulder, damp beanie pressing against the bare skin of his neck.

“Where are we going?”

Callahan shrugs from the front seat, glances over at Skeppy.

Quackity presses tighter against him. “I mean, can’t exactly go back home like this. No way I don’t wake up Karl, coming in frozen solid.”

They end up at Bad’s, a slightly damp duck printed blanket wrapped around both of their shoulders,

both of their phones in a bowl of rice in front of them. Skeppy must feel at least a little bad, because he brings them tea and some muffins from the pantry.

The noise of their teeth chattering wakes Bad up.

## Chapter End Notes

Party chapter! Later than it was supposed to be because I was missing like two paragraphs but oh well.

Give me ideas for future chapters! I have ideas for a little later for like, emotional plot stuff, but for the inbetween and like, settings and stuff, I essentially need date ideas.

But dumb uni student date ideas, yanno?

Or just motivational comments because damn, writing is hard.

## arcade dates are also destined to end in disaster

### Chapter Summary

Karl insists that because Quackity got to do an exclusive secret hang out with Sapnap, he also needs to.

Also, somehow, these boys cannot get through a tri to the arcade without getting injured. (What, there are no parallels here, I don't know what you're talking about.)

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Karl found out. There was no way he wouldn't. But while Bad fumed about 'irresponsible behavior' and 'muffin heads who put themselves in danger without telling me first,' Karl just pouted and demanded he also have alone time with Sapnap, for the sake of fairness. Sapnap was too surprised to do anything but go with it.

"So... What do you want to do?"

"I don't know." Karl looks up through his bangs. "Surprise me."

He does his best. He's quick to admit that he is a very predictable person, not an original or surprising bone in his body. But he calls in a favour with a friend of a friend, someone who lives in Punz's flat and works part time at the arcade, managing lazer tag. They book him the arena for first thing in the morning, which ends up being eleven am on a Monday. It's fine. Who needs to go to lectures.

He can hear Karl bouncing around the room on the other side of the phone. "What should I wear?"

"Something dark. And comfortable."

"Sapnap. Are you taking me to rob a bank?"

"What!?" There's a rough peal of giggles, muffled through the phone's speaker. "Karl! No!"

"Just thought I'd ask! Also, should I caffienate or not. Cause like, if you're taking me to a movie or something, there's no way I'm going to be able to sit through that if I'm all jittery."

"I know not to take you to a movie, I'm not dumb. And sure, caffeinate if desired."

"Okay." There's a muffled squeal. "Okay, okay, I'll be ready soon I promised, give me twenty minutes?"

"I'll text you when I start walking over."

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Karl bounces out the door seconds after he knocks.

"Let's go!"

“Is Quackity not home?”

“He is, but he stole you without telling me, so I have to get my revenge.”

“Right.” He nods slowly. “You weirdos make no fucking sense.”

“Didn’t ask, let's go.”

The walk to the arcade makes him question his approval of caffeination. Karl seems to have lost all concept of where his limbs are, swinging wildly around light poles as they wait at the crosswalk.

“Karl! Wrong way!”

“Oops.” Karl looks up at the street signs. “Are we going to the mall?”

“Kind of. We’re going to the arcade.”

“Ooooh! Yay! Something else you and Quackity did without me.”

“Kind of.”

Sapnap holds open the side door that leads into the laser tag arena, Karl dancing in ahead of them.

“Hey man, hope we’re not too early.”

“Nope. It’s free whenever you want it. I assume you can get yourselves set up?”

Karl is the perfect size for the one size fits all laser tag vest. It pulls his hoodie a little tight around his ribs as he fiddles with the buckles.

“It’s just going to be the two of us in there, and I swear, it’s so much better with two people. You know exactly who you’re hunting down, it’s so much harder to run. They turn the music off and you can hear everything.”

“Sounds good man.” He’s swinging his weight around, spinning the loose ends around as he moves.

“How many monsters have you had?”

“Enough.” He levels him with a look. “I splurged a little. It’s a special day!”

“Right. Let’s get in there before you explode.” He shoves Karl ahead of him towards the darkened doorway, both of them almost falling over under the force of his giggling. “Truce until we get to the middle and then we split from there.”

“Sure.” His vest vibrates against his chest, flashing red as Karl pulls his laser gun away from his side. “Bye!”

“You bitch!”

Karl dances into the dark, as Sapnap shakes his gun, like that’s going to make it restart faster.

Sapnap takes off in the opposite direction, hoping to put some distance between them so that his experience can kick into override Karl being a brat. There’s a broad set of walls with small gaps

behind the base in the centre. He takes up a sniping position, hoping Karl will take the basic play and try to claim the central base. He waits. And he waits.

“Gotcha!” The call comes a second too early, sending him rolling out of the way of the light from Karl’s gun.

“Fuck!” Karl catches the back of his vest, his blaster flickering off as he lights up red. “KARL!”

He falls back against the wall, cackling as Sarnap rolls across the ground in omock agony.

“How could you do this to me!”

“You’re dogwater! Actually dogwater!”

The flashing starts slowing down on his vest. Karl squeaks and turns tail, running deeper into the maze of partitions. Sarnap scrambles to his feet to take chase.

“Get back here!”

“Catch me if you can!”

“Oh Karl! Karl!”

He gets a single shot in at Karl right as his gun powers up again. Karl just keeps running. He honestly wasn’t expecting Karl to run flat into the wall.

He trips over the falling pile of flailing limbs, sending them both sprawling on the carpet.

“Fuck, sorry!”

“Ouch.”

Sarnap pushes himself up, taking the weight off Karl. Karl squints up at him, rubbing his head.

“I am... so dumb.”

“Maybe a bit. Why did you run into the wall?”

“No idea.”

“Right. Are you... hurt?”

“M fine. Just a bit bruised.”

“Are you okay to keep going?”

“Yeah.” Karl tries to sit up and winces, hand flying to his hip. “Oh. That is definitely going to bruise.”

“We can go if you need”

“No, no, we don’t need to go, see-” Sarnap’s vest lights up. “I’m winning.”

“You’re a meany.” He pulls Karl up, immediately confiscating his gun so he can’t widen the point gap even further and make Sarnap look like more of a loser. “C’mon, we’ve probably used up almost half of our time anyway. It won’t be the end of the world if we leave now.”

“Seriously, it’s just a bruise.”

He stots, tugs up the hem of Karl’s hoodie. It’s the same thing he’s done for Dream and George, multiple times, when they’re whining about an injury that is not nearly as bad as they say it is, or insisting they can go on even when they’re clearly hurt. There’s a large red mark spreading across Karl’s hip, stretching up to his stomach.

“This does not look like “fine” to me, idiot.” His gaze catches on skin where it’s stretched taut over the bottom of his ribs. He drops the hoodie. “Sorry.”

“It’s fine. You’re right, I should probably quit before my klutziness decides to sabotage me again.”

“We can go back to yours, it’s closer, and you can lie down or something.”

“I don’t need to lie down, nimrod. Take me back to yours, you still owe me a hangout.”

He isn’t protective, he swears. Sure he grabs Karl’s wrist a few times to make sure he’s okay, and to keep him from impulsive wandering off, or jumping on something where he could hurt himself again, or literally doing anything that isn’t staying as close to Sapnap as possible and walking like a normal person. But honestly, he’d do the same for George, who is also an impulsive idiot at times, he’d just be meaner about it. Because George is a pain. And Karl is not.

And maybe offering to carry Karl up the stairs was a little over the top. But honestly, he’d had trouble getting off the ground at the arcade, surely three flights of stairs couldn’t be comfortable. At least he got a smile out of the omega, so that was something.

He winces as he opens the door. “Sorry about the mess. Just shove whatever’s on the couch onto the floor and sit down, I’ll grab you an ice pack.”

“I don’t need ice, Sap, I’m fine.”

He doesn’t find ice but he does find frozen vegetables, which he figures serves the same purpose. He wraps them in two towels, just to be safe, and carries the whole bundle to Karl where he’s sprawled out on the couch.

“Here, for your hip, I can grab another one for your head.”

“Or you could put on your favourite game for us to play?”

He eyes Karl. “Are you sure your head doesn’t hurt too much?”

“I barely bumped it. C’mon, if you make me sit here and rest without entertaining me I’m going to be so bored. You don’t want me to be bored, do you?”

“You are not convincing in the slightest.” He grabs the controllers out of the box by the TV, switching on the console. His favourite is already loaded up. “Is this okay? We have other games if you want.”

“No, I want to play your favourite.” Karl reaches a hand out for a controller. “This is normally Q’s thing.” Karl looks up at the ceiling, shoulders jumping up and down. “He’ll follow anyone who’s shown him an ounce of kindness into anything, let them teach him anything. He’s always out trying other people’s hobbies, coming back covered in bruises or paint.”

“Right. Is that the real reason I got a pseudo date to the arcade?”

“He was actually hyped about DDR and was fully intending to drag someone along. But yeah, I reckon he had you all sussed out and thought of you right away.”

“That’s awesome. I can’t even talk to a stranger, let alone have them all figured out after an hour.”

Karl turns his head to grin at him.

“You talked to me.”

“Point proven. Point fucking proven.”

“Aww c’mon, we’re friends now.”

“I should have stayed home and played video games by myself that night. Saved myself the hassle of knowing you idiots.”

Karl giggles, leans his head back so his hair flops over the back of the couch cushions. All fluffy against the worn out fabric of the couch he and Dream had dragged in, something a friend of a friend had been throwing out. He has the baby blue controller Bad sometimes uses when he comes over. Sapnap grins.

## Chapter End Notes

Yes this chapter took a whole month. I can't be bothered talking about why, but it did. And after a whole month I don't even like it. Exams are right now, so I might not post the next one for a while. But comments always help, suggestions are always appreciated, ect, ect. Also, if you find mistakes, this hasn't been proofread so please tell me so I can fix them.

## guys doing things (again)

### Chapter Summary

More stuff :)

(Listen, I just need to establish him spending more and more time with them. Also, let's be real, this whole story is filler.)

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

He walks Karl home well into the afternoon. When he'd asked earlier if Karl needed to get home his response had been whining dramatically and insisting he needed recovery time before being able to walk home.

Quackity meets them at the door.

"And what kind of time do you call this, young man?" Karl flinches back as Quackity's bony knuckles collide with the bruise. "Wait, kuck- what happened?"

"Would you believe me if I said I did an epic maneuver while fighting off a whole room full of ninjas?"

"He ran into a wall playing laser tag."

"Idiot." Quackity grabs his hand shoving him onto the couch. "You iced it, right?"

"Of course, I wouldn't want to harm your precious belongings."

Quackity rolls his eyes.

"Nimrod."

"Your nimrod."

"You're both disgusting nimrods." Sapnap leans against the door frame. "I'm gonna head back home, sorry the laser tag didn't go as planned."

"No, stay! I'm making chicken nuggets."

"Okay then? I guess I can stay."

He silently mourns for the lecture he was supposed to be catching up on this evening.

Quackity gets up to head to the kitchen and Karl tries to follow.

"No, no no no, you stay there. Sapnap, make sure he stays there."

"Right."

"No, we already did this! Sapnap, tell him we already did this!"

“I think you better listen to your boyfriend, Karl. It wouldn’t be a good idea to upset your omega.”

“Screw both of you.” Karl slides down onto the couch, legs bumping against Sapnap’s as he sits down.

“You will stay right there until you have finished your dinner and I will not hear another word about it.” Quackity leans over the back of the couch, spatula in hand. “Understood, young man?”

Karl sticks out his tongue. “Yes *mom* .”

Quackity kisses his forehead, slaps him on the shoulder with the spatula, and heads back to the stove. “Nuggets are almost ready.”

“Can I help with anything?”

“You’re on Karl duty. He’s a full time job.”

“Oh, you know it, baby.” Karl twists around to wink at Quackity, who flips him off, pulling nuggets out of the oven.

Sapnap watches as he scrapes them onto plates, throwing pre packed salad on with it to make it look like a semblance of real food.

“Nooo, babe, there’s green things on there....”

“You have to eat them.” Quackity shoves the plate into Karl’s hand, leaving him to pout down at the vegetables.

Sapnap pushes Karl’s feet off the sofa so that Quackity can sit down, the omega smiling at him as he gives him a plate of nuggets.

“Thanks. We, uh, forgot to have lunch today.”

“Really?” Quackity turns to Karl. “Baby?”

“It’s all good, I can make something else to eat after.”

“Okay. But now you definitely have to eat the salad.”

Karl sticks out his tongue and takes a bite of lettuce.

“Are these... Dinosaur nuggets?”

“Uh huh. Same price, double the joy.”

“Fair enough.” Sapnap bites the head off a t-rex.

He’s run out of nuggets and moved on to the salad when Ksrl leans over the couch to steal ketchup off his plate.

“What-”

“What? You weren’t using it.”

“Maybe I wanted it on my salad.”

Quackity pipes up. “Lettuce and ketchup. I dare you.”

“Bet.” He dips a piece of lettuce in the ketchup. He absolutely gets sauce on his face when he tries to fit the whole thing in his mouth. His nose wrinkles at the strange combination of taste and texture.

“How bad?”

“Just tastes like ketchup.”

“Lame.”

Karl leans back over to his side of the sofa, setting his plate on the table.

“Here, let me take the plates.”

“No, you're the guest!”

“I can put plates in the dishwasher, Q, it's not a big deal.”

“Yeah babe, stay here and cuddle me instead! I'm in pain and need comfort.” Karl grins. Quackity sighs and relents. He gathers the plates, carrying them into the kitchen as Karl coaxes Quackity to lie down with him.

He rinses the excess sauce off the plates, just in case that's something they normally do. He stacks the plate in neat even rows with no gaps next to the plates that are already there.

He finds Karl sprawled across as much of the couch as he possibly can, Quackity flopped over his chest, face in his collarbones. He looks up when Sapnap comes around the front of the couch.

“Cmon baby, scooch so Sap can sit down.”

“Mmm, but I'm comfy.” But Karl sits up anyway, letting Quackity shove him back so he's only covering a normal human portion of the couch.

“Y'all are literally disgustingly cute together.”

Karl loops an arm around Quackity's neck. “Aren't we?”

“Yeah. How did you ever survive living in different rooms and not being able to cling to each other 24 hours per day?”

Karl smiles, flopping over to bury his face in the smaller omega's hair. Quackity curls his fingers around Karl's shoulder, nails dragging over his collar bone like they're scared of scraping away the skin and accidentally blinding the world with a glimpse of Karl's unfiltered sunshine.

Sapnap already finds himself blinking, trying to clear the warm, fuzzy sunspots from his eyes.

“They let us room together in first year. We requested to be roommates, made up some bullshit about being a long way from home and needing some familiarity as an excuse. They totally bought it.”

“For about two months.”

“We held out valiantly.”

“How'd you get caught?”

“Our floor warden caught us making out against our door. “

“Even then, Alex tried to play it off as “just friends.” He literally had his teeth halfway into my throat and was sitting there trying to argue that we were “just bros”.”

“In my defence, it worked on my mom.”

“It what?!”

“Oh my god!” Karl shakes with giggles, almost dragging Quackity down with him. “So we used to have sleepovers all the time! And then when we started dating, we just kept doing it.”

“And Karl’s mom is so fucking cool, oh my lord, like best mom ever. She just looked at us and was like, “about damn time”!”

“And we didn’t even have to tell her. Quackity’s mom is a bit more traditional though, so we decided not to tell her because then she wouldn’t let us sleep over any more.”

“You weren’t worried about her disagreeing with your relationship?”

“Nah, my mom’s great. But she would have made us keep the door open, and definitely no sleeping in the same bed. So we just omitted that particular info. And then a few months in - so we were in junior year? She walks in on us making out. Nothing too bad, but my poor ma got a fright.”

“And you just deadpan told her it was just practice and that all omega friends did this!”

“And she bought it!”

“Literally how?”

“I’m just charming I guess.”

“More like your mom could never believe a bad word about me.”

“But you did tell her eventually?”

“Yeah. But now Karlos has to sleep in the spare bed every time we go home.”

“She does know that you’re adults, right?”

“You try telling her that.”

“Meanwhile, my mom dumped condoms on my bed and said even if we couldn’t get each other pregnant we still had to be safe.”

“Oh god.” He averts his eyes from where Karl is laughing open mouthed against Quackity’s shoulder. “I can’t imagine if one of my parents did that to me. The first time I brought an omega friend home from school my mom pulled me aside and asked in the most awkward way possible if we were dating. We weren’t. And that was the most we ever talked about relationships.”

“Did you ever date someone? Or were you a lame-o loser?”

“There was this girl I kinda had a thing with for a month or so senior year. But it wasn’t serious.”

“Aww, a little baby Alpha!”

“Shut up.” He shoves Quackity away.

“Are you waiting for the right person or something?”

“Nope. I’m single through sheer awkwardness, baby.” He clears his throat. “Aaaaanyway-”

“No, no, you don’t get to change the subject! We want to know everything!” Karl flops forward, all of his weight on Quackity.

“There’s nothing to tell! I’m a fucking loser.”

“You could never be a loser!” Karl slowly splits into a grin. “Even if you are a lonely virgin.”

“Fuck all the way off.”

“You’re not denying it though.” Quackity wiggles his eyebrows aggressively.

“SO, QUACKITY, how was your law work today?”

“I’m only letting you change the subject cause I wanna complain, because today was shit.” Quackity sits forward, Karl folding with him. “I fucking hate essay projects. Like, just give me a pop quiz and let me go home!”

“Lol, imagine having anything but essays and projects.”

“But your projects make sense! Not fucking, explain why the obviously guilty person is innocent.”

“Come do comp sci. No essays. Just projects and exams.”

“No, I wanna do law! I just need to become a millionaire so I can pay someone to write my essays for me.”

“If you were a millionaire you wouldn’t need to go to law school.”

“I’d still go to uni even if I was a millionaire.”

“I’d be out of here so fast. I’d be financing my own projects instead of just listening to nimrods try to tell me how to make a video all day.”

“What would even be the fucking point of school if you’re already rich? I’d just buy a decked out PC and play games all day.”

“But like, what would you do with your life?”

“Are your ears not working? I’d play video games.”

“All by yourself? That sounds miserable.”

“Nah, I’d get Dream to quit too and we can play together.”

Quackity shakes his head. “But really, how long is that gonna last? You’re gonna want to do something more at some point. Plus, the money’s gonna run out.”

“Well, you can enjoy going to school while me and Karl are living the dream with our millions.”

Karl nods through a yawn. “Yeah. You and me, Sapnap.”

Quackity scoops an arm around Karl. “Please, like you would ever leave me behind.” He presses a kis to the side of his head. “Also, I think it’s time for sleep.”

“Nooo.”

“I’ll head out then.” Sapnap struggles to push himself up from where he’s ended up lounging on the couch.

“Are you sure? It’s actually pretty late; you can just stay here if you want.”

“Are *you* sure?”

“Yeah, just let me get this nimrod to bed and I’ll grab you some spare blankets.”

~~~

His phone rings at two am.

“WHERE ARE YOU?”

“...chill. I was asleep.”

“BUT WHERE ARE YOU!”

He rolls onto his back, staring up at the off-white ceiling. “Be honest. Did you only just realize I was gone?”

“Hey, you’re a grown up, you can be out past midnight if you want. But maybe.”

“You’re the worst best friend in the world. For your information, I’m sleeping at Karl’s place.”

“Yooo, get it- Or wait, don’t get it.”

“I’m on the couch.”

“Damn. Friendzoned.”

“Exactly. Exactly where I should be. Can I sleep now?”

“Okay. But you better text me in the morning.”

“Kay.” He doesn’t even bother hanging up, just shoves his phone under his pillow, rolls over and goes to sleep.

## Chapter End Notes

A whole three weeks late, lets go!

This time, it was exams, and a new job with hours that do not accommodate convenient sleeping hours. BUT ALSO! I did DreamNotNap week, so go check that out if you want more poly fluff.

# **dream is a meanie**

## Chapter Summary

Sapnap spends even more time with Karlity. Because he can.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

He slips into the apartment at 10:27 am. Dream looks up from his laptop, half chewed pen dangling out of his mouth.

“Hi.”

“Hi. Enjoy your night out?”

“I guess.” Dream’s hands jitter mindlessly over the keyboard, making the keys chatter without pressing anything. “Did you have caffeine.”

“Listen- listen.” Dream puts up his hands in surrender, drops them again so he can tap repetitively on his trackpad. “Maybe I didn’t sleep. Maybe.”

“Dude.”

“Just tell me next time, okay? Save me all this fucking hasssle,” he gestures vaguely at himself, “from worrying.”

“Sure.” He shrugs. “It’s not like I’m gonna make it a regular thing.”

~~~

On Friday he passes out and wakes up at three am with all the empty takeout boxes still scattered on the table in front of him. He shoots Dream a text and plants his face back on the pillow someone has slid under his head. He comes home with his middle finger already raised in defence, greeted with a pointed raised eyebrow.

On Saturday apparently the shot and a half of vodka Karl poured into his orange juice makes him incapable of walking home, despite him insisting that he isn’t nearly as much of a light weight as an unsteady Quackity. Karl tucks him into the couch pillows with a touch of aggressive affection, insisting he better still be there in the morning. And lo and behold, he is.

On a day without classes the apartment stirs lazily to life. Sapnap unfolds himself from the couch, stretching the kinks out of his back before falling right back onto the couch, phone in hand.

Quackity stumbles into the kitchen behind him for a glass of water, hair sticking every which way, untamed by his beanie. He notices Sapnap and scurries away before he can get a good look at his hair, returning with a beanie hastily added to his pyjama attire.

Sapnap gathers the energy to leave the couch, motivated by the smell of burning toast from the kitchen. He manages to salvage the safety of the building, even if the bread is not saveable. He

coaxes the bag of bread away from Quackity to deter any more attempts at breakfast, taking it upon himself to make cereal for the two of them, and putting a slice of toast on for Karl at Quackity's insistence.

He butters the toast as Quackity retreats to wake up Karl.

"Mmm."

"Morning to you too." He reaches up a hand to gently push some of Karl's hair away from where it's straying into his face from Karl's slumped position on his shoulder. "YOU didn't even drink anything last night, how are you the one havingg a bad morning?"

"Cuddly bastard didn't let me fall asleep before the caffeine kicked in."

"And this is why we don't drink Monsters at midnight."

"I would have been fine if someone didn't become a limpet." Karl finally finds it within himself to stand upright, reaching around Sapnap to grab his toast. "Thank you."

The cold tip of his nose brushes against Sapnap's cheek as he retreats. It's centimetres away from a kiss, but also the furthest thing possible, a cute little gesture hinting at affection and he adores the way it screams of Karl's personality, despite the grumpy morning veneer.

"Just let me know when y'all want me out of your hair."

"It's the weekend. Just stay."

"I don't have any of my work with me."

Karl drops himself into a chair, choosing Quackity as his new target for cuddling. "Noo, stay anyway."

He rolls his eyes, sliding into the last empty seat. "Fine."

~~~

The apartment door creaks. He likes to imagine it's welcoming him home after so long away.

Dream looks up as he leans against the kitchen counter.

"Long time no see."

He just nods in acknowledgement, moving to fill up a glass of water. Which means moving past Dream.

"You smell like him."

"What?"

"Karl. You smell like Karl."

Sapnap turns his face into the shoulder of his hoodie, realising with a sniff that Karl's scent is still lingering strongly there from where he'd been climbing all over him that morning.

"Huh."

“Seems kinda like a scent mark to me. Better be careful you’re not stepping on any toes.”

“It’s just friendly cuddling. Quackity was literally sitting right there, it wasn’t a big deal, it was a thank you for making him breakfast.”

“Oh? Morning-after breakfast? What a gentleman.”

A growl is ripped from between his lips, hands slamming into the back of Dream’s chair, making the furniture creak.

“Why can’t you get through your thick fucking skull that we’re. Just. Friends. What, just because you and George are so far down each other’s throats you can’t imagine moving on? Get the fuck over it for once in your god damned life.”

Dream leans as far back as he can, flinching away from the snarl Sappnap can feel distorting his features. “It was just a joke!”

“Don’t joke then.” He pushes back, heading towards the door. “I’m leaving. See you when you get over your bullshit about my business.”

The door slams behind him, reinforced hinges they had installed after one too many temper tantrums creaking and he doesn’t know if he’s grateful, or if all he wanted in that moment was for something to break.

He lets himself go on auto pilot, finding his way out of the building and down the street. He keeps his eyes trained on the pavement, not wanting to inflict his bad night on any random stranger he could startle walking past, although he’s sure the warning scent of enraged Alpha is doing that for him.

When he finally finds himself at the entrance of an apartment complex the sign beside the door startles him. He was sure he was walking to Bad’s house- that had been the plan, somewhere in the back of his head. He needed someone to tuck him in and ask just the right amount of questions and give him just the right amount of mindless affection- and he always went to Bad’s house. But here he was, outside Karl and Quackity’s, in a completely different direction.

He almost turns around, walks back a little in the direction of home so he can find a way to Bad’s from here. But all the energy of being angry has dripped out through the soles of his feet and is splattered all over the pavement in a sticky mess and he’s too tired to deal with any of his problems tonight. So he knocks.

He hears shuffling, quiet voices from the other side of the door before it creaks open a little.

“Hello?” Karl pushes his hair back out of his face. “Sappnap! What are you doing back? Did you forget something?”

He shakes his head, training his eyes on Karl’s mismatched socks.

“Do you need a hug?”

He falls into Karl’s arms, the bridge of his nose pressing harshly against the rise of the taller boy’s collarbone.

Karl pulls him through the door just enough to close it, holding him close.

“Who was it?”

“It’s Sap.”

“Oh?” Quackity peeks over the back of the couch, eyes softening as he makes eye contact with Sapnap. “C’mere.”

Karl pulls them both to sit on the couch, settling Sapnap lying on top of himself despite quiet protests that he’ll crush him. Karl’s hands stay wrapped around his shoulders, drawing random patterns across his spine.

“Do you want to tell us what’s up?”

“Just dumb Alpha stuff. With Dream.”

“Oh no.” A warm hand strokes through his hair, sharp contrast to the cool fingertips that are resting at the back of his neck. “You can stay here again if you need?”

“Please.”

## Chapter End Notes

Lol, it definitely hasn't been a whole month, what are you talking about. (Listen, I've been updating some of my other fics (kind of))

If anyone wants to give me ideas for things the boys can do while hanging out, that's honestly one of the biggest hold ups for writing new chapters. Also, sharing your thoughts and feelings about the boys, what you want to see more of, and where you think this is going is appreciated (because I'm winging it, and I don't know where it's going)

# communication is hard

## Chapter Summary

Sapnap wakes up in the Karlity household for the third morning in a row and then has two conversations he doesn't really want to have.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

There's a warm weight resting against the back of his shoulder. He can feel something sharp pressing between his shoulder blades and over time it has burrowed itself in to make a deeply rooted ache. He shifts as much as his range of motion will allow, which does nothing but sink the weight further onto him.

Finally his eyes open to the dim light of the living room.

There's an arm dangling from his side that is not his own, and Karl's arms are wrapped around him in a vice grip, keeping him pinned to his chest. He's pretty sure the sharp object is one of Karl's rings where his hands are wedged between Quackity's ribs and Sapnap's own.

He takes a deep breath and winces. Quackity stirs awake on top of him, arms flailing and narrowly avoiding whacking Sapnap in the face. Honestly, he's surprised he doesn't topple off the cuddle stack right onto the floor.

"Mmm... Sap?"

"Mornin." He clears his throat. "Umm, do you mind getting up? You're kinda crushing me."

"Right." He groans as Quackity plants an elbow right in the middle of his spine as he pushes himself up. "Fuck, sleeping in a pile was not a bright idea."

"You're telling me?"

"Both of you can fuck off," Karl mumbles into his hair.

"Fuck, sorry." Sapnap rolls onto the floor, letting Karl sit up, whining in pain.

Quackity winces. "Sorry sweetheart." He presses a kiss to the birds nest Karl's curls have become. Karl grumbles but leans slowly into the affection until he's flopped fully over back onto the couch.

"Babe... my back hurts."

Sapnap searches the floor for his phone as Quackity slips a hand under Karl's shirt to trace gentle circles up and down his spine. "Fuck. It's already ten past nine."

"I've only got forty five minutes to get to my first lecture." Quackity gets up, nudging Sapnap until he gets back onto the couch and he can dump a complaining pile of Karl on him. The omega looks up at him, wrinkling his nose.

“Are you feeling better?”

“Yeah. Still sucks but at least I’m not, like, crying over it any more.”

Quackity comes back into the room still buttoning up his shirt.

“Are you going to head home to talk to Dream?”

Sapnap shoves his face into the couch cushions. “Don’t want to. ‘S a fucking dickhead.”

“Aww, don’t say that. Just because he went all grumpy Alpha on your ass doesn’t make him a bad guy.”

Sapnap just turns his face further into the back of the couch. The fabric has soaked up the scent of the two omegas over time and he decides he can just stay here for a while. Living with his face in the couch is much easier than going home and dealing with the mess with Dream.

“Sapnap.” He just shakes his head, refusing to look up at Quackity. “Sap, how many times have you and Dream butted heads like this in the past?”

“A lot.” His voice is muffled in the upholstery. He doesn’t care that he sounds like a petulant child. He will be as petulant as he wants, thank you very much.

“And has it always worked out in the end?”

“But he said something dumb. And he just-” He huffs out a breath. “It pisses me off. And he keeps doing it!”

He can feel the raised eyebrows. “Did you ask him nicely to stop.”

“Uh huh.”

“And?”

“And he did it again!”

“And?”

He flops a little further into the couch. “And then I growled at him...”

“And that was a good way to fix your problems, huh buddy?”

“No.”

Karl giggles, patting the top of his head as best as he can reach.

“So maybe you could apologise for growling? And he would feel more like apologising for whatever he did?”

“But-” He huffs, pushing himself out of the couch cushions. The moment he’s vaguely upright Karl takes the opportunity to bundle himself into his lap, making himself a comforting limpet, limbs fully entangled around him. He meets Quackity’s eyes over Karl’s shoulder. “I don’t know if he he’ll apologise for saying the dumb shit but- he’ll still mean it.”

“And you don’t like it?”

"I just can't believe he actually thinks I'm that much of a dickhead."

"He probably doesn't."

"But he says that-!...this stupid shit." Sapnap squeezes Karl like a stress toy and the Omega just sinks into it, letting him press them even closer together. "And why would he keep joking if he didn't..."

"Well, I don't know what he's saying. But he probably wouldn't be your friend if he thought you were a jerk."

"Well I'm still his friend and he's a jerk. But I guess."

"Why don't you try apologising and see what happens?"

"Fine." He sticks his tongue out at Quackity. "But if it goes bad I'm blaming you."

"How the fuck-" He just shakes his head. "Sure. Whatever. Now give me my roommate back. You have your own one to go cuddle." Karl gives him one last squeeze before climbing off his lap, straight into Quackity's arms, hanging off his shoulder.

"Okay..." He slides an arm around Quackity's shoulder, pulling him into a halfway hug so he can burry his face in his shoulder, a last moment of sweet comfort, without dislodging Karl. "I'll see you- hopefully not tonight, if everything works out but- I owe you guys."

"Please, if we were expecting compensation for putting up with you we would not have stuck around this long."

He just rolls his eyes and shows himself out.

The apartment door swings open. "I'm sorry!"

Dream sticks his head out of his bedroom. "Huh? What did you say?"

He can feel his face heating up. Fuck Quackity for making him do this. "I- I said I'm sorry. For growling at you."

"Uh, no. That on- that was my fault." Dream tangles a hand in the back of his hair. "I should really have laid off. A long time ago. You know how I get. Not that that's an excuse or anything! I'm just... sorry."

Sapnap cocks his head to the side, leaning against the wall. "So you actually acknowledge that your joking wasn't funny?"

"I mean. It was. Just not for you. Which I get. Also, I shouldn't be making a joke out of you making new friends."

"Are you implying I'm a loser with no friends?"

Dream grins. "You *were* a loser with no friends."

Sapnap rolls his eyes, crossing the room to wrap an arm around the other Alpha. "Thanks."

Dream just hums and buries his face in his hair. "Sorry. Again."

“Hey, would you be like... Down to meet them?”

“Karl and Quackity?”

“Yeah. Not for any weird reasons, I know what you’re thinking, don’t you dare make any meeting the parents jokes.”

“I wasn’t even considering it. Plus, I’m pretty sure they already know Bad and Skeppy.”

“Shut up. But yeah, I know Q and George are friends, and you like, vaguely know Karl. But if I’m gonna be spending that much time with them, I want you guys to know each other.”

“Of course.” Dream scrubs at his hair. “Gotta make sure they’re good enough for my best friend.”

“Get off me you idiot!”

## Chapter End Notes

Can we appreciate them making up...without really talking about it?

Anyway, sorry for the late chapter. Updates will either become way more frequent or super scarce (probably scarce for the next month) cause the school year is starting.

But on the bright side, I've finally outlined some later chapters, which hopefully means this story will have an ending. Eventually.

## speed running (duh duh duh duh)

### Chapter Summary

the boys all meet up and have some fun together

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The only day where everyone's free ends up being Wednesday night. He's completely drained from a whole day of lectures, plus the three hour lab that shows up to absolutely floor him every couple of weeks. So here he is, leaning against the wall of the local escape room complex next to Dream, trying not to fall flat on his face and ruin this already potentially hazardous meet-up before it's even begun.

His phone dings at the same time as Dream's buzzes and he already knows it's George saying he's going to be late and he sometimes hates that man. He would have punted him out the apartment window long ago if he wasn't under Dream's protection. He had one job; be ontime to smooth this over so that Dream could stop looking at him *like that*.

He looks up as Karl and Quackity come around the corner. Dream straightens up beside him, tucking his phone into his hoodie pocket.

"Sap!" Karl waves, pulling Quackity closer to the Alphas.

Sapnap shuffles his feet for a second, scuffing his toes and sending a pebble skittering against the edge of Dream's shoe. Dream looks down at him. He huffs, crossing to the omegas to pull Quackity and then Karl into a quick hug. Dream just watches.

"Hey."

"Hi." Quackity crosses his arms. "Dream, right?"

"Oh my god, Q, be nice. It's fine, it wasn't a big deal, he's not a bad guy, let it go."

"Hmph."

Karl bounces forward with a hand extended. "Hi, I'm Karl, I think I've seen you around campus before."

"Yeah." Dream smiles like he's worried someone (cough-Sapnap-cough) is going to punch him if he doesn't. "I'm Dream."

"Nice to properly meet you." Karl grins and rocks back on his heels. "I would ask you all the normal questions except I'm pretty sure I already know all the basic stuff."

Sapnap rolls his eyes. "Listen, I only have like ten friends. Of course you're going to hear about each other."

"Ten friends? Really? Then how come I only ever hear about these two?"

Karl giggles, Quackity cracking a smile and finally relaxing, folding himself around Karl. Sapnap wants to go fold himself around both of them. Except Dream is standing right there and it's making him self conscious. He misses the days where he thought he was beyond embarrassment when it came to Dream.

Thank god something happens before he has to think up a defence that isn't a bold faced lie.

"George!"

"Quackity!" George launches himself onto Q's shoulders, making the smaller man stumble and curse. George lets him go just before they overbalance. "Hi Karl."

"Hi."

"Right." Sapnap rubs his hands on the front of his shirt before sticking them in his pockets, elbowing Dream to get him moving. "Let's get this show on the road."

Karl sidles up next to him as Quackity and George fall into step.

"This is so exciting. Is this like meeting the parents?"

"Nah, you've already met Bad. And I'll introduce you to Skeppy sometime, although he claims I don't belong to him."

Karl giggles, bumping their shoulders together. Dream glances back over his shoulder and Sapnap eyes him wearily, but he just smiles and holds the door open for them.

"Hi." The girl behind the counter is vaguely familiar, maybe from one of his lectures. "Welcome to EscapeSpace, do you have a booking?"

"Uh, yes, booking for five, the name should be Nick?"

"Yep, I've got you right here. If you want to head through the door on the left, there'll be an operator to help you into the room."

Sapnap smiles at her, heading inside with a giggling George and Quackity at his back, shoving into each other.

"Hello boys. So, has anyone done an escape room before?"

Quackity and Karl make weirdly meaningful eye contact and nod slowly. George shakes his head as Dream nods.

"Wonderful. I won't walk you through the normal introduction then. The button to call a staff member is right next to the door we send you in through. The time limit is an hour."

There's a sigh of relief from Karl. Sapnap is scared to ask.

"I'll pop you in there and unless you call for help, it's up to you to get yourself back out. Your objective is to steal the diamond. Good luck."

"What d-" The door in front of them opens. "Oh. That diamond."

Behind a glimmering sheet of glass on the far wall is a room containing a diamond display.

The door clicks behind them and both Dream and Karl immediately find things to fiddle with

amongst the obvious puzzles along the walls. Or, as it appears in Karl's case, attempt to break.

Karl grabs the knob on a door on the right side of the room. "It's all twisty!"

Dream's brows furrow. "Right." He crosses to the far wall, twisting the other door handle. "I'll tell you how much to twist it and we'll see--"

"It came off!" Karl brandishes the loose doorknob.

"Oh." The line in Dream's forehead deepens even further. "Give it here."

"There's numbers on the inside." Karl spins it in his hands. "Ummm."

"K." Quackity nudges him and Karl hands it over to Dream.

"One through five. Look for anything that would take a code, or with numbers on it."

"Got it." Quackity turns back to the wall, looking at the various puzzles and decorations. Dream starts studying the window frame into the next room.

"Look! More numbers!" Karl holds up the other doorknob.

Sapnap points to the phone on the wall. "Ten digits is about right for a phone number."

"Perfect." Dream strides across to the phone, holding up the knob to the dial. "Karl, can you read out the other set of numbers for me?"

"Two- Wait, from where?"

"Well, I've already put the two in, so go clockwise from there."

"Three, One, Five, Four."

The phone case pinches Dream's fingers as the dial falls forward, revealing a compartment and a key.

"Where does this go?"

Karl snatches it from him. "The door, obviously!"

Dream frowns. "That would be way too quick."

Karl shrugs and tries the door anyway. It doesn't work.

George slumps down on the bench in the middle of the room, then abruptly jumps back up. "This is hollow."

"Yes!" Karl drops to his knees with a slightly concerning clunk, scrabbling for a slot to put the key.

By the time he gets the chest open Dream is tapping his foot behind him, peering over his shoulder.

"Calm down, we've got plenty of time." Dream shrugs him off, watching as seemingly random objects are unearthed. A map, an empty battery pack, and a flashlight, which Karl immediately starts playing with.

Dream takes the map, unfolding it to begin studying.

“What’s this even of? There’s nothing in here that looks like this.”

“Maybe there’s something that we can’t see in the second room.” Quackity grabs the battery pack. “I bet the first thing is to find some batteries to put in here. Babe, are there any double As in the light?”

“Nope.” Karl already has the internal workings of the flashlight scattered across the concrete floor. “Also, I’m pretty sure I wasn’t supposed to take this apart.”

Dream nods. “Okay, everyone has to look for batteries.”

George gestures back towards the wall they came in through, where there’s a painting on the wall. “Check in the side of the picture frame.”

“Why?”

“I saw some in the light when we were coming in.”

“Why didn’t you say anything!”

“Cause we didn’t need them.”

Dream huffs, but doesn’t say anything as he pried the batteries out of the spotlight on the picture, filling the battery pack.

Sapnap glances around the room. “What now?”

“Now we need to find what these power. Something we can wire it to.”

Quackity raises his hand like he’s in a classroom, waving it around until Dream looks at him. “*Now*, we check if the painting is on hinges.”

Dream turns back to where he pulled out the batteries. “...It is.”

George rolls his eyes. “Well then open it.”

Dream pulls it open, and pulls out an old handheld game console with a loose power cord, which he manages to get connected to the battery pack.

“Yooo!” Sapnap snatches the toy out of Dream’s hand. “This is like, vintage.”

“Who would have guessed.” Dream rolls his eyes. George brushes up against him, leaning slowly against his crossed arms until Dream is forced to unfold them to catch George’s weight. George looks up at him.

“Stop being a bitch.”

“We only have about forty minutes left.”

“Stop being a bitch.”

“Who has that map?”

“I do.” Quackity settles on the chest next to Sapnap, spreading the map out across both of their

laps.

“It’s the play map for the game. Based on the graphics, I’m going to assume the starting point is the red dot.” Sapnap gestures from the tiny display screen to the map. “Navigate for me?”

“Give me a second.” Quackity spins the map so it’s oriented to the game. “Okay, go!”

“Go go go!” Sapnap starts mashing buttons.

“Left!” Quackity’s eyes flick from the screen to the map, tracing the route along. “Right! Hold all the way left where the path splits, then go straight through. Sharp right on the last one!”

The little 2D character trundles up to a flag, pixelated confetti falling. A compartment next to the battery case pops open.

“I have a key!”

“Yes!” Dream snatches it, immediately trying it on the door lock, which... Does nothing. “Oh come on.”

“Dream.” George gestures to a compartment on the wall which has popped open, exposing a lettered keypad and another lock box.

“Right! Right.” Dream strides over to the compartment. “Words. We need words.”

Karl perks up. “I found words.”

“Where.”

“On the wall.”

“Where?”

Dream starts spinning like he’s a swing that someone has wound up far too tight. Karl lets him go for a few seconds before grabbing him.

“Dream. Here.” He shines the flashlight on the wall, UV lighting up some invisible ink scrawled on the wall by the door.

“Oh, of course it is.” Dream’s eyes are verging dangerously close to the back of his head. Sapnap swears he can smell his increasingly aggravating scent from the other side of the room.

George shoves in front of him. “Right. I’m going to put the words in.”

“Why?”

“Because sharing is caring, Dream.”

Dream retreats back into himself a bit, in what is an obvious sulk even for him. George punches the code in as Karl holds the flashlight for him.

Finally, *finally*, they find a key that works for the door. After that, it’s just the small matter of disabling the lasers and strolling out of there with the diamond.

They wave goodbye to Karl and Quackity, who’s dragging a playfully reluctant George behind him. When they get back to their apartment Sapnap closes the door, leaning back against it.

“So. Did you like them?”

“Yeah.” Dream smiles. “They’re good for you. It’s nice to see you getting out of your shell a bit.”

“You’re just happy it gives you more excuses to hang out one on one with George.”

Dream sputters for a moment before hanging his head. “Sure. Whatever, yes we’ve been having more time together. And it’s great. Are you happy now?”

“Very. Now you just need to stop being a pussy and ask him out.”

“Yeah right. It’s George, there’s no way he ever takes me serious enough for that.”

## Chapter End Notes

Is that ending very rushed and clunky? Yes. But also, foreshadowing.

This took forever and the next chapter will probably take even more forever because I just started uni, but at least this one is a bit longer than usual.

## meanwhile DNF occurs somewhere off screen

### Chapter Summary

In which we get plot in it's least plottiest form.  
Also, the DNF foreshadowing pays off very fast.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Hey. I’m going to Karl and Quackity’s.”

“Ok, have fun. See you sometime on Saturday.”

“Saturday?”

“Well.” Dream turns to face him. “It’s Thursday. And I figure if you’re going this late then you’ll stay for dinner, and then someone will convince you to stay over. Tomorrow’s Friday and it’s your turn to buy so you’re definitely going to be there. I was kinda just relying on you getting talked into staying again.”

“I mean, I was kinda planning on coming home so I can sleep in an actual bed at some point, but why don’t you want me home Friday?”

“I was... maybe planning on having George over for dinner? Like, as a date?”

“You actually asked him out?!” He claps Dream on the shoulder, almost dragging him off his chair into a half hug. “It’s only been a week, what the fuck changed?!”

“You put the fucking thought in my head. And I mean, I haven’t actually asked yet. You know George, I’m not sure how a direct confrontation would go. I was kinda just planning on springing it on him once he was already here.”

“Ah. Well... That’ll either go brilliantly or terribly, good luck on that. I will make myself scarce.” He turns back towards his room, grabbing some spare clothes from the pile of clean laundry in the corner and his chargers off his desk, throwing his duffel over his shoulder with his school bag.  
“Bye!”

Dream waves as the apartment door closes behind him.

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“Yo, have you heard about Dream and George?”

“What? That they’re a couple of dumbasses? Because that is old news my friend.”

“They’re going on a date.”

“WHAT! And George didn’t tell me?!”

“George doesn’t know. Dream is ambushing him.”

“Wow.” Quackity nods sagely. “The only way to get vulnerability from George. Scare it out of him.”

“I think it’s more like easing him into it, but sure.” Sapnap twists the curly straw in his cup of water, trying to peer over Quackity’s shoulder at his laptop. “This is boring, pay attention to me.”

“It is, in fact, spectacularly boring. Also worth eighteen percent of my grade for the semester, so more important than you.”

“Are you saying I’m not as important as your grade for some dumb required paper?”

“This dumb required paper lets me get into the courses I need to take to get into law school.”

“But I’m your favourite person!”

“Karl’s my favourite person.” He shoots a crooked grin over at Sapnap. “You’re just my second favourite.

“Karl doesn’t count.”

“Karl does count.”

“No. I am the most important.”

“You can be important after I’ve finished the draft.”

“When’s it even due?”

“Next week.”

“So it doesn’t matter that you’ve just spent the last three minutes talking to me rather than looking at your assignment.”

Quackity looks back at his laptop then up at him. “I hate you.”

~~~

“What are you doing?”

“Vibing.” Sapnap’s head lolls back on the couch.

“This does not look like vibing.”

“Well, I am. He’s not.”

“Hi.” Quackity waves from within the headlock Sapnap has him in. “I beat him at Mario Kart.”

“Lies and slander. He was cheating.”

“No where in the laws of mario does it say that distracting your opponents is against the rules.”

“Biological warfare is against the Geneva convention!”

“Mario Kart is above the Geneva convention!”

Karl giggles through his fingers. “What did he do?!”

“He fucking tried to get me with phermones. Jumped on me and everything.”

Karl’s hands drop from in front of his face to the collar of his shirt. “And?”

“And I had to drop my controller to shove him off. Like fuck, my control’s okay, but it’s not *that* good.”

“You were fine. And I won, so it was worth it.”

Karl shakes his head, circling the couch and flopping down on top of Quackity, who’s still twisted into a headlock.

“Ouch!”

“You deserve it. Idiot.” Karl leans down at an awkward angle to kiss the top of his head. Quackity leans into it as much as he can, before picking back up with his squirming.

“Okay, get off me nimrod. I have to go finish my paper.”

“I thought you finished it this afternoon.”

“ *Someone* distracted me. So he’s your problem now, and I’m going to go get some work done.”

Karl pouts dramatically until Quackity gives him a shove, making him move so Quackity can retreat to the bedroom.

“Bye babe!” Karl jumps back onto the couch, lifting up his feet so he can angle his body towards Sapnap. “Hey, I just want to acknowledge what was going on when I got here. Like...”

“Fuck, sorry, was I being too aggressive? Or too touchy? I promise it’s not like that.”

“No! No, I was gonna say it was adorable. I was gonna say thank you! Cause Q can be almost as dumb and impulsive as me sometimes, so thanks for just rolling with it. Rather than like, being aggressive or jumping his bones.”

“Um, what the fuck? He’s your boyfriend? I’m not gonna pull shit like that. Let alone that he’s my friend.”

Karl screws up his eyebrows, puffing out his cheeks. And then collapses back against the back of the couch. “We might as well have fucking serious talk time, while Q isn’t here to interrupt.” He looks up at the ceiling, neck arched over the top of the cushions. “Alpha’s have done terrible things, claiming I provoked them, for much less.”

Sapnap feels his tongue freeze in his mouth, sticking to the back of his teeth and leaving an awkward empty space where he should probably be conjuring some words. “... Are you okay?”

“I’m fine.” Karl tilts his head to the side, looking over at Sapnap sideways. “I have Q now. And you.”

“But I- is there anything you like- need from me? Or like, not need- don’t want me to do?”

Karl huffs, almost a laugh, just weighted down with something. “You’re fine. Actually, you’re great. You’ve done so much for me without even knowing.”

“Really?”

“Yeah.” Karl sighs. “Most of my friends are betas. Or other Omegas. I’m very... cautious around Alpha’s normally. You’re just. The exception.”

“I don’t think I’m worthy of that.”

“You are. The fact that you’re still here, that I’m still comfortable with you here proves that you are.”

“But what if I’m not?”

“My mate practically threw himself at you and you didn’t do anything. Most Alpha’s would have at least reacted.”

Sapnap sinks into himself, glancing away. “But I did. I had to push him away so I wouldn’t... react.”

“You know he was testing you, right?”

“What?”

“He’s been testing you the whole time. He’s a touch overprotective and if you weren’t, I don’t know, trustworthy? He’d want to be the one to find out rather than me.

“So this whole friendship has been one big interrogation?”

Karl’s grin is quiet and a little worried. “Only a little more than any other friendship.”

“Good to know that I’ve passed.” Slowly, carefully, he links his hand with Karl’s and squeezes. Karl squeezes back.

~~~

He wakes up on the couch alone. At this point it’s familiar. The same place he’s woken up every Saturday, (and most Fridays and Sundays) for the past four weeks. There’s a pang that Karl’s not there with him, but he’s probably much more comfy tucked up in bed with Quackity.

The trip from reclined against the cushions to upright is. Unpleasant for his spine. To say the least. But he manages, groaning all the way, and heads to the kitchen.

It’s only after he’s made progress on breakfast that he realises he doesn’t even know whether the other two are going to be approaching awakeness any time soon, despite it being almost nine in the morning. And so, like the good friend he is, instead of letting their breakfast go cold, he decides to wake them up.

The bedroom door swings open under his quiet knock, not even pretending to be latched shut. And well, if that’s not an invitation to jump on the bed, he doesn’t know what is.

“What the fuc-” Quackity chokes as Sapnap flops on top of him.

“C’mon, up. Food.”

“Fucking fine, I guess I’m awake now.”

“Mmmph?” Karl lifts his pillow creased face out of the comforter. “Wha?”

“C’mon baby, this mongrel has decided we need to eat breakfast.” Quackity coaxes the blanket

away from Karl, exposing the bare skin of his back. Sapnap pushes himself off the bed as Quackity coaxes Karl out of bed and into a shirt.

And so it starts. They pile into the small kitchen, hands rubbing eyes, someone else's limbs perpetually in the way of trying to pour drinks, trying to grab toast before it burns, trying to get your own hand to your own mouth. And they eat breakfast like that.

One by one, they trail off to lectures, trail back to the apartment, and find themselves tangled up again, arguing over what food to order.

"It's our Friday night takeout!"

"Yeah, but I'm the guest! And I say pizza!"

"We had pizza last week!"

Sapnap's phone goes off in his pocket and he briefly pauses his tirade about how pizza is a classic and technically they can make fried rice at home to check it.

"George said yes!"

"What?" Karl looks up from where he was probably ordering sushi while they were too busy arguing to stop him. "Said yes to what?"

"Dream asked him out!"

"Yo!"

"Yay! DNF for the win!" Karl throws his hands in the air.

"What the fuck is DNF?"

"Dream and George. Don't ask me why, it just sounds right."

"Right. Well, if they've got their shit sorted out, then that means I can go home."

"What, are you trying to get away from us? Are you trying to escape, Sapnap?"

"Oh, he's so silly." Karl shakes his head violently, curls flying back and forth. "He should know by now that there's no escape."

"Right. That's not weird at all." Sapnap leans back into the couch. "I'm gonna order pizza."

"No!"

## Chapter End Notes

Now we have reached the beginning of what could potentially be considered the plot. I have no regard for proper pacing so... be prepared for events that don't make sense to just... occur.

Let me know what you think!

## accidents occur

### Chapter Summary

Quackity and Bad have an oopsie, Sapnap is there to help

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream is walking on sunshine the whole week. Which is, of course, not what Sapnap is complaining about. His friend's happiness is his happiness and all that. He just wishes it was manifesting in a slightly different way.

The unfortunate conclusion that their household comes to as the work week rolls around is that, boyfriend or not, George is still George. He scoffs in the face of Dream's shamelessly clingy nature and makes himself notably absent, especially when Sapnap, or anyone else for that matter, is around. Dream takes it in stride, thankfully, high enough on the recent success that he's willing to weather any of George's pricklier moments.

Less thankfully, he redirects his ecstatic energy towards Sapnap. He seems to have lost the need to sleep, or at least the ability to tire, and is around him all hours of the day. As much as Sapnap likes hanging out with Dream, his high energy seems to begin feeding off Sapnap's will to live after a few days. By Thursday night he's answering texts from Karl and Quackity with unintelligible key smashes. The only time he's managed to see either of them is Karl, in passing during class, time completely monopolised by Dream and his new indiscriminate clinginess.

Friday night rolls around like a saviour. He nods along, silently laughing at Dream's pain all afternoon as he panics over planning a date that George is actually aware of beforehand, and is already pressuring him over the details of as Dream flounders for the right balance of romantic elements to achieve minimal eye rolling. And as the evening draws nearer, he uses George's impending arrival as an excuse to leave early for the apartment.

It's barely breaking five pm when he knocks on the door, an entire spiel about Dream and George and how much of a mess they already were together waiting on his tongue.

No one answers.

After a moment of consideration about whether he might be interrupting something, he slams his fist against the door as hard as he can, several times.

Still no one answers.

Which is fine. Quackity had mentioned some afternoon plans, and technically their standing time was six, even if in the entire duration of their friendship they had never once started Takeout Friday that late.

He can just. Check. That's what cellphones were invented for. He digs his phone out of the pocket of his bag, hesitating for a second before pulling up Karl's contact.

The dial tone echoes in the empty hallway, once, twice, three, four times, before-

“Hello?”

“Umm.... Where are you guys?”

“Oh honk, are you- just let yourself- ...oops, I guess I forgot to get you a key. Umm, we’re at the clinic. We might have to do a rain check for tonight.”

“Wait.” He spins away from the unmoving front door. “You mean like the med clinic?”

“Yeah, the student one on campus. This idiot was with Bad, trying to throw knives of all things, and he cut himself pretty bad. They’re just bandaging him up now, he needs stitches.”

“So you two, and I’m assuming an emotionally distraught Bad, are at the clinic.”

“Yep.” Karl laughs, lower and rougher and so much more empty than his normal giggle. “I think he’s more upset than Q is.” He doesn’t have to say that he’s in the same boat.

“Okay. I’ll drop by Bad’s and get the car to come pick you all up.”

“No, you don’t have to do that. Plus it’ll be a while till Alex is out of here and we’ll probably be home too late to do dinner anyway-”

“I’ll bring you something. What’s your favourite comfort food?”

There’s a moment of silence, static in the phone line. “Sprite and fries. Like, really good fries.”

“I can make that happen. Do you know anywhere that does decent Mexican take out? I can’t exactly get Q’s mom’s cooking, but hopefully I can do the next best thing.”

“You-” He can hear the hitch in Karl’s chest. “There’s a place a few blocks past our house, just a little hole in the wall in the strip mall.”

“On it.” He pushes open the front door of the apartment complex, trying to keep the route to Bad’s straight in his head. “Go find Bad for me, alright? He gives great hugs, especially in a crisis.”

“Alright.” Karl sniffs.

“I’ll be there as soon as I can, okay?”

“Okay.”

He hangs up, shoving his phone into a pocket so he can pick up his pace. It takes him longer than he would have liked to get to Bad’s, mentally counting the minutes as he forces his lungs to get their shit together as he hauls ass up the stairs. Thankfully the car keys are right where they always are, just inside the front door.

He swings by the local all night diner first, making sure he smiles real sweet when he asks the old lady behind the counter if he can get those fries to go, and as soon as they can, if she doesn't mind. While he’s waiting he calls ahead to the mexican place Karl suggested, tracking it down on google maps to get the phone number.

Twenty minutes later he’s pulling up to the student medical clinic with a car full of food.

The girl at the front desk looks ready to tell him to leave when he stumbles through the door.

“What’s wrong?”

“Um. I’m here to see a friend? He’s getting stitches.”

“Oh.” She glances down at the screen, then up again. “Follow the corridor that way, the room should be E3.”

“Thanks.”

She waves a dismissive hand in his direction and lays her head down on her desk.

He finds the room: the clinic’s not very big, there were only about two wrong hallways available to go down before he inevitably found the right one.

He knocks lightly on the door frame, as the door itself is sitting half open on its hinges.

“Hey.”

Karl looks up from the chair beside the examination table.

“Sapnap!” Quackity pushes himself up on one hand, the other cradled close to his chest. Karl’s hands hang helplessly in the air, fretting but too scared to actually shove him back.

“Quackity, stay still!”

“It’s fine, I’m not moving it too much.” Quackity moves back onto the examination table regardless. “Sorry for fucking up our plans, man.”

“It’s all good.” Sapnap pulls up the second chair in the tiny exam room. “Where’s Bad?”

“We finally got him to calm down enough to leave Q alone and go call Skeppy.”

“And what about you? What am I going to have to do to get you to calm down enough to leave me alone?”

Karl’s laughter has a strong manic edge. “Not a chance. You’re never leaving my sight again.”

Sapnap raises an eyebrow. “Not even for food?”

“You brought me fries?”

“They’re in the car, I wasn’t sure if I was allowed to bring them in.”

Karl hesitates. “...I should stay here. The doctor’s gonna be in to do the stitches any second.”

Quackity rolls his eyes, gently squeezing Karl’s arm with his free hand. “Are you sure you wanna be here for that?”

“Of course I’m gonna be here.”

“Baby. Needles.”

Karl’s scent immediately turns sour. “I’ll be fine.”

“Should I... take him somewhere?”

“Definitely. If he stays in here he’ll end up puking and then we’ll have two problems on our hands.” He holds up his crudely bandaged arm. “On our hands? Get it?”

Karl pouts aggressively at Quackity. “You’re not funny.”

“I’ll go find Bad and send him in here so you can have someone with you.”

“I’ll be fine.”

“For Bad’s peace of mind then.”

“Fine.”

Sapnap guides a still pouting Karl out of the room, who’s looking a little white in the face.

“Needles aren’t your thing?”

Karl glances away. “Mm-mmm. Nope.”

“It’s okay. I didn’t really want to be there when those bandages came off either. Blood is not favourite.”

Bad rounds the corner in front of them. “Sappy!”

“Hey Bad.” He opens his arms and Bad wraps him up the same way he always does.

“How are you holding up?”

“I’m fine, I promise.” He pulls back, eyeing the circles that are forming around Bad’s eyes where he’s clearly been rubbing at them. “I was just taking Karl outside for some food, do you want me to bring something in for you? I bought extras.”

“I’m fine, I still have some snacks in my backpack. Is the muffinhead still doing okay?”

“Yep, stitches soon, we were coming to tell you so that you could go and sit with him.”

“Thanks, yeah, I’ll head in now.” Sap lets him go. There’ll be plenty of time tomorrow to harass Bad about taking care of himself, right now Q and Karl are the primary concerns.

Karl glances back over his shoulder. Sapnap wraps an arm around him and pulls him towards the front door. The girl at the front desk doesn’t look up, seemingly fully preoccupied with her nap as they slip out into the parking lot.

Sapnap opens the door for him, flicking the lever on the side of the seats to extend the trunk. “Jump in, there should be a picnic blanket somewhere.”

Karl climbs in over the folded down backseat as Sapnap grabs a takeaway bag from the front seat.

“One order of fries from the diner with sauce on the side and a bottle of sprite for the young gentleman.”

Karl stares vaguely at him.

“...You realise I was literally just expecting McDonalds?”

“Would you have liked that better?”

The omega’s eyes well up with tears, hands coming up to cover his mouth. And Sapnap. Well. He panics.

“No, no, it’s okay, we can go to McDonalds if you want! Or, no, wait, this is probably about Quackity, I can call Bad so you can talk to him, I’m sure he’s doing just fine, the doctors are gonna take good care of him, but we can-”

Karl chokes words out between shaky breaths. “Come give me a honking hug, you nimrod.”

Sapnap scoots as elegantly as he can across the picnic blanket to wrap an arm around Karl from the side. There’s no space for him to give him a proper hug without literally climbing into his lap- which is apparently what Karl wants as he tugs Sapnap closer, forcing him to adjust his legs around Karl’s own.

“Umm.” He glances down at Karl’s head pressed against his collarbone. “It’s okay. Calm down, Q will be all patched up and back to being a pain in the ass in no time. You don’t have to cry about it.”

Karl hiccups quietly and presses a sniffly nose against the collar of Sapnap’s hoodie. “Sorry.”

“Don’t apologise! Your mate was in danger, I’m pretty sure you’re supposed to cry over that. This is just like, delayed stress response, or some shit.”

“You sound like Bad.”

“Please, Bad would be doing a way better job of this than I am.”

Karl looks up at him, face flushed and cheeks shiny. “I think you’re doing great.”

Sapnap glances away. “C’mon. Let’s eat.”

Karl nods, letting go so Sapnap can awkwardly extract himself from their tangle of limbs, before reaching for the food.

This is the moment where Sapnap realises he didn’t actually get any food for himself. After a second’s hesitation, he tucks into the portion he got for Bad. He can always run out and get something else if they end up being here longer than expected.

Karl cracks open the bottle of sprite, holding it away from himself when it bubbles up over his hands a little bit. “Oops.”

“Here.” Sapnap dabs the stickiness off his hands with a napkin while Karl holds the still hissing bottle of coke.

“Bad probably won’t be too pleased with me spilling soda all over the back of his car.”

“Trust me, Dream and I have done way worse.”

“Like what?”

Sapnap leans back against the window. “Well, the very first time I got properly drunk Dream had to call Bad to come pick us up. Right in the middle of getting chewed out, I opened this door and puked on the side of the road.”

“How much trouble did you get in?”

“I got the standard underage drinking speil. Dream was in way more trouble for letting me drunk enough to get sick.”

“So Bad didn’t care about you potentially puking in his car?”

“Nope. Bad’s kind of like a parent like that. He can deal with any amount of gross, sticky, messy if one of us really needs him. He’s scraped my ass off the pavement more times than I could count.”

“Ok, now I’m curious. What else have you done?”

“Well, first semester of my first year I was failing one of my classes. Like, bad. I got a 45 out of a hundred on my midterm and prospects were not looking good for my final. Mind you, this was before we were really close to George, so my only hope for passing physic was Dream, who’s help was somehow worse than going it alone. I end up at Bad’s, lying on the couch feeling sorry for myself. It’s an unnaturally hot day for October, so Bad makes me some choccy milk to make the pain go away, and when I go to take a sip of my self pity choccy milk I somehow manage to upend the whole thing over myself. And the couch.”

Karl leans forward, nodding for him to keep talking as he continues to eat. If Sapnap reaches for another story so that he can keep Karl looking that happy then it’s only because he’s trying to be a good friend.

“Another time Dream managed to convince George- or maybe George managed to convince Dream? Either way they ended up trying to cook, except George thought chocolate sauce inside cookie dough inside the microwave would end well, and when it didn’t Dream tried to tell him off for it, so George threw the whole mess at him. By the time the fighting was over, I needed back up. And when in doubt, that’s Bad. So we-”

His phone chimes, interrupting storytime as he digs it out of his pocket.

*He’s all bandaged up if you wanna bring Karl back :D*

“Have you finished all your food?”

Karl looks down at the fries still in the bottom of the container and shoves it back into the takeaway bag along with his half finished soda. “Yep.”

“I guess you can finish it later. C’mom. Let’s go see the invalid.”

## Chapter End Notes

So this is late. In my defence, school. Also, it’s a long chapter. Also, it was gonna be a longer chapter, so the first bit of the next one is already written. But I’m not gonna promise that will be next week cause I have a test that I’m actually attempting to study for. Because if it achieves nothing else, university will always make you unnecessarily anxious about your grades.

so the next update is on its way but might be slow. As always, let me know what you think, what you like. The things people like are more likely to be repeated in future chapters.

# sleepy boys

## Chapter Summary

### the clinic part 2

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The doctor is just stepping out of the room as they arrive. He gives them a nod and a smile.

“Your friend in there is all ready to go whenever you want, but I’d give it a minute for the anaesthetic to wear off a little bit. Maybe let him rest a bit, get some food in him before you try to get him on his feet.”

“Thank you.” Karl smiles in acknowledgement, even as his hands are visibly itching to reach for the door. “Do you have any care instructions for him? I’m his roommate and to be honest I don’t trust him to keep good enough track on his own.”

“Just basic stuff really. I’ll put another copy of the pamphlet at the desk for you to grab on your way out.”

“Thank you very much sir.” Karl gives up on trying to appear patient, and throws the door open, practically falling back into his spot beside Quackity.

“Are you okay?”

“They say I only have five days left to live.”

Karl’s hand falls short inches away from smacking him. He settles for pulling his hair where it curls out from under his beanie.

“I swear, I only put up with you because you’re cute.”

Bad shakes his head. “The doctor said it should heal well because it was a clean cut. Just two weeks and then the stitches can come out.”

“I’m gonna have a gnarly scar.”

“It was only five stitches.”

“I’m gonna look so cool, like a fucking badass, man!” Quackity waves his hand around. “I’ll be walking down the street and everyone who sees me is gonna swoon at me and my manliness.”

Sapnap snorts, leaning against the side of the examination table. “How are they gonna be able to see your manliness when it’s so low to the ground?”

“Fuck you man. You’re barely any taller than me. Plus you can see my macho aura from a mile away. Isn’t that right, Karl?”

Karl giggles, leaning forward to press a kiss to Quackity’s temple where his beanie is slipping

down. "Sure thing, duckling.

"Hey." Quackity pouts. Karl just leans properly over him to peck him on the lips.

Sapnap steps back. "I'm gonna go grab some food for Q from the car, do either of you want anything?"

Karl shakes his head, Bad hesitating for a second before nodding. Sapnap's just glad he's calmed down a bit now that Quackity is definitively okay. Still, he's gonna need to ask Skeppy to have a chat about this with him. That's the only way to properly get Bad to stop worrying.

"Hey Bad... Does Skeppy know where you are right now?"

Bad goes pale. "Oops."

"I'll get some food, you get on that."

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They get Quackity up and running with some food, and out of the clinic with the promise of more. Bad collapses into the back of the car as Quackity giggles hysterically at the fact he can't operate his own seatbelt, in what seems to be a last hurrah because the second Karl gets him buckled in he's struggling to keep his eyes open.

Karl slips into the front seat next to him, throwing the empty takeout bags at his feet to be dealt with later. His head hits the headrest with a thunk that is a little too loud for comfort. Sapnap reaches over to squeeze his hand, just quickly, before starting the car. He avoids the speed bump on the way out of the parking lot as best he can. Mindful of the awkward angle of Karl's head and Bad nodding off in the back seat.

"I'm never going to be able to pay you back for this."

"Dude, take out costs like thirty bucks."

"You know that's not what I mean." Karl's eyes flick away from him to the rearview mirror, Bad and Quackity slumped together over the middle seat, a barely conscious Quackity holding Bad up.

"You don't need to pay me back."

Karl just shakes his head, looking out the window into the darkness that has sunk down into an inky blackness while they were in the clinic. "I'll find something."

"Alright." He flicks the indicator to turn down toward's Bad's street. "Can you grab my phone? The password's 7785, Skeppy's contact should be right at the top. Just text him to let him know we're on our way."

Karl giggles as he digs his phone out of the cupholder. "I should open safari, see what I find."

"Go right ahead."

Karl shakes his head and opens up contacts, shooting a text to Skeppy who responds with an indecipherable emoticon, but Sapnap decides that's good enough. Either way, he's waiting when they pull up outside the apartment complex, hands in his sweat pockets and his shirt on backwards.

Bad's eyes blink lazily when his door opens, cold night air rushing into the car. "Geppy?"

“I’m here.” He tugs Bad up, letting his head loll onto his shoulder. “Thank’s Sap.”

“You sure you don’t need any help getting him upstairs?”

“I can take him from here.”

“Okay. All good if I keep the car overnight?”

“Of course it is, you know that.” He nudges the door closed and waves them off as Bad mumbles sleepily into his shoulder.

Karl falls silent on the way back to the apartment. Sapnap keeps his eyes on the road and only allows himself the occasional glance at the line of his profile in the streetlights.

There’s a parking spot with their apartment number on it sitting empty right next to the building. Screw the consequences if they need a parking permit or something, he’s not going to make either of the omegas walk any further than they have to.

“Karl.” He doesn’t move except to settle further into the seat. “Karl, wake up.”

“Mmph.”

“C’mon.” He runs a hand over his shoulder, coaxing him away from the support of the chair until he’s holding himself mostly upright. “There you go.”

“We home?”

“Yep, we’re home.”

“Urgh.” Quackity shuffles around in the backseat, a click and a very sedate cheer sounding as he gets his seatbelt undone.

“Let’s get you both to bed. The sooner the better.”

“Uh huh.” Quackity reaches for the doorhandle, hissing when he bumps his hand into something.

“Stay there you idiot. I’ll come get you out.” He pulls the keys out, rounding the car to Quackity’s door so he can let him out. He comes slowly, but at least he’s making an effort to move towards the apartment. Karl has just curled himself back into his car seat.

“C’mon.”

“No. ‘m a sleep here.”

“Nope. Up you get.” He manages to get his hands into Karl’s cocoon of limbs, scooping him onto his feet. Karl ragdolls on him. “Let’s go. Just up the stairs, okay? We can even take the elevator.”

Karl nods where his head is pressed against Sapnap’s arm. Quackity trudges ahead of them. Sapnap just remembers to lock the car as they leave.

It’s a small battle to find the keys in Karl’s pocket when the man in question refuses to assist in any way, but with some mumbled instructions from Quackity he gets ahold of them and gets the door open enough for Quackity to fall through it.

“Q…”

“No. Leave me here.”

He sighs and drags Karl past him. Karl goes easily once the bed is in sight, even cooperating as Sarnap pulls his shoes off and lifts the blankets for him. His eyes are so close to closed Sarnap can't tell if he's asleep or not as he goes back for Quackity.

Quackity screeches as he tries to pry him off the floor.

“Noo...”

“Yes.” It takes some effort but he gets Quackity's arm over his shoulders and heaves him up. “Just a little further, here we go-”

He drops him on the bed, trying to avoid Karl as best he can. He has to get his shoes off and tuck him in without assistance, Quackity intent on moving as little as possible. But once he's nudged him under the covers an arm snakes out to pull him closer. Karl tucks the smaller omega under his chin, still half asleep as they curl around each other in the middle of their nest.

Sarnap closes the door quietly. He makes it all the way to the couch before he passes out, fully clothed, car keys still in hand.

## Chapter End Notes

witness this chapter being split yet again.

I suppose that's good thing though, because it just makes the fic longer overall. Also, the third part (which is really its own chapter) is just fun fluffy stuff, so we'll get more of that.

Anyway, let me know what you want to see! Maybe it'll make me write faster! please. i am so short of motivation.

## idk, they vibing or something

### Chapter Summary

Sapnap wakes up and helps Karl take care of Q.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

He wakes up to a cold hand on the back of his neck. He rolls over, pressing his head back against Karl's fingers.

"Hi."

"Hi. You doing okay there?"

"Mmhm." He moves, sending a twinge down his spine. "Ouch."

"Yeah. You don't look too comfy there." Karl rounds the couch. "Why don't you take your shoes off and then you can lie down properly and go back to sleep?"

"Nah. 'm awake now." He rubs over his sleep crusted eyes.

"Okay." Karl leans down, resting his head on the couch next to Sapnap. "Thank you. For last night."

"Shut the fuck up dude. You don't have to thank me."

Karl giggles. "Okay. Do you want breakfast?"

"Sure." He goes to get up but Karl pushes him back. "No, you stay here, I'll make breakfast."

"Um, no offence, but I value my life." He spins them round, pushing Karl back onto the couch. "I can do breakfast."

"You're a meanie." But he doesn't try to get up so Sapnap lets him go and heads to the kitchen.

"Is Q up?"

"Probably. I can go get him."

"Nah, let him sleep. I can always make more when he gets up."

"Oh. What are you making?"

"I was gonna do scrambled eggs..." He rattles the fridge door lightly. "There's literally nothing in here."

"Oops." Karl pops up to peek over his shoulder. "Must have forgot."

"Forgot to get groceries?"

“Obviously.”

“Karl. Grocery day is Wednesday.”

“Oh.”

What have you been eating for the last three days?”

“I have no idea!”

“You shouldn’t sound happy about that.” Sapnap shuts the fridge.

“Right.”

“Right.” He stares Karl down. The omega shifts nervously. “Karl.”

“What.”

“You need to go grocery shopping.”

“Now?”

“Now.”

Karl pouts, but moves back toward his room, emerging with grocery bags and his wallet.

“Do you want me to come?”

“No.” Karl huffs a dramatic sigh, blowing some curls out of his face. “I’ll be fine. You can stay here and take care of the crippled one.”

“Alright.” He intercepts Karl before he can get to the door. “Hey, are you alright?”

“Huh?”

“After last night? Are you doing okay?”

“I’m okay.” Karl brings up a hand to pinch his cheek gently. “Thank you for caring.”

“Stop saying thank you already.”

Karl is giggling as he waves goodbye. Sapnap hesitates for a second after he’s gone before heading for the bedroom.

The door is cracked open, light spilling across the floor to brush up against the bed frame.

“Karl...?”

“Nope. Just me.” He pushes the door open a little more. “Can I come in?”

Quackity’s good hand sticks out of the mound of blankets, waving at him. “Come here dude.”

He moves to stand beside the bed, careful not to touch in case either of them are particularly possessive about their nest.

“I was gonna cook you breakfast but Karl had to do a grocery run first.”

Quackity cracks an eye open. “Did you give him the grocery list?”

“No?”

“Good. It’ll take him forever. More time for sleep.”

Sapnap chuckles, trying to keep his voice down. “Alright then. Have a nice nap.”

“You should come cuddle with me.”

“Are you sure? Like, that’s your nest dude.”

“Just come here.”

He’s as gentle as he can be climbing into the bed, taking care not to bump anything out of the way or brush too close to anything that might cling to his scent too strongly.

“Don’t bother. I’m not a choosey nester and Karl changes his mind about what he wants it to look like every five minutes. Whatever you move he’ll put back different anyway.”

“If you say so.” He settles a little further against the pillows but keeps his hands well away from the blankets.

“Oh my god.” Quackity grabs his wrists and heaves him further down the bed until he’s tangled up in the blankets and the omega’s limbs. “I swear sometimes you’re walking on eggshells around us. It’s so fucking dumb.”

“Oh.”

“Yeah.” Quackity grins up at him, pointy chin digging into his shoulder. “I’d almost think you don’t want to sleep with me.”

He’s glad someone can find happiness in his pain because Quackity giggles as Sapnap chokes.

“Go the fuck to sleep idiot.” He smothers quackity, wrapping him up as tight as he can and tugging him against his chest. Quackity settles in and gets comfortable and makes Sapnap regret so many decisions. But it’s fine.

He closes his eyes and waits for his heart rate to slow down.

~~~

He wakes up to light falling across his face and a warm weight on his chest. The hand resting over his ribs moves as Quackity stirs a little, rolling over away from the door as it creaks.

Karl perches on the edge of the bed. “Hi.”

“Hi.” He goes to push himself up, to offer Karl what is probably his side of the bed but Karl just gestures for him to stay.

“Don’t. You need the rest.”

He probably doesn’t, considering the bedside alarm says that it’s verging on noon.

“Why’d you take so long?”

“I got distracted on the way home. Now I wish I didn’t, if this was what I was missing out on.” Long fingers wind through his hair that has been pressed to his forehead in his sleep. “You two look so good like that...”

He fights against the blankets, trying to get himself upright, trying to both distance himself from Quackity and press closer to Karl. “No, no, I promise it’s not like that. Q is yours, you know that, besides, the whole idea that Alphas and omegas should be together is stupid anyway-”

“Shh, Sap, I know. I didn’t mean it like that anyway.”

Quackity whines quietly in his sleep, arm that has fallen from Sapnap’s chest curling back against his own body. Karl shoves him back into the nest. “Go back to cuddling.”

“Are you sure?”

“Of course. I trust you.”

As he leans back into the pillows Quackity nuzzles back into his chest. And the skipped beat of his heart makes him feel so so guilty.

Quackity stirs a little as the bedroom door closes. Sapnap holds his breath but Quackity’s eyes flutter open anyway. “Mmm. Hi.”

“Hey.”

“‘S Karl here?”

“You just missed him.”

“Mm. But he’s home?”

“Yep.”

Quackity stretches his arms out against the sheets, nodding in acknowledgement. “Fuck, I need a drink.” He rolls away from Sapnap, pushing himself up on one hand.

“Sit the fuck down, idiot.”

Quackity sinks back down onto the bed with a grin. “It’s just my hand. I can get myself a drink.”

“But I’m here, so you don’t have to.” He crosses his arms. “Plus, what if you got your stitches wet in the sink?”

“What am I, a toddler?”

“Yes. An exceptionally needy one too.” He leaves the bedroom door open, crossing to the kitchen. Karl looks up from unpacking the groceries.

“Is he awake?”

“Mmhmm.” The glasses in the cupboard over the sink clink together the way they do. One of these days he’s going to go to get a glass and the whole shelf is going to come with it.

Karl brushes past behind him, hand skirting along his lower back. He waits for a second for the water to run properly cold before he fills the glass.

“Here.” Karl slides a packet of crackers across the counter, Sapnap just managing to grab them before they fall off. The water sloshes out of the glass a little and Karl gives him a bashful sideways smile. Sapnap makes sure to bump him gently on the way back to the bedroom.

Quackity has gotten himself out of bed. Clothes are falling out of the wardrobe as he fails to dig through one handed.

“Whatcha doing?”

“Finding myself something to wear. I need a fucking shower, man.”

“Wait a minute.” The care instructions are crumpled in the back pocket of his jeans, heavily creased by being slept on but still clearly legible. “Uhuh, you are not allowed to get your stitches wet.”

“Well I’m not just going to go about smelling like hospital for the next two weeks.”

“Wait, let me just-” The pamphlet almost tear as he tries to unfold it the wrong way. “Umm, it says you could take a bath? With a bag on your hand?” He looks up. “But I’d change your bandages afterward because I don’t trust you to keep it dry properly.”

Quackity looks down at the t-shirt he still has dangling from his good hand. “Well then. I guess someone needs to run me a bath.”

Sapnap drops his eyes to the floor. “I’ll, uh, I’ll get Karl. And a plastic bag.”

He takes up his usual place of residence on the couch, ushering Karl to Quackity’s aid and tossing some plastic rubbish bags and rubber bands into the bathroom after them.

He goes through his phone, answering some neglected messages from Dream and then fielding the subsequent frantic phone call, occasionally interrupted by a petulant George asking for his boyfriends attention back. Between constant reassurances that have to begin again every time George starts being a brat, it takes him a good half an hour before he can hang up.

The bathroom door swings open down the hall. “Hey Sap, could you uh... Come take a look?”

He rolls his head back to look at Karl upside down. “A look at what? Your boyfriend in the bath?”

“No uh, I’ve got him dressed, at least partially. But um. The bandages?”

“Oh.” He stifles a grin. “Oh. I should probably teach you how to do those.”

“Sure. But maybe later. When it’s a bit more. Healed.”

“Right.” Finally registering how pale Karl looks, he gets himself upright. “How about you just stay here, and I’ll get everything sorted out and return him to you, good as new?”

“Thanks...” Karl shrugs, forgetting to relax and leaving his shoulders up around his ears. “I was gonna and then- just the smell of the blood, even through the bandages. I thought maybe puke wouldn’t improve the situation.”

“It’s fine. I’m happy to help.”

“Fuck.” Karl’s head drops to his shoulder and he moves to catch him. “I’d be... honking lost without you, you know that?”

“Please. You’d be doing just fine without me. You’d just be calling Bad every time Q needed his bandage done.”

“No.” Karl’s nose presses into his collarbone. “No, actually, I think it’s just you. I think I needed you here specifically.”

He brushes a hand through Karl’s hair where it’s formed a tangled mess on his shoulder. “I should go do those bandages before any of the water soaks all the way through. You should rest.”

““Kay.”

Karl slumps into the couch like he’s had all his strings cut. Sapnap flicks the light switch on the way out and hopes he catches up on the sleep he clearly should have been getting this morning. He feels a little guilty for making him go to the supermarket. But also, the food situation was truly desperate.

Speaking of which, none of them have eaten yet today.

“Do not let me forget that we all need a proper meal after this.” He shoves the bathroom door open, already reaching for the first aid kit where it sits inside the bathroom door for when Q has to patch up one of Karl’s bumps and bruises.

He turns to find Quackity sitting on the edge of the bath, chest bare and hand bandaged, with a messy lump of plastic on the floor in front of him.

“Noted. I’m starving.”

Sapnap clears his throat. “Right. Do you know where the stuff we were supposed to put on it went?”

“Karl left it on the bench when he ran out.”

Sapnap settles with his knees on the damp bath mat, poking around as gentle as he can for the end of the wrapping. The first few coils go fine, before Quackity flinches as he unwinds the bandages and Sapnap winces in sympathy.

“I can go get Karl for moral support if you want-”

“Absolutley not. Go for it.” He crosses his free arm across his bare chest, griping at his own ribs. Sapnap pulls as gently as he can at the gauze, peeling it away as the strands of antiseptic salve holding it down stretch and break. It leaves an oily film where the bandages have been.

“Right, I’m just gonna...” He swipes at the inflamed skin with one of the little wipes from the packets. He’s scared to push too hard so it takes a few attempts to get it clean. The skin of Quackity’s lips is pale under the pressure of his teeth. “And now the gunk again? I think?”

“Wow. I love the confidence.”

“Hey, I’m no expert! All I’ve done is patch me and Dream up a couple of times, no one’s paying me for this shit.”

“Trust me, I can tell.”

“Oh, so what I’m hearing is you want to try and do your own bandages one handed.”

“No, no!”

Sapnap laughs and grabs Quackity's shoulder to keep him from falling back into the bath. "Okay, sit still. I'm bad enough at the winding part as it is without you moving all over this."

Quackity glances down at where his hand is braced on his bare chest, grin spreading across his face. "Alright. But only if you keep holding me, *cariño*."

Sapnap groans. "Shut the fuck up. I swear."

## Chapter End Notes

In bad news, chapters are going to continue to be late.

In good news, Dreamnotnap multi chap hopefully coming soon.

Comments help me write faster!

# trouble in paradise

## Chapter Summary

Oh no.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

After a few days lounging around the apartment helping Karl learn how to do bandages and carrying out menial tasks for Quackity he finally remembers that university exists. Namely the project that he had been failing to even get started on between Dream and everything that went down over the weekend.

So Tuesday morning turns into a trek to the library, searching out any sort of reference, or anything that might give him a clue where to start with this project. Normally he'd ask George, but he was refusing to on the premise of how gross he and Dream were being as of late.

He does three full combs of the whole shelf dedicated to software in the uni library before he's satisfied he's found every relevant text. It's a considerable stack, but he decides carrying them all twenty minutes home is better than trying to read them all now to figure out which ones he actually needs.

Carefully, he slides the stack of books onto the checkout desk. The girl behind the desk raises an eyebrow.

"Research project?"

"Something like that."

He digs through his pocket for his keychain that has his library card. And comes up empty.

"Sorry." He winces at the girl at the desk. "Um, give me a second?"

He turns out the front pocket of his back pack and only comes up with crumpled receipts and gum packets.

"Sorry, um, I'm gonna have to run home and grab my card."

She just nods and sweeps the books off the desk. He gets halfway to the door before he realises he can't just walk home to grab it, because he doesn't have his keys, and there's five minutes before Dream leaves for his class.

His feet slip on the library steps, almost ending his mission before it even starts, but he manages to catch himself, wrestling his backpack onto his shoulders and taking off across campus.

The elevator in his apartment building is sitting there, open and waiting, when he bursts through the door. But no, stupid fucking Dream always takes the stairs and risking missing him on his way down is not worth avoiding the stairs.

By the time he's on the last flight his lungs are aching a bit, and he still hasn't run into Dream, even though it's a few minutes past when he's supposed to be leaving the house. He balls his fists and hopes.

Miraculously, the door swings open beneath his hand. "Dream?"

He turns into the living room and encounters an unexpected Karl on his couch.

"Um, hi."

He is overly aware of the way his shirt is sticking to his shoulders and the fact that the apartment is a pigsty. The whole place is a wreck, with Karl as a single spot of colour among the muck.

"Hi. Sorry." Karl looks up at him with redlined eyes, blinking away the glaze on his waterline.

"What, no, why are you sorry?"

He shoves a pile of stray hoodies and towels off the seat cushion so he can sit next to him, wrapping an arm around his shoulders. Karl crumples into him.

"Sorry I'm here. I didn't want to go to Bad's in case Quackity went there."

"What? What happened?"

"He's mad at me."

"Quackity? He thinks you're the whole fucking world, how could he be mad at you?"

"I don't know! I don't even know what I did! He's just mad at me, and then he wouldn't talk and just—" Tears roll in smooth lines over Karl's cheeks and Sapnap desperately tries to wipe them away.

"Shh, shh, it'll be fine. You guys are perfect, he won't stay mad at you long. Who could be mad at you? You're Karl."

"Wow, thanks nimrod, I n-never would have guessed." Karl hiccups, leaning his head further into his touch. Tears soak into his sleeves and he winces at the thought of how much dirt is probably in the fabric.

"Sorry, I'm not good at the whole... comfort thing."

"You're doing fine." Karl leans into his chest, breathing against the collar of his shirt. "Sorry, I shouldn't even be here. Just give me a hug and a minute to get my shit together and I'll be out of your way soon."

"Stay as long as you need."

"Don't say that, you'll get stuck with me forever."

He swallows hard and doesn't say anything.

Karl snuffles into his shirt, shoulders quaking under his hands. Sapnap spends the three minutes until he stops crying far too conscious of how much sweat is drying on his skin.

Karl finally sits back up. Sapnap tries to subtly pull his shirt away from his skin.

“Okay. Okay, okay.”

“Do you wanna- I don’t know, tell me what happened?”

Karl shakes his head frantically, stray tears flying off his cheeks.

“No, it’ll sound so stupid- plus there’s like, private information involved that’s not my place to tell, so it’ll sound even more stupid.”

“I’m sure if it’s you saying it then it won’t sound stupid. You could never sound stupid.” He pauses tilting his head in consideration. “Well, except when you are, but that’s only when you’re being stupid.”

Karl cracks a smile, scrubbing at his cheeks. When he tries to take a deep breath it catches in his throat, choking him again. Sappnap rubs a hand against the back of his shirt.

“I-Fuck, I’m just being paranoid. I just- I was thinking about something. And Q kind of knows, but he doesn’t really know, and I think he’s mad at me because of that? Because I’m not telling him, probably, but what if he can read my mind or like, tell, and he hates me and when I tell him he’s gonna break up with me.”

“If Q could read your mind he’d be using it to get you presents and make fun of you. He would not be breaking up with you over it.”

Karl chokes on a wet mix of a laugh and a sob. “I mean... But what if he can tell? It’s so bad Sap, it’s so bad.”

“Well, he knows part of it?”

“Yeah.”

“And he was chill with that.”

“...Yeah.”

“So why would he break up with you now?”

“I don’t know! But he’s ignoring me, and I don’t know what else it could be.”

“Maybe you could ask?”

“No. I’ll stay here.”

“Karl.”

“No.”

“I promise it will be okay if you guys talk. If you don’t talk then maybe something bad does happen.”

“But I...” Karl glances down at his lap. “I cried. And ran away.”

“And? He still loves you when you cry.”

“I guess.”

“Are you going to go talk to him now?”

Karl looks up at him through damp, clumped lashes. “Come with me?”

“I mean- this is between you guys-” Karl bites his lip, curling into himself. “Give me a second to change my shirt and I’ll walk you home.”

“Okay. Sorry for like, crying all over you.” He giggles through his scratchy throat.

“It’s fine. It’s more because I literally sprinted home.”

“Oh.” Karl’s eyes flick down to his chest. “Sure. I’ll just... wait here.”

“Right.” He rushes into his room, already halfway out of his shirt, and grabs the first shirt he finds. It’s tangled up in his blankets, probably technically dirty, but it’s not stained and doesn’t reek of sweat so he throws it on.

Karl jumps up when he comes back into the room, throwing himself at him.

“I’ve changed my mind. Let’s go to Bad’s instead and cuddle and drink hot chocolate.”

“Uh huh. And then where are you going to sleep tonight?”

“Your couch?”

“It’s literally disgusting. Plus super uncomfortable, even when it’s clean.”

“I’ll just sleep with you then.”

He chokes.

“You. Have a boyfriend. So no. no, that’s- no. C’mon, I’ll walk you home.”

Karl looks at the floor. Sapnap slides a hand up his arm.

“The sooner you deal with it the easier it’ll be.”

“Since when did you have brain cells?”

“Nah, I’m just repeating shit Bad’s said.”

Karl laughs, hand over his teeth. Sapnap wraps an arm around his back, pulling him along to the front door.

“Wait fuck, I can’t lock it, I don’t have my keys, let me find a spare-”

“Here.” Karl holds out his keychain. “Sorry for letting myself in.”

“How- where even were these?”

“You left them in your little corner spot in the library. Q found them last night.”

“Thanks.” He locks the door behind them, clipping the keychain back onto his belt loop where it normally lives. Karl grabs his hand before he can tuck it into his pocket with his keys. He glances down.

“C’mon, let me have this. Moral support.” He swings their hands between them.

“Ok.”

They take the stairs, and Karl’s hand tugs awkwardly at his arm when they’re on mismatched steps. He holds on anyway

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He uses Karl’s apparent inability to let go of him to drag him up to the apartment door. He can’t force him to knock, so he does it for him, squeezing his hand gently as footsteps approach the other side of the door.

“Hi.” Quackity’s eyes are a perfect mirror of Karl’s, turned guiltily toward the floor from behind red lined lids. The edges of his bandages are frayed where he’s still picking at them.

“Hi.”

“Oh my god.” He untangles his hand from Karl’s, pressing it to his spine instead and pushing him forward into Quackity. He stumbles, Quackity tensing up to catch him. “Quackity, please tell Karl what he did wrong. In nice clear words, because he’s catastrophizing a little bit. Karl, just please, *listen*. No more assumptions.”

“... Right.” Quackity looks up at Karl, who seems ready to sink into the floor to avoid this conversation. “M sorry Sap, can you give us some time?”

“Sorry for making you walk all the way here and deal with my stupid ass.”

“Hey no, you’re not stupid.” Quackity’s hand curls around Karl’s wrist, thumb pressing into his palm. “Come inside, I’ve got some apologising to do.”

“I’ll leave you two to it.... But text me if you need anything.”

“Of course.”

“Thank you Sap.” Karl reaches out to squeeze his hand. He just smiles, guiding them into the apartment and closing the door in his own face.

## Chapter End Notes

Most of this chapter has been written for ages and I just had to fill in some little gaps. Which saved us from another week without a chapter because my life has been chaos. Anyway, let me know if you find any mistakes, I'm sure there are plenty, beta reading is for losers and people who have friends.

## weirdos. fucking weirdos.

### Chapter Summary

the aftermath(?) of the fight(???)

### Chapter Notes

It has not been proofread but it's already late and I have an exam in less than 12 hours, there is no time!

Anyway, read at your own risk, it is not well written.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When he first arrives in the apartment he thinks it's still the remnants of the fight. He'd done his best to give them space, keeping his checking in to a minimum, just a quick '*you okay?*' to Karl and a '*you guys good?*' to Quackity because he doesn't trust Karl to tell him if they were still fighting. And both responses came back indicating that everything was going well, perhaps even that there was really nothing wrong in the first place.

Which should have been a good thing. But most of the time Sapnap would consider himself borderline legally blind when it comes to social cues and even he can tell that something is up.

When Karl opens the door for him he steps back into the living room right away. No hug in sight. And Sapnap will not admit that he can be a little clingy sometimes, but he wants his hug god damnit.

Stepping through the door, he opens his arms. Karl glances back at Quackity on the couch, who's already watching them with a slightly unnerving look, before stepping stiffly into Sapnap's arms.

Despite his seeming hesitance, Karl does not break the contact, waiting until Sapnap lets go to scurry back to the couch with Q. Quackity already has his arms open for him and he takes a running leap, face buried in Quackity's chest where he has to lean down so they can whisper quietly to each other. Sapnap just stands in the doorway.

"Um. Hi."

"Hi." Quackity's voice manages to crack on the one word and he laughs into Karl's hair. Sapnap grins, going to perch on the arm of the couch.

"Y'all are being weird."

"I'm not. Karl's the only weirdo here."

"Am not! Quackity's the weirdo."

Sapnap laughs, falling onto the cushion next to them. "What's for dinner?"

“Your choice.”

“What if I want noodles from the spicy ramen place?”

“Okay.”

Sapnap furrows his brows at Karl. “You hate spicy food.” He just shrugs. “Right, no. How about wings? Then I can get something spicy and you can get your wimpy food.”

“We can get ramen if that’s what you really want.”

“You literally can’t eat anything from that place. You’d cry if I even brought it in the room.”

“My nose isn’t that sensitive...”

“Yes it is.” Sapnap laces a hand through Karl’s hair, intending to ruffle it in the way that he absolutely hates, but instead of jerking away Karl leans subtly into it. Sapnap scratches gently at his scalp and Karl’s nose wrinkles a little, but he’s still not pulling away. Sapnap ruffles his hair and Karl shrieks and whacks him on the arm and it’s totally normal. Mhmmm. This is normal.

“Right then. Spicy wings for Sap, normal wings for me, boring tasteless unseasoned chicken for Karl?”

“Shut up, my food is normal.”

“You just need to accept that you have bad taste buds and we love you regardless.” Sapnap stands up. “Right. Well, I’m going to assume that because Quackity is currently incapable and Karl is permanently incapable, that the dishes haven’t been done.”

“Me and my executive dysfunction do not deserve to be attacked like this.”

“Throwing around big words is not going to get you out of drying.”

Karl’s eyes dart sideways. “Quackity...”

“I’m not helping you.”

“Come keep me company!”

“You have Sapnap.”

“Q...”

“Go on.”

Karl huffs but picks himself up from Quackity’s lap, circling around Sapnap to get to the kitchen. Sapnap shoots a glance at Quackity who shrugs, before following Karl to the sink. Which is, as he predicted, overflowing.

He shakes his head. “Half of this can go in the dishwasher. How did it even get this bad?”

“It’s not that bad....”

“I was here four days ago and they’re halfway across the bench!”

Karl just sighs, grabbing a tea towel and leaning against the bench.

Sapnap sorts dishes into a proper pile as the sink fills up, putting the easily cleanable ones into the dishwasher. Karl helps, skirting in wide circles around his from the sink to the washer to avoid bumping up against him. At no point does Sapnap get jumped on, splashed or ambushed in any way. Which is greatly distressing.

The bubbles foam up the lip of the sink and he flips off the water, dropping some of the oven dishes in to soak while he cleans the knives and cooking utensils. He clears his throat.

“Have you been managing to keep the bandages clean and dry?”

“I did them yesterday after his shower.”

“Good job. I can do them for you today if you want.”

“Oh, you don’t have to.”

“I want to Karl, don’t worry about it.”

Karl shrugs, reaching for the knife Sapnap sets in the drying rack. Sapnap waits. He waits for three more dishes to be washed and dried and put away before he tries again.

“How’s that unit going for animation that you don’t like?”

“Fine.”

“C’mon K, give me more than that.”

“K?”

“I mean.” He glances to the side, where Karl’s face is turned downward. “I call Quackity Q. It seemed fitting. Do you not like it?”

Karl shrugs again.

“Karl...”

“Yeah?”

“What’s wrong?”

“Sorry.”

“Don’t apologise, dumbass, just tell me what’s up.”

“Dunno.”

Sapnap huffs, flicking the water off his hands into the sink.

“Fine. Be that way then.”

“Okay.”

“What?”

Karl’s smile is small and awkward, but it’s better than nothing. “I’ll just be that way.”

“You- you confuse me. So much.”

Karl just grins and hangs up the tea towel.

“Bye.”

“You haven’t finished drying yet!”

“Bye!”

Sapnap gives up, in every possible sense of the world, and follows Karl to the living room.

Quackity looks up as Karl flops over the back of the couch. “Food should be here in ten.”

“Great. Your boyfriend’s being a brat by the way.”

Karl smiles up at Quackity. “Don’t worry, I’m only being a brat with him.”

“Oh, so you’ll say more than two words for him but not for me? I can see the favouritism.”

”Really babe, I thought Sapnap was your favourite?”

“Shut up.”

“And now we’re both in the dog house.” Sapnap drops onto the couch next to Quackity, picking up in an overly friendly conversational tone. “So Q, how has your hand been treating you?”

“It’s better, it only hurts if I put pressure on it now. Being off the painkillers is both a blessing and a curse. How’s school?”

“Nooo, pay attention to meee...” Karl flops across both their laps, head resting against Sapnap’s thigh.

“This hot and cold routine Karl, I really don’t know what to think.”

“See, he’s just being a bitch because he secretly likes you.”

Karl jerks upright like someone had poured boiling water down his spine. “Quackity.”

There’s a knock at the door. Unencumbered by a Karl on his lap, Sapnap jumps up. “I’ll get it.”

Behind him there are frantic whispers. He doesn’t listen in; what isn’t his business, isn’t his business. Plus, with Dream and George around recently, he’s gotten very good at turning off his ears.

“Okay, I have food for Quackity and garbage for Karl.”

“Listen. Listen. I am being bullied.”

“Baby-”

“No, I won’t stand for this!” Karl flops off the front of the couch, curls crushed against the carpet.

“I deserve love and affection even if I do have bad taste buds.”

Quackity nods. “You’re right.”

“Thank you!”

“You do have bad taste buds.”

“Noo...”

“I’ll give you love and attention Karl.”

Karl falls off the couch onto his face in a pile of limbs that looks a little like someone has splashed him in red paint. “Shut up!”

“Aww, babe, are you blushing?”

Karl tries and fails to untangle himself, deciding to instead hide his face in Quackity’s sweatpants. “No...”

Sapnap steps over the melted puddle of Karl on the floor to put down the boxes of wings on the table. “Drinks?”

“Water.”

“Monster.”

“No.”

“Fine.” Karl peeks out from Quackity’s legs. “Juice?”

“I’ll see if you have any.”

“Thanks.” Karl tucks his face back into Quackity’s lap.

Sapnap fills two glasses with water and one with the apple juice from the fridge door, which he puts on the shopping list because he knows Q never remembers to put it on the list and Karl will forget to get it if it’s not on the list.

He makes sure to clear his throat to interrupt the whispering as he steps up to the back of the couch, Karl falling silent and glancing away from him.

Quackity scooches across so he can put Karl down on the couch, only for Karl to climb over him to get as far away from Sapnap as possible. When Sapnap gives him a look that he hopes accurately conveys his sentiment of ‘what the fuck are you doing?’ he responds by sticking his tongue out at him.

Quackity throws his hands up in the air. “I don’t understand you sometimes, you know that?” Karl grins back.

“I am an enigma. I am not meant to be understood.”

“Manic pixie dream girl ass motherfucker.”

“I would make a great manic pixie dream girl.”

Sapnap opens his box of chicken. “Are y’all gonna argue or are you gonna eat?”

When they’re done with dinner Sapnap leaves Karl to take the cups to the dishwasher while he and Quackity retreat to the bathroom to check on his bandages.

Quackity climbs up to sit beside the sink. “You know they probably don’t have to be checked this often.”

“I know.” Sapnap pulls out some clean gauze, just in case the stitches have been weeping and it

needs replacing. “So does Karl suddenly hate me or something?”

Quackity laughs, eyes flicking to the ceiling. “Pretty sure he just feels sorry for crying on you but doesn’t want to have to talk about it.”

“Can I ask what even happened? I mean, Karl indicated that he didn’t want me to know the details but...”

“But?”

“But he thought you were gonna hate him. And I just need to know that wasn’t the case.”

Quackity laughs. “I thought he was gonna hate me. Or at least, y’know, be frustrated in his cute little Karl way. Really, we both wanted to bring up something that was becoming an issue in our relationship, we just didn’t know how. And when we don’t want to talk about shit, we both withdraw. Just in different ways.”

“So you weren’t ignoring him?”

“Just trying to avoid having a proper conversation so neither of us could blurt out something dumb. I kinda knew what he was thinking though, just didn’t want to talk so...” He shrugs. “Really it was my fault, I should have known Karl would blow a reaction like that out of proportion.”

“Okay. As long as you guys are better now. It’s weird seeing you guys fight. You’re like- perfect together.”

Quackity cocks his head, looking down at him as he winds clean bandages over the gauze. “Well, not perfect.”

“As close as possible. I could never imagine finding someone as good for me as Karl is for you.”

“Well, if he ever decides he’s bored with me, I give you full permission to date him. You’ve been deemed worthy.”

Sapnap snorts. “Yeah right. You two are going to be together forever.”

Quackity grins. “You’re not saying no.”

“And you’re being an idiot.” He stands up, pulling Quackity up by his good hand. “C’mon, let’s make sure he hasn’t broken anything.”

“It’s just putting three cups in the dishwasher.”

“And your point is?”

“He’s definitely broken something.”

## Chapter End Notes

Sapnap is a broke college student and he lets them set the physical boundaries of their relationship cause he’s anxious about overstepping, and words aren’t really his thing, plus he doesn’t know how to verbalise what he’s feeling, or even know what that

feeling is. And so he does the dishes every time he's over, and makes breakfast, and cooks when someone else doesn't want to, and now he's trying to do emotional labour for them even though he doesn't know what the fuck is going on. Mans has been forced into a corner with the acts of service thing but he is going to make the most of it.

Anyway, I fucking hate this chapter with all my heart and soul, but I needed to post something and the story must go on.

(I promise that, if not the next chapter, then at least the chapter after that will be of moderate quality.)

## still kinda weirdos

### Chapter Summary

Karl and Q continue to be weird. Less weird, but still weird. Sapnap just rolls with it.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Quackity sends him away with a reassurance that Karl will be returned to normal by Sunday night and Sapnap should come back then. Karl adamantly denies it through his grin, but he gives Sapnap a hug at the end of the night and Sapnap decides KArl probably doesn't hate him. He takes the chance on Sunday night being back to normal and shows up expecting normality.

He does not encounter normality.

Karl opens the door and promptly throws himself into Sapnap's arms.

"I am so sorry about Friday, also for crying on you, Quackity has informed me that I am dumb and a weirdo."

"Right."

Karl presses his nose into Sapnap's shirt and he flinches at the cold skin against his throat. Karl pulls back abruptly.

"Sorry."

"Why the fuck are you so cold?" Sapnap places his hands on Karl's cheeks, feeling the chilled skin warm against his hands.

"Quackity turned the heat down to save some money." He then turns up the puppy dog eyes and Sapnap is ready to give him the whole world before he even opens his mouth. "Plus he hasn't been giving me enough attention. I've been deprived."

"Oh, poor baby." He thumbs over the bridge of his nose, letting the skin warm beneath his hands.

"Well this is a sight for sore eyes." Quackity leans against the wall behind Karl, peering around him at Sapnap.

"Hello to you too."

"Yes, yes hello. May I also put in my application for some Sapnap brand affection?"

"Of course."

Karl glances back at Quackity with a look that Sapnap cannot decipher. So he simply chooses to ignore what he cannot understand.

Quackity finally pulls him out of the doorway, leaving the door to swing shut as he bundles Sapnap into his arms. Sapnap's laugh is muffled in the fabric of his beanie, letting Quackity drag them both

blindly towards the living room, still tangled together.

The omega lets out a little muffled oof as they fall back onto the couch, so Sapnap flips them over so Quackity is sprawled on top of him. A sharp chin digs into his sternum as Quackity looks up at him. “Hi.”

“Hi again. What’s up?”

“Dunno. You’re comfy.”

“Am I?”

“Mmm.” Quackity nuzzles against his shoulder, bumping his nose against his collarbone in the same way he sees Karl do to Quackity, or Sapnap himself if he’s feeling particularly cuddly. Watching Q do it makes his heart melt a little. He likes to think that it means the omega trusts him enough to let his guard down.

“What about me?” Karl pouts a little as he peeks over the top of the couch.

“Oh. Right.” Quackity starts untangling them from each other, pushing away from Sapnap’s chest.

“No mister, you stay right there.”

“But you-”

“I.” Karl flops down on top of Quackity, crushing Sapnap against the back of the couch in the nicest way possible. “Am going right here.”

Quackity wraps an arm around Karl to hold him steady. “Understood.”

“Aww, Q, are you blushing?”

“Shut up.” Quackity shoves a hand in Sapnap’s face. He licks it. Just for shits and giggles. “What the actual fuck? Did you just lick me? Did you just lick me?!?”

Sapnap leans forward and licks across his cheek. Because, in the wise words of George, a true nuisance always finishes what they’ve started. Also he’s on a roll with making them blush tonight, so he might as well go all in.

“WHAT THE FUCK!” Quackity and Karl make a painful sounding thump on the floor as Q drags them off the couch.

Karl sits up laughing.

“I can’t believe he licked you.”

“Please, I bet you wish you could be licked by Sapnap.

Karl rolls his eyes. “Wow, I’m so jealous that you got accosted by Sapnap’s tongue.”

Sapnap leans off the couch so he can lick the tip of Karl’s nose.

Karl jerks back. “Ewww!”

“That’s what you get.”

Karl just stares at him for a split second before collapsing into a squeaky peal of laughter. Quackity

tries and fails to keep him upright as he starts laughing as well.

Sapnap stares blankly as Karl chokes on air, coughing and wheezing all over the place as Quackity's hysterical laughter is only aided by Karl's misfortune. "How long has it been since you got out of the house? Y'all are going stir crazy."

Karl chokes back his laughter and wipes the tears from the corners of his eyes. "Hey! We went to get groceries on Wednesday. And I went to my tutorial for animation."

"Right." Sapnap climbs over the back of the couch to avoid the squirming pile of the two omegas in front of the couch.

"Whatcha doin'?"

"We are going on a picnic." There's pre sliced turkey and cheese in the fridge, already layered in one bag in alternating slices. While normally he would take the time to call Quackity a simp for going to this extent for Karl's every minor convenience, this time he's just thankful he doesn't have to go searching for as many ingredients, because god knows with Karl having been the primary cook for the past week nothing is in the right place.

He starts with turkey sandwiches with nothing, made with bread that has so little crust you might as well have cut the crusts off, except the crusts are still on because Karl doesn't cut the crusts off his sandwiches any more because he's "a big boy now," and instead just refuses to eat the whole damn thing if the texture is wrong.

For Quackity it's ham and cheese with a bunch of seemingly random condiments that sound like hell together, but were lowkey good the one time Sapnap tried them. They have Quackity's bread this week so he uses it, because Q will eat Karl's zero texture white bread, but he'll stare at the sandwich like it's betrayed him the whole time.

Sapnap just makes whatever for himself because who cares enough to pay attention to how a sandwich should or shouldn't be made?

Quackity jumps up from the floor to go dig a spare blanket from under their bed. Karl finds everything in the house that could potentially be used as a picnic basket and sits on the counter lamenting the pros and cons of each one. He settles on Quackity's ridiculously huge book bag that he uses to lug around his law textbooks, because despite the lack of aesthetic appeal, it fits everything and actually has a handle to carry it because "I know the laundry basket is a basket, Karl, but I'm not carrying it all the way to the park."

Sapnap tries to put the blanket in the picnic basket but Quackity steals it to turn it into a blanket cape for Karl. Karl declares himself ruler of the park and leads the procession out the door, only to have to turn around at the end of the hallway because he forgot his shoes.

Sapnap hoists the bag higher on his shoulder as Quackity drags Karl back down the street by his cape.

Karl makes a dash back towards Sapnap, managing to break free of his impromptu leash.

"Karl!"

"Sapnap! Protect me!" Karl tries to duck under his free arm, despite the fact that he has a couple of inches on him, almost toppling them both in the process.

"Oh my god, come here." He pulls Karl close with an arm around his waist, keeping him from

trying to hide behind him. Quackity comes barreling towards them, making a swipe at Karl, Sapnap catching his hand to keep him on his other side. “Just stay still.”

“Ok.” Karl stops walking, causing Sapnap to stumble, Quackity pulling him up again.

“You. Are a menace. This is how you repay me for protecting you?”

“You said stay still!”

“I say we put him back on the blanket leash.”

“No. No stupid blanket. You are both going to hold my hand and walk like normal people and stop playing when we’re literally two feet from the road.”

“Oooh, look at you being all responsible.” Karl laces their fingers together, swinging their arms back and forth. Quackity moves just a little so that his shoulder slots into place next to Sapnap’s, readjusting their hands so they’re intertwined rather than just clasped together. He won’t look back when Sapnap tries to catch his eye.

“Someone’s got to do it.”

Quackity shrugs, movements tugging on their fingers. Karl just giggles and bumps his forehead into Sapnap’s shoulder.

When they reach the park Karl tugs them along to ‘the absolute bestest part of the park.’ Which turns out to be where the large lawn brushes up against a treed area, the shadows stretching away behind them as they set up the blanket in the sun.

“We don’t have any sunscreen...”

“I’m gonna be outside for maybe an hour, I’ll be fine babe.” Karl reaches over to squeeze Quackity’s hand, briefly forming a little triangle of holding hands, and why can Sapnap so vividly imagine them all trying to go about a day all interconnected like this, refusing to let go.

Then Karl lets go to pull the corners of the blanket out so that it’s perfectly aligned and Sapnap lets go so he can get the sandwiches out of the bag. Quackity throws himself down on the blanket just to force Karl to straighten it again.

“You nimrod!” Karl flops onto Q’s chest. “Why.... Why! Why do you do this to me?”

Quackity pulls him into a clumsy kiss. Which somehow manages to mess up the blanket further. Sapnap fixes it before they can start squabbling again.

“Can y’all come eat now? You can make out when we get home.”

“Aww, did you hear that? He thinks of the apartment as home?” Quackity coos.

“Shut up. You know what I meant.”

“No, that’s cute! You’re so cute!” Karl sits up, reaching to pinch his cheeks. Sapnap shoves his sandwich into his hands instead.

Quackity grins at him, bumping his head against this shoulder as he leans over to grab some food.

“Thanks.”

“What the fuck are you thanking me for.”

“Just being you.”

“You’re so weird.”

“Only for you.” Quackity leans forward and presses a kiss to his cheek. Sapnap freezes.

“Wait, me too!” Karl’s lips brush the other side of his face, barely a kiss with how he giggles through it.

Sapnap shakes his head, ignoring how red his cheeks are getting as he pulls them both closer to him. “Weirdos, the both of you.” If this is how they decide to show their gratitude, well he’s not complaining.

## Chapter End Notes

Another one I'm not that happy with. Honestly I should stop trying to write during exam season, except in university exam season takes up a huge amount of time and I don't want you to have to go basically 2 months with nothing.

Let me know if there's anything you want to see in this weird on sided flirting section, or in future chapters! Comments help me know I'm still heading in a direction people like.

## idiot arc continues

### Chapter Summary

see title

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Friday afternoon arrives with no fanfare and an inadequate amount of warning for what is in store for him.

He arrives a little later than usual, delayed by the pair of idiots lounging around his apartment who are going through their domestic squabbles arc. George refuses to let him leave until he has settled an argument on who's turn it is to do the dishes.

He barely manages to knock before the door is flung open. He stumbles over the threshold, hands tugging at his clothes and hands.

"Hi, what the fuck is happening?"

Quackity pulls him into the living room, pushing him onto the couch. "Sapnap! My saviour!"

Karl huffs, throwing his hands up. "I'm sorry, okay?!"

"Karl. Karlos." Quackity squishes the other omega's face between his hands. "I love you. I love you and I love all your weird things. But you are useless in this situation. And I love that about you. But sometimes you just need a big strong Alpha to take care of things."

Karl abruptly goes from looking like someone kicked his puppy to like someone just fed him some of Sapnap's favourite ramen, face burning red. Quackity snickers, pinching his cheeks.

"Umm..." Sapnap tentatively raises his hand. "I'm not sure if you've noticed, it's not really something I like to point out, but... I'm not exactly big. Or strong."

Quackity raises his eyebrows. "Strong enough to take out my stitches?"

"Oh. Yeah, I can do that."

Quackity grins. "Thank god. Cause I did not want to do it myself. I don't trust myself with scissors that close to my skin one handed."

"Fair enough. Before dinner or after?"

"Before," Karl pipes up. "I don't want to puke when he starts waving it in my face."

"Right. Should we go... now?"

"Please. I want this stupid shit out of my hand, it itches so bad." Quackity yanks him off the couch, pulling him towards the bathroom. Bony fingers dig into his wrist beneath the cuff of his hoodie.

The first aid kit is already sitting out, scissors perched on top. “Eager are we?”

Quackity’s eyebrows wiggle aggressively. “You know it.” He hops up on the bathroom counter, legs kicking against the cabinets.

Sapnap cleans the scissors off with some disinfecting alcohol in the sink, because he has a feeling no one in this house wants Quackity to spend another two weeks handicapped because of an infection. They’re not exactly medical scissors but he figures they’ll do.

“Ready?”

“Yep.” The scissors slide against Quackity’s skin until they catch on the first stitch. “Damn, no instruction manual or anything?”

“Bandaging is one thing, you gotta know you’re doing it right for the location of the injury but taking out stitches, the only way I could really fuck it up is if I slice you right back open.”

“Spoken like a man with experience.”

“Dream thought taking out each other’s stitches was a great way to bond. And he was a walking trainwreck of a child, so we spent a lot of time on that particular bonding activity.”

“So what I’m hearing is that if I want to inquire after your hand for courting I have to ask not only Bad, but Dream as well?”

“If we’re going all traditional wouldn’t it be me asking for your hand?”

Q grins like the cat that got not only the canary but also a whole family of mice, and just convinced its human to feed it despite its bad behaviour. Sapnap feels like a very gullible human.

“Is this you stating your intentions for courting? Well Sapnap, I’m flattered...”

“You know that’s not what I meant, idiot. Now are you going to let me take the rest of these stitches out or not?”

“Fine. Just know that Karl is waiting for you to come inquire for my hand.”

Sapnap rolls his eyes, grabbing the tweezers out of the kit to start teasing the first stitches out.

Quackity looks down at the thin plastinated thread being drawn out of his hand.

"Damn. I never imagined that the first time you'd be reshaping my insides would look like this."

"What the fuck Quackity. What is up with you today?"

Quackity screeches as Sapnap pokes at his sides, trying to pull away.

“Fuck, wait, stay still.” He stops tickling him, pressing his hands against his shoulder to keep him steady.

Quackity drags in a deep breath, biting his lip. Sapnap grabs his hand to check that the stitches are still coming out cleanly. Quackity sucks in a little gasp as he puts too much pressure on the tender skin.

“Sorry. I’ll be gentle.”

“It’s okay, sweetheart.”

“Don’t let Karl hear you say that.”

“I can have two sweethearts.”

“You’re being so weird. What the fuck is going on?”

“That’s for me to know and you to find out, *guapo*. ”

“What does that even mean!?” Sapnap pulls out the last stitch. Quackity pulls his hands back, laughing.

“Wouldn’t you like to know. Do I still need bandages on it?”

“Only for Karl’s sake.”

“Perfect.” Quackity hops off the counter, pressing a kiss to Sapnap’s cheek as he darts out the door. “Oh Karlos!”

Sapnap trudges out of the bathroom, hand pressed to his cheek, expecting the omegas to be curled up on the couch, only to find them on opposite sides of the kitchen, Quackity slowly edging towards Karl.

“Don’t you dare!”

“Come here Karl!”

Quackity lunges for Karl, wounded hand outstretched. The shriek Karl lets out is ear piercing, throwing himself towards Sapnap. He buries his face in Sapnap’s hood, cowering behind him. “Save me!”

“Quackity.” He crosses his arms in an attempt at making the grin he can’t bite back more intimidating. “Be nice.”

“I just wanted to show him how well it’s healed.” Quackity tilts his head in mock innocence.

“Go put some bandages on.”

“Hmm. I don’t want to.”

Sapnap sighs because it’s better than laughing at Karl’s misfortune, pulling the taller omega around into his arms.

“Sapnap…” Karl peaks out of his chest, ducking down so that he has to look up at him through fluttering eyelashes. “Q’s being mean to me.”

“Oh no…” He strokes gently down the bridge of Karl’s nose, smoothing the ridge that forms in his little frown. “He’s just pulling your pigtails cause he likes you.”

“I need a better crush. This one doesn’t know how to flirt.” Karl leans into him, nose brushing against his chin, dipping just low enough across his jaw to almost touch his scent glands. “Will you be my new crush?”

Quackity rolls his eyes in the background, fingers pressed to the bridge of his nose. Sapnap laughs, carefully prying Karl away from him.

“Come on, I’ll bandage him up and you can have the original crush back. He’s much cuter anyway.”

Karl giggles, letting Sapnap settle him on the couch.

“Come on. Your menace days are over.” He loops an arm around Quackity’s waist, guiding him back into the bathroom.

“Okay, but for real, it’s itchy and I really don’t want to have to keep all the bandages on until it’s perfectly healed.”

“We’ll just wrap the cotton bandages around it until the inflammation goes down a bit and it looks a bit less... wet.” He holds the edge of the roll against the side of Quackity’s hand, trying to keep the wrapping loose.

Quackity’s head dips a little lower towards where Sapnap leans over his bandages. His soft words brush against his hair. “Thank you.”

“What for?”

“For taking care of us.”

“You don’t have to thank me for that.” He unfurls the last of the roll across Quackity’s palm, checking the bandages are staying in place before tucking the end underneath.

“I think I do.”

“Shut up.”

Quackity grins, kicking lightly at him, almost making him lose the end of the bandage. “Never.”

“I know. I love it when you don’t shut up.”

“You love me?”

“Shut up.” He grabs a safety pin from the first aid kit to hold the bandages. “Hopefully that stays on.”

Quackity hops off the counter, pressing yet another kiss to Sapnap’s cheek. Mayhaps he chokes for a moment. Listen, he was not prepared.

“Is that going to be a regular thing now?”

“Yes.” Quackity squeezes his hand, a silent question and he nods, already steeling himself for future kisses. Cause he’s not going to say no just for the sake of his poor awkward heart. He can get used to this. He’ll find his chill eventually.

Quackity proceeds into the kitchen in a much more relaxed manner than previously, calling out for Karl.

“Look! It’s all bandaged now, I promise! Can I pretty pretty please get a kiss now?”  
Karl peeks out from behind the couch. “Pinky promise?”

“Pinky promise.” Quackity leans over the back of the couch, fingers closing over Karl’s throat as he draws him up for a kiss. Whimpers are carefully extracted from the taller omega, gentle pressure on his scent gland making the sugar sweetness permeate into the room. Looking away

from Quackity devouring Karl does nothing in terms of privacy when he can smell every reaction.

Karl's breath hitches and Quackity giggles, sidling back up to Sapnap.

"What do you want to eat?"

"Umm..." Sapnap shakes his head, trying to free his thoughts from behind the cloudy, scent clogged wall they're trapped behind. "Pizza?"

"Sure thing." Quackity pulls out his phone, leaning against Sapnap's chest as he orders the pizza, keeping the omega's combined scents pressed into Sapnap's space and Quackity's warmth diffusing through his hoodie.

"Wait, isn't it my week? Let me order it."

"Too late." Quackity grins at him. "Sorry."

"I'll pay you back."

"Nope."

"Quackity..."

"Sapnap..." He grins, pushing away from his chest to drop onto the couch next to a shell shocked Karl. The taller omega slumps against him with the tiniest bit of pressure, loose limbed.

Sapnap sits against the arm of the couch, giving Karl a bit of space as his eyes clear up, blinking out of his haze. He pinches Quackity's ribs hard, grinning as the other omega yelps.

"Fuck you."

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Shut up."

Quackity gasps dramatically. "I'm leaving you for Sapnap! He wouldn't treat me like this!"

"Jokes on you! I'm leaving *you* for Sapnap!"

"Wait, really?" Quackity pouts dramatically.

"Aww, babe, you love me?"

"No." Quackity sticks his tongue out, rolling to cling onto Sapnap's arm. "I only love Sapnap."

"Oh. You...do?" Karl blinks, slowly, and Quackity is on his feet in an instant, hands on Karl's face. Sapnap's heart lurches in his chest.

"No baby, no, I love you so much. You know this, sweetheart, you know this."

"I know this." Karl's cheek presses back against the pads of Quackity's fingers. "Sorry."

"No sweetheart, you should never have to feel bad about a dumb joke, even if it's one we make a lot." Karl melts into Quackity's arms, letting the other omega soothe him. Because it's just a stupid joke. Sapnap lets out a quiet sigh of relief; he wasn't upsetting anyone, he isn't actually getting in the way of their relationship.

“I do know you love me though. Just stupid hormones making me clingy cause of my stupid heat...”

Sapnap clears his throat. “Wait, sorry, I don’t mean to butt in, but is your heat coming up? Are you sure it’s okay for me to be here?”

“Yeah, can you not smell it?”

“Oh.” He sniffs at the air as subtly as he can. “I didn’t even notice. Sorry, I’ll go.”

“You’re fine Sap. Stay here. It’s not like I’m gonna randomly go into heat, it’s still a few days away yet.”

“Okay.” He sinks back into the couch, suddenly overly aware as to whether he’s encroaching on anyone’s space. “Tell me if me being here starts making you uncomfortable though.”

Karl’s curls flop across his forehead as his head tilts. “How are you so perfect?”

“What?”

“No, shut the fuck up? How are you perfect?” Sapnap ends up with a lapful of Karl, hands squishing his face together. “Like honestly, share some of the respect juice with everyone else.”

“I mean.” Sapnap glances away, trying to think of a response that doesn’t make him look like a simp. Because he isn’t. He just. Cares. A lot. “I guess I’m just... Trying? Really hard? Still trying to make up for first impressions and all that.”

“No, shut up, how are you even still worrying about that? It’s just...you. Q, tell him he’s perfect.”

Sapnap can feel his cheeks filling with blood and tries to shove Karl off, only to discover Karl has been humouring him in the past and is, in fact, bigger than him and not intending on moving.

“He is perfect.” Quackity sidles up behind Karl, chin resting on his shoulder to look at Sapnap too. “Such a good alpha, such a shame he doesn’t have a special someone to appreciate it.”

Sapnap rolls his eyes. “Hey, be nice, that’s a touchy subject.”

Karl squeezes his shoulders, hands drifting towards the nape of his neck. “No, honestly, you’re so attractive, how has someone not snatched you up yet?”

“Well, there’s not really anyone I’m interested in right now.”

“Really? Not anyone?” Karl’s head tilts, lashes fluttering as he’s blinking down at him.

“Not really. I’ve got everything I need right here.” He wraps an arm around Quackity’s waist, pulling him even closer. “Platonically, of course.”

Quackity cackles directly into Karl’s ear, causing him to break out into giggles, both falling in to dog pile onto Sapnap.

“That was adorable.”

“Our Alpha is so cute!” Karl coos against his shoulder.

Sapnap’s eyes widen. “Umm.”

Quackity grabs his hand, waving it around. "I've changed my mind. You're never allowed to court anyone ever. We're keeping you."

Karl gasps. "We can keep him in our nest like the world's best cuddly toy!"

Sapnap's eyes feel about set to pop out of his skull. "Umm...!"

"If we keep him wrapped up in blankets he won't be able to escape."

Karl lays his head down on his chest. "Mmm. He'd smell so good in our nest."

Sapnap lays perfectly still and silently wonders what the fuck is going on.

"Look at him blushing." Quackity's fingers skim against his cheek.

"Q..." He turns his face away.

There's a knock at the door.

"I'll grab it!" He fights his way out from beneath the omegas, rushing for the door.

He summons his best grimace for the delivery guy, shutting the door quickly and trying to take as many deep breaths and slow steps between the front door and the couch as he can. Which ends up being about three.

"Pizza! Gimme, gimme!" Karl makes grabby hands at the boxes.

Sapnap grins, holding the boxes a little higher.

"I don't know, maybe I'll just keep it..."

"Sapnap!" The whine is heady, layered with the sound of a needy omega. Sapnap pushes down on the urge to rip himself open in an attempt to provide whatever Karl needs. Putting the pizza down on the table seems like a good compromise for self mutilation.

"For you." His words are clipped as he whirls himself around, beelining to the kitchen to grab drinks.

"Can you get me some juice?"

"Of course. Q?"

"Mmm, just water."

He pulls out Karl's favourite drinking glass. "Anything else while I'm here?"

"Nope. Bring your cute ass over here."

He grins at the back of Quackity's head. "Have you been looking at my ass, Quackity?"

"Of course I have. You expect to parade the goods around my house and I'm just not going to look?"

He shakes his head. "So objectifying. Sexism at its finest."

Quackity laughs, head leaning back against the couch cushions. He clears his throat, dropping into a mockery of a deep "alpha" voice. "You're in my den, you're my property. I can look as much as I

like.”

“And Quackity’s my property! Which means that I can look too by association.” Karl grins at him over the back of the couch, a string of cheese already dangling from the corner of his mouth. Sapnap pauses as he’s pulling open the fridge to tap at his lips. Karl flushes red, wiping at his mouth.

He leans over the back of the couch to hand Quackity his water, slipping around the side with Karl’s juice.

Quackity slides his tongue over his bottom lip, catching a drop of water lingering in the corner. “Thank you Alpha.”

He sits down on the floor, keeping the coffee table between them. It seems like a necessary precaution. “Since when am I Alpha?”

“I mean. That’s what you are.” Karl shrugs, taking another bite of his weird no-toppings pizza. Sapnap just shakes his head.

## Chapter End Notes

so this chapter took a while but now I've finished up exams and I like this chapter cause it actually got some preliminary editing! so it was worth it.  
the next chapter might e soon! or it might take the standard two weeks, who knows, no promises!  
Let me know what you think the next chapter is gonna be in the comments.

# lungs

## Chapter Summary

just... more of the same.

this chapter just continues to become more and more chapters.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When the pizza boxes are empty Sapnap gets up, swiping the empty glasses off the table. Quackity smiles at him, sticking out a hand to brush against his hip as he passes.

As he's passing back by the couch to reclaim his spot on the floor Quackity's still extended hand tangles in the hem of his hoodie, yanking him hard against the side of the sofa.

"Wha-" It only takes another quick tug for Sapnap to tumble over the armrest, landing twisted about in Quackity's lap. "Quackity!"

"What? You were too far away over there."

He rolls his eyes, tipping his head back so it lists off Quackity, bumping up against Karl's arm. "Your mate is going to kill me."

"I claim no responsibility for his actions." The scrape of Karl's nails against the nape of his neck tickles a little before it transitions into gentle stroking at the back of his hair, teasing out little tangles. Sapnap goes limp, letting Quackity support his weight as Karl pets him.

"See? Isn't this so much better than being all lonely on the floor?" Quackity's hands settle over his thighs, moving him around so that he's lying more comfortably across both of the omegas.

"Sure." Sapnap blinks lazily at them. Karl smiles back, tugging gently at his hair. Soft tingles radiate from his nerves, gathering little hums at the back of his throat.

Sapnap sighs, face turning a little into Karl's stomach to shift his hands on his scalp to a new position.

Karl's scent spikes for a second, a whisper of a whimper slipping from his lips. A hand shoots up from his hair to cover it.

Sapnap stares, wide eyed. "I. I think that's my cue to go."

Quackity bursts out laughing, releasing his hold on Sapnap so he can roll off the couch.

Sapnap winces in both pain and sympathy as he lands on the floor, looking up at Karl as he curls into a ball. "Sorry."

"Nothing to apologise for." Quackity winds his arm around Karl, who has buried his face in his hands, only the pink tips of his ears poking out.

“M sorry.”

Quackity nudges his partner gently. “Hey, you don’t have anything to be sorry for either. Remember, everything’s okay sweetheart.”

“It’s fine Karl. I know it’s just your preheat.” Sapnap pushes himself up off the floor. “I’ll get going so you can go and nest or something. Q’s gonna take care of you and next time I come over it’ll be all back to normal, yeah?”

Karl refuses to meet his eyes, head dipping in a tiny nod. “Ok.”

He gets up, gathering his things as he heads for the door. A giggling Quackity coaxes Karl off the couch and out of the cocoon of his own limbs.

He pulls on his jacket, hovering by the front door, shifting his weight. Quackity sidles up to him, dragging Karl along with him. He offers an arm to Karl, who slides into a hug.

“Oh yeah, don’t come over next week.”

“What-” Karl turns back to look at Quackity.

“We’ll come out and meet you somewhere, take you on a cute little date or something. But a heat with two omegas... The apartment is gonna need airing out by Thursday.”

“Quackity!” Karl gives an exaggerated scandalised gasp.

“What?” Quackity catches Karl’s hand as he takes a swipe at him, drawing him in until his nose is pressed to Karl’s cheek. “It’s the truth.”

Sapnap swallows. “Right. Yeah. We can go out- I’ll pick somewhere nice for us.”

“But it’s our week next.”

He shakes his head, grinning up at Karl. “Nu-uh, Quackity stole my week so I’m stealing yours. I’m gonna take you out and there’s nothing you can do about it.”

“Well.” Karl wraps his arms around his shoulder blades, nose pressed onto the crook of his neck. “I’m looking forward to our date then.”

“I object. I was gonna take you both out on a date, I’ve been robbed.”

Karl pulls back to look at Sapnap. “Y’know... We could just both take Quackity out on a date.”

“Yeah?”

“And coddle him to death.”

“Surely.”

“Deal.”

Quackity throws his hands up in the air, only for them to fall back around their waists, holding the three of them together. “I’m being conspired against.”

“It’s not conspiring if I love you.” Karl leans down to peck the tip of Q’s nose.

“Scheming then.”

Sapnap clears his throat. “Right. Well, I’ll get out of your way. Have. Fun?”

Quackity laughs, pulling Karl fully into his arms as Sapnap pulls back. “We always do.”

“Yep, nope, I don’t need to know. Just like- I don’t know, keep me updated? On if you’re gonna be... recovered for Friday.”

“Of course.” Quackity nuzzles into Karl’s cheek, peeking out to look at Sapnap.

He looks away, reaching for the doorknob. “Okay. See you next week.”

“Goodbye, sweetheart.”

“Bye Sap. Love you.”

He grins, waving as he closes the apartment door behind him.

The hall is filled with a chill that hasn’t managed to slip into the apartment. He hunches his shoulders into his jacket, fingers curling into his palms in his pockets.

He’s never walked home from Friday Takeout this early, with dusk still hovering on the horizon behind the city skyline. The streetlights leave pools in the frosty air as the night gathers.

He considers shoving his headphones in and ignoring the outside world, but the inside of his head feels like an echo chamber and filling his head with endlessly repeating bass seems like an easy route to a headache.

Instead his head is echoing every word that dripped from Quackity’s lips, every sound that Karl made. They said it was okay for him to be there, but it’s still eating at the pit of his stomach as he relives Karl’s whimper again and again.

The prospect of someone else being witness to those moments haunts him, making him grateful that only he was welcome in their home, in their space, in that way, even as he feels guilty for being there himself. The two feelings rip at the inside of his lungs along with the cold air, trying to get as far away from each other.

He’s so caught up in the ache beneath his ribs that he loses track of what his feet are doing. A gasp clears the battlefield in his chest long enough to realise he’s still standing on the street corner outside their building. He blinks up at the streetlight above him, a reverse silhouette against the sky that has gone completely dark.

Only in the stillness does he recognise the third feeling, the one that is sinking below the petty battle in his lungs, not bothered with who has the right to witness the omega’s moment’s of vulnerability. The sentiment weighs down his feet, keeping him rooted on the street corner.

He should be there. The apartment is a safe place emotionally, sure, but it’s hardly the most secure place in the world. Quackity is strong but he should have all his attention focused on keeping Karl comfortable. They need someone to protect them.

They need him to protect them.

The battle field in his lungs is reprimed as he sucks in another breath of icy air. He knows- His brain knows, the side of his brain that isn’t ruled by outdated instinct and irrational impulse, knows

that they're perfectly safe. They've been keeping each other safe through years of vulnerable moments long before he was even a blip in their lives. They'll be fine.

His Alpha brain yanks his head around, seeking out the glow of their window, muted by the curtains. He could be there with them, making sure everything is okay.

He picks up his feet and forces himself to keep walking, even as his eyes trail back over his shoulder.

For him to be there would be more of a risk than anything. The last thing they need is an Alpha lurking around, intruding on their space, especially one that clearly doesn't have as good of a handle on his instincts as he thought.

Instincts that were designed to protect helpless omegas.

It's so horrifically sexist. The thought brings bile to his throat. His nails dig into the palms of his hands, his shoulders hunch, he powers forward through the night. The idea that he's been unknowingly displaying this mentality nips at his heels, chasing him through the streets.

He takes the stairs, trying to work out the tension from his limbs so he doesn't drag the absolutely foul scent he's probably trailing into the apartment. It takes a few extra laps up and down the hall.

The lights are already off in the living room, glow emanating from under Dream's bedroom door. The relief of not having to interact with anyone helps him calm down a little more. The warm air of the apartment is smothering though.

Refraining from slamming his door is a momentous effort but he manages; the last thing he deserves right now is concern from a startled Dream. He kicks off his shoes, leaving them in a pile and crossing to the bed, pulling back the covers without bothering to get undressed.

The room is restrictive, closed off in a bubble with his own thoughts. He hates his own company more with every passing second. Oh to be able to tear himself in half so he never has to speak to himself again.

The door closes gently behind him again, socks pattering against the floor. He falls onto the couch, face tucked into his jacket that carries the ghost of the omega scents with it. It mirrors his normal Friday night spot enough to soothe the tug in his gut, allowing sleep to take over,

## Chapter End Notes

a chapter! kind of on time!

it's only half of the chapter it was supposed to be but oh well, that just means I have a head start on the next one.

let me know in the comments what you want to see next! or if I've made any obvious mistakes cause this clearly wasn't proofread.

# sapnap being an angstlord

## Chapter Summary

Sapnap is more than a little dumb and infuriatingly still pining.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

His Saturday morning starts unnecessarily early with light streaming through the living room window. Screw sleeping on the couch, what the fuck was he thinking last night?

The loose floorboard in the hallway creaks. Dream appears over the back of the couch and Sapnap gives a vague mumble of greeting.

“Woah. What the fuck are you doing here?”

“I live here, jackass.”

“Not on saturday mornings you don’t.”

He sighs. “Karl’s in preheat, I didn’t want to risk staying over there.”

Dream nods slowly. “Right. Pretty omega, pretty scent, don’t want to tempt yourself with forbidden fruit.”

“No! I didn’t want to make them uncomfortable, having someone other than their mate around during a sensitive time. I’m not some fucking alpha douchebag who can’t think without his knot getting in the way.”

“Aww.” Dream tilts his head in the way he does when he’s looking at something particularly adorable. Like a kitten. Or George.

“Shut up.”

“No, dead serious, it’s sweet how much you love them. You’re like, their protector. You’re a good friend, Sapnap.”

Dream is not a man known for minding his words. He’ll often let his poor choice of wording slide, knowing Dream is just looking for the closest thing that comes to mind, not necessarily the best possible fit for the situation. His mouth runs too fast to be bothered with perfect matches.

But fuck did Sapnap wish he’d used any combination of words other than that specific one.

“Um. Yeah. I guess.” He climbs off the couch, skirting a wide circle around Dream. “I’m gonna, uh, go. Homework and shit.”

“What homework? Did I forget about something?” Dream’s eyes widen and damage control, damage control.

“No, for my software design class, you don’t have any. It’s just like, extra stuff anyway. So, yeah.”

He gives Dream one last smile and closes his door so he can think for a second without Dream's stupid face reminding him of his stupid, stupid words.

He knows he's too protective of them. Sure, he would probably growl in defence of most of his friends, especially those he's particularly close to. But he doesn't coddle Dream the way he does them. And it's not a gender thing, cause he definitely doesn't have the same uncontrollable urge to provide for Bad.

But he doesn't want to be more than their friend. He doesn't want to overstep any boundaries; he will tip toe over as many lines as it takes to keep their friendship safe. That is the most important thing; more than any infatuation, any attraction, any instinctual bullshit.

So he should be able to choke it back better than he is. He should have an ounce of self control.

But instead he's lying here on his bed pining after two pretty boys that he can't have. What a fucking loser he is.

The pillow he drops on his face isn't heavy enough to smother him, enough to drown out the thoughts. He presses his hands over his ears instead. Turns out when the words are inside your head that doesn't do anything but amplify them.

He needs to not think right now.

His laptop is on his desk, half hidden under a pile of programming notes. The brightness is turned all the way up in a remnant of an impulsive outdoor study session and it feels like karma when it burns his retinas.

Youtube is already open in his ever present distraction tab. He clicks on some dumb compilation video and gets about thirty seconds in before he remembers that Quackity introduced him to this channel. His phone is still open to his text chain with both of the omegas. He winces as it updates with new messages, closing it before reading anything. Plausible deniability, he accidentally marked them as read while shutting off his phone for the night.

Instagram is filled with pictures of Karl all over all of his friends, all over Quackity, all over Sapnap. Twitter is just a thirsty cesspit that does nothing to actually distract him. He throws his phone across the room.

The texture on his ceiling is not countable in the slightest. His room hasn't reached the point of filthy enough to justify cleaning without raising suspicion. If he leaves his room now Dream will take one look at him and immediately start harassing him to know what's wrong.

And so he lies face down on the bed and wallows. Because what the fuck else is he supposed to do? He is a bad person and he didn't even have the decency to keep it away from the most precious thing he could find.

Selfish. He's being selfish. Selfish with encouraging their affection, selfish in his protectiveness, selfish with his moping.

Eventually he has to turn his cheek out of the pillow to breathe, staring unseeing at the wall. He wishes there were someone here to ease the weight of guilt off its crushing grip on his throat.

Phantom lips brush across his cheek, one pair soft and angled high on his cheekbone, the others insistent against the corner of his mouth, the stubble of his jaw, his smile lines.

Sapnap's stomach flip flops around and promptly manages to get itself tied around his heart. His

lungs get in on the action by pulling the ends tight, just to exacerbate the squeeze.

What was past him thinking, to let them kiss him?

What was past him thinking, not stamping out these feelings when they first began creeping into his subconscious?

What was past him thinking, deciding to stay when the prettiest boy walked into the apartment and kissed the boy who'd just swept him off his feet?

He should have gotten the fuck out the minute he'd apologised to Karl. He should have politely declined Quackity's offer to hang out. He should have never gone to that stupid fucking party. At least when he was watching Karl from the back of the room like a creep he wasn't actively putting them in danger, he wasn't in their nest, inserting himself where he didn't belong, secretly taking advantage of them the whole time for the purpose of his own selfish attraction.

He shouldn't have stayed long enough to truly want.

What the fuck does he want?

He doesn't want this. He's not allowed to want their beautiful, perfect fantasy, it's not right, it's not his place, he's not good enough, he's not right for them. They fit together like puzzle pieces, without a single gap between them, nowhere for him to go.

If he really loved them, he'd leave them alone.

## Chapter End Notes

Listen.

In Sapnap's defence, from his perspective he genuinely doesn't have a chance. This is like falling in love with your straight best friend, who is not only not attracted to you, but also married. Flirting or no flirting, he doesn't believe he has a place in their relationship.

Anyway, give me inspiration for some fun angsty thoughts Sapnap can have so he can stop sounding like a broken record.

## sapnap does in fact have other friends

### Chapter Summary

sapnap is still angsty and bad is the best dad.

(also, teeny tiny bit of I guess slightly spicy stuff at the beginning, but it's more like if you got a piece of sour candy and started trying to call it spicy. also this is basically family friendly compared to some of Q's flirting so...)

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

*The air is heavy and for a second he struggles to breath through the thick scent engulfing him. He can't pin it down, chasing it through his mind like a childhood memory from a time before he could piece together a cohesive thought. Sweet, but with a tang, something so familiar it feels like home layered with something new and exciting that he cannot for the life of him figure out.*

*The air is almost hazy with the pheromones, his vision sluggish and lagging as he looks around for the origin of the scent.*

*A hand on his jaw stops him from moving, focusing his gaze in on the figure on his lap.*

*“Really Sap? We’re right here and you’re going searching for something else to look at?”*

*Karl giggles as Quackity continues tracing his face. The blurry vision of them tilts as Sapnap leans into Quackity, leans into the scent coming from him.*

*Karl’s head tilts back to rest on Quackity’s extended arm, the other Omega bending down to press their lips together slowly, so Sapnap can see the contact clearly through the haze in the room. In fact it’s the only thing he can see, the cling of their lips.*

Sapnap wakes up in a pool of sweat the size of a bathtub with a... problem. Which thankfully seems to be taking care of itself as his head sinks into the gap between his pillow and the wall, a pitiful attempt at self suffocation.

What the actual fuck? *What the actual fuck?*

This was not okay.

He lifts a hand to his jaw, trying to find the sugar sweet spot left by the touch of Quackity’s scent glands. His fingers slide over sweat soaked skin and find nothing and unsurprisingly that does precisely nothing to help him.

Heat scent. He was imagining their heat scent; the electric combination of Quackity’s unique little tang to the classic omega sweetness mixed with Karl’s pre-heat scent from the other day. It was still clinging in the space behind his eyes, lingering in the way he takes deep breaths even if there’s nothing left to smell except his own scent, almost blind to his own nose, and the lingering smell of

Dream that permeates their apartment. Somehow it does nothing to chase out the false memory.

Karl sits in his lap all the time. Quackity touches him. That's normal. Those are normal things for friends to do, at least for them. Imagining your friends' heat scent in an overly vivid dream and then waking up hard from it is *not a friendly thing to do*.

He is so supremely fucked. A little crush is one thing; they're both handsome and kind and caring but so are most of his friends, and he's managed to deal with little momentary infatuations like that before. (When he'd been a freshman in his first few weeks of university and Punz had been the cool older alpha who brought him under his wing, Sapnap had experienced a momentary crisis of sexuality.)

But nothing like this. This is powerful and addictive, was even before it managed to burrow its way through his thick skull into his consciousness. This is bigger than anything else he's felt for another person.

He shouldn't want them like this.

There's no point running your head against a wall infinitely trying to solve a problem that is going nowhere. At some point, you just give up and delegate the problem to someone who knows better than you. Which in this case, is Bad.

He drags himself out of bed and into a punishingly cold shower. Even if it isn't *necessary*, it feels necessary. Is it bordering on self-flagellation? Perhaps. But that's between him and his ever increasing feeling of crushing guilt.

He decides Bad deserves at least a little bit of warning before he shows up with a truckload of emotional baggage, shooting him a text that in hindsight might be a little ominous; a 'coming over, need to talk.' The ten minutes it takes him to drag his feet the quarter mile down the road should give Bad plenty of time to get the hot chocolate started and find Sap's favourite blanket. It probably smells more like the Beta's apartment than Sapnap at this point, he hasn't needed it in a while.

The stairs are an insurmountable obstacle. He has to sit down on the landing to clear the weight in his head before he can keep going. By the time he gets to the door he just lets his head fall forward against it in place of knocking.

"Hey pup."

The tumble into Bad's outstretched arms is the nicest feeling he's allowed himself to feel in so many hours. The shock to his system brings tears welling up before he can even pull in a breath to begin explaining what's wrong.

"Oh no, Sap, c'mon, deep breaths." But everything gets all caught up in his throat and he's choking on it. "Shhh, shhh, come on inside."

Bad guides him to the couch. Low and behold, his favourite blanket is already there, waiting to be pulled around his shaking shoulders.

"You just take a moment and cry it out. We can talk after."

The hurt wrenches its way up from his diaphragm, ripping through the tissues of his lungs and scraping at his ribs. The sobs burn his throat but they keep coming anyway.

Once all the fluid has been wrung out of his lungs and he's officially lost the ability to carry out

oxygen exchange with the air, all of his body screaming for oxygen, he finally pulls his face from Bad's shoulder.

"What's wrong, Sappy?"

"Karl and Q."

"Oh no. What happened?"

"They don't need me."

"Oh, I'm sure that's not true Sapnap. They're your friends; they need you plenty."

"No, but like, they don't *need* me. They're more than capable of taking care of themselves. So why does my inner alpha try so hard to make me stick around to 'protect them'?"

"They're your friends, of course you feel protective. That's not a bad thing."

"No, but it's." His throat clogs up. "Bad-"

"Shh, shh."

"Bad, I'm- fuck. I think I like them."

"Karl?"

"Q as well."

"Both?" He nods. "Oh no. How long have you been feeling like this?"

"Since yesterday."

"Oh."

"Wait. I mean, I've been like-" He gestures to his damp eyes and huddled form, "since yesterday. I've liked them from the beginning."

"Oh no." Bad's fingertip traces the lower edge of his eye orbit, smoothing over the tear tracks that tip over onto his cheekbones, before switching to his traditional soothing path up and down the bridge of his nose.

Sapnap snorts, a horrible, snot filled sound. "Yeah. Oh no. It's so fucking stupid, I've known I didn't have a chance from the start and I thought I was over it already, but apparently fucking not."

"Language."

"Sorry." He sighs, head flopping sideways onto Bad's shoulder. "I thought it would get better, but instead I just- we got closer and they started being more and more lenient with me and being all touchy and stuff and I just- I just went with it. And now my stupid Alpha brain is convinced I have the right to just- I don't know."

"You know Sappy, maybe if you told them it would help you feel better. They're both sweethearts, they're not gonna be rude about it if you confess. It might help set boundaries."

"That's the exact fucking problem, Bad! If I tell them then it will never be the same! I don't want to set boundaries! But then I'm just fucking, like, taking advantage of them! They- fuck, they

deserve so much better than me.”

“Now mister, that is negative self-talk. Be nicer to yourself.” Bad scolds. “I’m sure they’d rather know and have you taking care of yourself. Nothing to do with you taking advantage of anyone.”

He chokes on a scoff. “Please, Q will slit my fucking throat the minute I even imply I’m interested in Karl.”

Bad smiles. “I don’t know, from the sound of it they care about you an awful lot. I think you might be catastrophizing just a little bit.”

“I’m definitely catastrophizing. Let me catastrophize.”

“I don’t think it’s helping you.”

“It is.”

“No. No, it isn’t.”

“Reality hurts. False misery is better.”

Bad chuckles, nudging his head with his shoulder. “No, pup. False misery has only false solutions and false solutions have never helped anything.”

Sapnap scowls up at him. “Don’t you out philosophise me.”

“Get better philosophies then.” Bad presses a firm kiss to his hair before standing up, forcing him to rebalance himself to keep himself upright. “We’ll have some hot chocolate and then I’ll drop you off at theirs so you can have a proper conversation.

“We can’t. Karl’s heat is this week.”

Bad raises a knowing eyebrow. “Right. And that has nothing to do with this little crisis of yours?”

Sapnap groans. “Shut up!”

## Chapter End Notes

Yay! A chapter! Honestly kinda surprised this got finished.

I am at maybe the worst I’ve been all year (both mental health wise and productivity wise) and i know exactly what’s causing it but it’s a necessary evil? except it’s not, it’s only a “necessary” evil because capitalism is screwing me over.

Anyway.

Because of this I probably wouldn’t get your hopes up about another chapter in the next two weeks? Normally at this point I’ve started the next chapter already, because I prefer to write in a pretty non-linear fashion, but the next chapter is a totally blank slate right now.

So. If any one has comments? Suggestions for the next chapter? Please help, my poor little brain is dead right now.

## empty time

### Chapter Summary

Sapnap is bored where he is and tortured by where he isn't.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

His phone buzzes as Bad's door swings closed behind him. He hesitates for a second before pulling it out.

*He doesn't love us anymore. Can't even respond to our memes. Clearly he's found some other omega's memes to laugh at*

*You know I would never.*

*SAPPY! Where have you been :(*

*I was asleep. And then I went to see Bad. I promise I wasn't ignoring you, I just didn't check my notifs last night*

*Ok :(*

*He's in sad boi hours now. Take responsibility for your actions >:(*

And well, he was already feeling guilty. And like, this could be interpreted as some kind of practice confession. Really, there are so many good justifications for him opening up a heat friendly delivery service and ordering express delivery of Karl's favourite ice cream to their house.

*Responsibility taken :)*

He gets a text about fifteen minutes later as he's closing his own front door behind him, on his and Quackity's private messages rather than the group chat

*What the fuck sir*

*also he's so happy, thank you so much. The later part of his preheat sucks so he really wasn't having a good time and you just made his day*

*You're always welcome*

He presses his phone against his chest, trying to keep the pounding of his heart locked behind his ribs.

Surely somewhere in this godforsaken apartment there is something that could take his mind off this entire mess.

The apartment is empty. For a moment he considers being annoyed that Dream didn't bother to tell him where he was going before he quickly realises that he hasn't been around on a Saturday in

weeks and a quick check on Dream's private instagram story confirms that it is date night. Wonderful. So smart of him to only be friends with couples who can go and be dumb and in love together.

His weekend is a blank haze. There's a significant level of concern that he has become dependent on Karl and Quackity.

His Monday class goes ignored. He can do it once it's posted online and he has the brain capacity to pay attention. Instead he busies himself with the more mindless components of his homework; finding sources for a report, filling out worksheets for a weekly task. They are effective distractions as long as he makes sure to focus on what he's doing with his hands rather than letting his mind wander.

His phone ringing from the corner of his desk knocks him out of one of these periods of mindless stupor. He almost shoves it off his desk but decides his friends are at least worth the effort of checking who's calling him in the middle of the day on a Monday.

His phone lights up with Quackity's name as he grabs it.

His first thought is definitely not that they have somehow figured out what he's been thinking of and are calling to tell him to not bother coming over ever again. His third thought is definitely not that maybe, just maybe, this is a cry for help and they could be in danger. He refuses to acknowledge the horny second thought that occurs between them.

He picks up the phone.

"Hi Sappy!" There's a bright giggle, a brush of static as something bumps against the phone speaker. "Hi!"

"Hi Q." He swallows. "How are you doing?"

"I'm good. Really good. Karl is being a clingy baby right now and he wanted to talk to you."

"Really?"

"Yeah. You wanna say hi to Sap?"

"Mmm. Hi."

"Hi Karl. You sound kinda sleepy."

"Mmhmm. It's cuddle time. And nap."

"Is Q taking good care of you?" He blushes, suddenly realising that he might not want the answer to that question, even as his Alpha hindbrain craves to know if the omega is comfortable.

"Yeah. Omega is- is so good. Makes me snacks, and cuddles me."

"Oh." That was. Surprisingly wholesome. "That's good. I'm happy that you're happy."

"You wanna tell Alpha what else I do to take care of you?" The edge of Quackity's voice is sharp and teasing.

"Nope! Nope, I don't need to know that!"

Quackity laughs and Sapnap smiles through the heat on his cheeks. A sigh brushes over the microphone, crackling in Sapnap's phone speakers.

“We miss you. The apartment doesn’t feel right anymore without you here.”

“Miss Alpha.”

“Oh?” He bites on the inside of his lip, trying to fight the proud smile waiting to form. “You’ll see me on Friday.”

“Want Alpha here.” Karl’s voice is muffled, pressed into Quackity’s shoulder or the pillow.

“Karl...”

“Yeah. He’s been asking for you.” The grin in Quackity’s voice is sour candy sweet. “You’ve been around too much and now you’re his favourite teddy bear.”

“Oh.” He swallows hard. “Sorry.”

“Don’t apologise.”

“... Okay.” Sapnap tries to breathe slow so the phone doesn’t pick it up. “Do you... need me to get anything for you? I can drop something outside?”

“Nah. We just wanted to hear your voice...” Quackity’s voice trails off into a whisper as Karl yawns in the background. “Thanks for indulging us. You’ve made our day. Again.”

“I’m happy to help. Always.”

“We know.” Quackity’s smile carries through the phone line. “Bye.”

“Bye. Have a nice nap.”

“Bye-bye Alpha.”

The call stays open until he hangs up, keeping the phone clutched in his hand even as it goes dark.

He wants to be there to hold Karl when he’s tired, to brush Quackity’s hair back and place a kiss on his forehead, a quiet thank you for taking care of the other Omega. He wants to wake up in the nest that smells like sugar and home, with hair in his mouth because he’s sure Karl has an even worse sense of personal space when he sleeps, Quackity’s bony knees digging into his side.

He wishes he were an omega so that maybe he could have had a chance with even one of them. He’s thankful he isn’t because they are so much better together, and he wants to watch the way they complete each other forever, wants to fall into place beside them rather than between them.

He breathes in once, twice, bites down on the inside of his lip. Types the message, not letting himself relax until it’s sent.

*Hey, can we meet up at yours before we go out on Friday?*

*Obviously if that’s not an option or whatever that’s fine*

*There’s just something I’d rather figure out in private?*

***Well that’s not ominous at all***

***Sure, apartment should be fine by friday, might just stink a little***

*We're excited to see you :]*

Sapnap sighs, setting his phone face down. He's committed. He's all in. He's over his head and he's going to drown and he's made his peace with that. It's fine. Everything's fine.

*Bad I don't want to do this anymore*

*Do it anyway :)*

*Screw you for giving helpful advice*

*Language.*

He deserves a day off.

"Dream!"

There's some noise from the other side of the wall so he thumps on the plaster until Dream starts yelling at him to stop before he breaks their house.

"Dream!"

His bedroom door slams against the wall. "WHAT! What?!"

"I'm bored. Do something."

"What, now that your other best friends are out of action I'm suddenly good enough again?"

"That's not fair. I've seen you attached at the lips with George more often than not the past three weeks."

"Yeah, but me and George are *dating* . I have an excuse to be...preoccupied."

"Oh, is that the new word for simping?"

"Shut up." Dream flops onto the bed next to him, scrubbing at his hair to tangle his curls together. His fingers are rough, messing his curls across his forehead rather than soothing them back into place the way smaller, more delicate hands do. Sapnap tries and fails to bat his hands away. "What do you want to do?"

"I don't know. Is there a game you want to watch or something?"

"Well, you've missed Saturday games for about the last forever."

"Yeah, yeah, I get it. Put on your stupid football game and I'll make popcorn or something."

## Chapter End Notes

Is it the best chapter I've ever written? No. But it exists. And that's all I can ask for. What do you think is going to happen next? (I already know, but tell me your thoughts in the comments)

# fucking finally

## Chapter Summary

friday arrives after a very long wait

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Friday creeps up on him, lurching towards him in fits and starts. He turns his back on it for a second and suddenly it's Thursday, Friday leaning over his shoulders.

Bad has kept up a constant stream of reassuring texts that have slowly lost their potency as the object of his anxiety approaches. By Thursday night he is tapping his fingers briskly against the back of his phone, eyes glazing against the glare of his laptop. He hasn't added a word to this report in the last hour.

Both the corner of his desk and his forehead have taken a beating in the last few days. He's not sure he has any brain cells left to lose, so there's probably no harm in slamming his head against the corner one more time.

His phone pings from across the room.

*I have returned from my four days of hell!*

*I can't wait to see you tomorrow*

*Missed you so much*

His breath catches in his throat, butterfly wings in his oesophagus, cat playing pat-a-cake with his tongue, all the other cliches. Karl does that to him; turns him into a cliché. Quackity makes him feel more like a revelation. Fuck, that's so cheesy.

*Missed you too.*

*You sure you're good for me to come over? We can wait a day if you need*

*Nah, today was my recovery day*

*Do you really think Q would be letting me socialise if I wasn't back to full health?*

*I think q would let you do anything if you batted your eyes pretty enough*

*True*

*I need to get back to my homework*

*See you tomorrow*

He sets his phone to the side, groaning as he slides the lid of his laptop down. He's going to humiliate himself. He's going to turn himself into a pile of goo and if they weren't worth so much

more than any text conversation could ever convey he'd get the whole mess out of the way now to try and spare himself the awkwardness tomorrow. But maybe he's a romantic and maybe he's an idiot, because he's going to do it. For them.

~~~

The stairs feel like they have gathered dust in his absence, like he's pushing through metres of invisible resistance that settles deeper and deeper as he gets closer. Which is absolutely stupid and he needs to grow the fuck up and get this over with.

The door is thrown open before he's even realised he's knocked. He's slammed into the doorframe, arms clasped around his head barely protecting his skull.

"Karl!"

"Sapnap!" Karl giggles into his shoulder. He smells sweet, like the soap they keep in their shower and the barest remnants of heat that survived the scrubbing.

"Quackity!" comes the yell from deeper in the apartment. Karl looks up at him, giggle reigniting on the tip of his tongue.

"Let's go find him before he accuses us of eloping without him."

"Eloping?!"

Karl just laughs and grabs his hand, fingertips tucking into the crease of his palm. Quackity is coming out of the bedroom as they make it to the mouth of the hallway, which gives him just enough space to take a running start to throw himself at Sapnap.

He doesn't manage to untangle himself from Karl in time so they all stumble back, colliding with the corner of the couch.

"Sappitus Nappitus!" Quackity coos against his shoulder, arms wrapped around his neck. Karl presses into both their sides.

"Hi."

"Did you even miss us? Show some enthusiasm!"

"Of course I missed you." Quackity's nose is cold through the fabric of his shirt. He shivers belatedly.

Karl grins, curling himself in close enough to force his way between Quackity and Sapnap, guiding all three of them to the couch. "And now we're all together!"

Sapnap cheers, quietly, half heartedly. Karl looks up at him, untucking his face from his neck.

"Sapnap? Are you alright?"

"I'm fine."

Karl traps his face between his hands, peering into his eyes even as Sapnap tries to block his attempts. "I don't think you're fine."

"It's ok, really."

“No. I think you need some love to make you better!” Karl squishes his cheeks together, pressing kisses where they bunch up. Sappnap’s hands come up in the sliver of space between their chests, pushing Karl back as gently as he can.

“Wait, wait, um, I just need, like a little bit of space. There’s something I need to say.”

“What?” Karl’s face crumples. “Am I being too clingy? We can back off if you need, we understand that this can be a lot, or if you don’t- If you need us to stop that’s fine.”

“Shh.” Quackity’s arms wind around Karl, pulling him back against his chest so that Q can stare at Sappnap over Karl’s shoulder. “Let him talk, angel.”

“Right.” Sappnap bites the inside of his lip, worrying the sore that has barely had time to heal over the past week. “Um. So. This might not actually be that surprising. I don’t know how much you guys know. But. I have a crush. On you. Yeah.”

A grin crawls its way onto Quackity’s face. “Oh really? Which one of us, Sappnap?” Karl’s knuckles are turning white where he’s clinging to the smaller omega.

“Both of you.” He draws in a gasp of air that catches on all the sharp spines of guilt crawling their way up his throat. “I’m sorry.”

“What on earth do you have to be sorry for, *cariño*?” Quackity unwinds his arms from around Karl, who immediately falls forward to wrap his whole body around Sappnap’s, arms and legs tangling around his waist.

“You’re together.”

“And now we can all be together. What’s the problem here?”

“Really?”

“Of course.” Quackity’s hands are gentle and a little bit cool as they cup his face. “Did you really think we were doing all that flirting because we didn’t like you?”

“Flirting?”

“Oh my god. You moron!”

“Oh. Oh I’m stupid. I am the ultimate idiot.”

Karl peels his face away from Sappnap’s shirt so he can look up at him. “You really are.”

“Listen- listen, you’re- you both like omegas! I didn’t think there was even a chance!”

Quackity rolls his eyes. “Wow. Man really said biphobia. Are you saying I can’t like both?”

“I am an idiot.”

The corner of Quackity’s grin bunches the curve of his cheek. “Our idiot.”

“Yours?”

“Ours.” Karl presses a kiss to the collar of his shirt and his blush promptly dips low enough to reach the spot where his lips touched.

“You’ve been ours for a while actually. You just didn’t notice.” Suddenly the edges of Quackity’s smile seem like the ideal place to rest his hand. His palm settles smoothly over the curve of his cheek, thumb resting in the divot of his smile line, brushing the corner of his lips. Quackity leans into his hands, smile spreading even wider.

“So we’re. Together. All three of us?”

“Yep. We’ll- we can figure out the details later but yep. All of us, all together, all happy and shit.” Quackity nods into the cradle of his hands.

Sapnap shakes his head, sighing, “It was really that easy.”

“Yeah.”

Karl draws back a little, curling further into himself rather than into them, putting up his hand like he’s waiting for someone to call on him so he can talk. “I don’t. Um. I still don’t know how. Sexually attracted I am. To Alphas. Like, I’m graysexual regardless, intimacy and attraction aren’t super correlated for me anyway, but like. Yeah. If that’s a problem, I don’t know.”

“Oh.” Sapnap blinks, space between his brows furrowing. Then the blush rises up. “Oh! So we won’t, like, y’know- cause I’m fine with that! We don’t have to, absolutely not!”

Karl giggles, pressing a little further into his space, arms unfurling from where they were crossed across his chest to rest on his knee. “I didn’t say we couldn’t. Just that I’ve never been sexually attracted to an Alpha before. It’ll be a learning experience.”

“Right. Yeah.” His cheeks glow from the inside as Karl burns his brain to the ground.

“Aww, is Alpha shy?” Quackity pokes at his cheeks.

“Shut the fuck up.” Titling him at a time like this is just plain rude, he’s already feeling so sensitive, honestly, does Quackity want his heart to explode?

“I guess you’re too shy for a kiss then.”

“What.” His eyes lock onto Quackity’s lips where they curl around his grin.

“I couldn’t kiss you, what if all the blood goes from your brain to your face and you die? I wouldn’t want to be a murderer.”

His cheeks warm up even more. “Please. I promise I’ll try not to die.”

“Okay. As long as you try your best.” Quackity’s hands settle on the back of the couch on either side of his head, sinking into the cushions to bring them closer together. Dark eyes pin him down, giving him the space of a few blinks to catch his breath before Quackity dips down towards him.

Quackity’s lips are dry and soft against his own. His brain is short circuiting, incapable of processing anything, but he’s pretty sure it feels amazing, even if it’s brief.

They break apart to the sound of Karl’s enamoured giggles, hands pressing into both of their ribs as Karl tries to draw them both closer to himself.

“Oh my goodness. The two most handsome men in the world.”

“Oh my goodness.” Quackity reaches out a hand so he can loop Karl down against the back of the couch next to Sapnap, looking down at both of them. “The two most beautiful boys in the world.”

He sits back, halfway in Sapnap's lap. "Now kiss."

"Us?" Sapnap glances across at Karl.

"Yes." Quackity stares down at them. "Get to it."

Karl giggles, hooking his fingers on Sapnap's jaw, turning him towards the omega. "Do you not want to kiss me, Sappy?"

"Yes! I mean, yes, I want to kiss you. Please can I kiss you?"

"Of course." Karl waits for him to lean all the way in before leaning down to close the last few centimetres. It's gentle and warm, and the butterflies in his stomach surge up to fill his throat and head.

He can feel Karl's chapstick rubbing off onto his own skin, sweet and tacky, letting them slide against each other as Karl presses even closer.

Quackity leans down to rest on his shoulder, getting the close up view as he and Karl break apart.

Karl hums, licking his lips. "Mm. Again."

Sapnap leans back in as if compelled. He can feel Quackity's teeth against his shoulder as he grins. Karl kisses him again and again, giving him time for only sips of air between short pecks and drawn out pulls at Sapnap's lower lip. Sapnap is happy to starve of oxygen until he has to pull away with a gasp at a brush of sensation over his scent gland.

"Quackity!"

"What?" Quackity's eyes sparkle with faux innocence. His fingertips tap over the sensitive skin just below his scent gland. "Am I doing something you don't like?"

"No.. It's just. A lot."

"Okay baby." Quackity pecks him softly, just once. "We can slow down."

Karl nestles himself even closer to Sapnap, jostling against Quackity for real estate on Sapnap's lap, all three sets of legs tangled together. Sapnap winds an arm around Quackity to keep him steady as Karl moves and then just... leaves it there. Because he's allowed to leave his hand resting on the edge of Quackity's hipbone, palm splayed across the small of his back, waist held in the crook of his elbow. He can hold them now. He winds his other hand into the curve of Karl's palm, fingertips smoothing over his lifelines. He has them both so close and he doesn't have to worry about them slipping out of reach any more.

"Can..." he tips his head back, staring at the ceiling as he briefly contemplates his own existence and whether the mortification is worth it. "Can the two of you kiss?"

"Oh?" Bony fingers curl into the ends of his hair. "That's what you want?"

"Why would I kiss him? He's boring and old and I get to kiss him all the time." Karl pushes himself up a little so he can reach the corner of Sapnap's lips at the awkward angle.

Quackity giggles and turns his face into Karl's shoulder. Sapnap picks his head back up so he can look at them as they laugh together.

Karl leans in to press a dramatic kiss to Quackity's cheek, accompanied by a dramatic 'mwah!' The

other omega grins, tilting them together so that he can kiss Karl properly.

Sapnap's hand drifts across where the omega's arms are intertwined, gently touching fabric covered shoulders and the thin skin of wrists where it peeks out of hoodie cuffs. They're beautiful and delicate together, tangled into a work of living art, still splayed out over his lap.

## Chapter End Notes

A chapter! Only a little bit late!

So... was it worth it?? 29 chapters of slow burn?

What do we think is going to happen next?

# first date vibes

## Chapter Summary

in which leaving the house is a twenty step process that takes a whole chapter

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Sapnap closes his eyes, leaning into the back of the couch. Above him Karl giggles, darting closer to nip at his jaw.

“What’s wrong?”

“Just... give me a minute.”

Karl laughs again but a moment later the couch dips on either side of him, both omegas settling against his side. Quackity’s hand worms its way into his grasp, locking their fingers together. He gathers breath into his lungs until the pressure quells the heart palpitations and he thinks he might be able to see straight again. Then he lets it back out.

“So... Am I taking you on that date?”

Quackity shakes their joined hands around. “No, no. You were the big brave Alpha and confessed to us, so we’re taking *you* out.”

“That doesn’t sound right. I’m pretty sure if I proposed courting then I’m supposed to be the one doing the date organising and gifting and shit.”

“You got us ice cream. That’s like, a gift and a date all at once. Our turn now.”

“I wasn’t even here to give it to you!”

“Doesn’t matter.” Quackity leans into his shoulder, pressing a kiss to his cheek. “We’re going to take you out and romance you so good and there’s nothing you can do about it.”

“Oh no. I’m so scared.”

“You should be. Karl does not take PDA lightly. He turns into a little demon.”

Karl holds up his hands, curled into claws that are made all the less intimidating by the fact they’re half covered in sweater paws. “Grrr...” He trails off into giggles. “If you don’t like it you can just let me know in advance. I’ll just double down my attack on Q if it makes you uncomfy.”

“No! No, I don’t want you to stop. Just. I might be a bit embarrassed. I’m not used to. This.”

“That’s okay baby, we can keep it low key for today.” Karl links their fingers together. “I am going to hold your hand the whole time though.”

“I can live with that.” He brings Karl’s hand up to his lips to press a kiss against the back of his palm. His nose brushes against the side of his wrist where his scent is strong, although muddled by

the smell of soap and Sapnap's own scent.

Quackity grins, grabbing Sapnap's other hand. "We'll hold him captive."

"Oh no. What will I do?" He reels Quackity in, lips brushing against his cheek. "Where are we going?"

"Celebratory dinner!" Karl throws their joined hands in the air, narrowly avoiding smacking Sapnap in the face.

"Fancy fuckin... French food or something. Only the best for my babies." Quackity stands up, tugging Sapnap half off the couch as he reaches for his phone.

"We're gonna be all sophisticated and shit." Karl leans into Sapnap's side, hair tickling his neck.

Quackity snorts. "Not that sophisticated. I'd love to show you a good time, but I don't think current resources are gonna stretch much further than Olive Garden."

"Olive Garden!" Karl cheers, reaching around Sapnap to grab Quackity's shoulder, squashing them all together.

"Yeah!" Sapnap rocks them all back and forth, feeding into Karl's hype, watching Quackity's grin grow. He rolls his eyes, fighting out of their hold, still messing with his phone.

"Ok, but like actually, we don't have to go to Olive Garden."

Karl shakes his head. "Nope. I want Olive Garden now. Plus like, actually fancy food is gross anyway."

"You only say that because your taste buds are weird. But I'm also happy to go to Olive Garden." Sapnap lets Karl mess up his hair in revenge. No other reason. Definitely not because it's just another excuse to get close to him.

Quackity sinks back onto the sofa next to them. "Are you sure? It's like, our first date, I want it to be nice."

"We're college students, Olive Garden is nice. Plus, we're not gonna get kicked out for being loud and clingy or anything?"

Karl pouts at him from where his chin is propped on his shoulder. "You think I'm loud and clingy?"

"Yes." He tries to twist his head around enough but ends up having to pull Karl partially into his lap to land a kiss on his nose. "Loud and clingy and amazing."

Quackity reaches out a hand to gently shove them apart. "Alright, alright. Are we going on this date or not?"

Karl bounces off the couch, tugging them all up with him. "Let's go, let's go!"

Sapnap stands still, partially shell shocked and partially trying to keep out of the way as the omegas twirl around him, getting ready to go out. He hasn't been here long enough for his phone to go wandering off to some corner like it normally does and his wallet is still in his pocket.

Karl darts past him with a bottle of perfume, leaves it on the corner of the kitchen counter as he reaches out to grab his phone off the charger. Quackity picks it up as he walks past, dropping it

back in the bathroom.

“Do I look okay?”

His eyes flicker over Karl’s sweater and skinny jeans. “You look great.”

“Are you sure? I might go change my shirt...”

“Seriously. You look fine.”

“Nope. I’m going to change.”

Karl rushes into the bedroom just as Quackity comes out in a fresh t-shirt with his leather jacket thrown over his shoulder.

“He’s going to be in there forever.” Quackity leans against the counter. His eyes lock onto Sapnap’s, gaze dragging him in until he’s leaning on a hand on either side of the omega, caging him against the counter.

Quackity grins, tipping his head up a little so their lips brush together. “Cute.”

He looks down at where he’s essentially got him trapped, going to pull back. “Sorry.”

“No, no, this is adorable. Such a cute little Alpha.”

“I’m taller than you, nimrod.”

“Teeny tiny.” Quackity kisses him, lips pressed harshly against his in a way that forces him to push back. He breaks the pressure with a bite to Sapnap’s lower lip, leaning back. “Fuck, can’t believe that we could have been doing that for ages. Why’d you wait so long to tell us?”

Sapnap rolls his eyes. “I’m so sorry for being dumb.”

“Well. We were being dumb too.” Another, softer, kiss is pressed to his lips before Quackity slips out of his arms. He lets him go, even as his heart wrenches in his chest, begging him to keep clinging on.

Quackity knocks on the bedroom door. “Karl, c’mon!”

“Coming!” The bedroom door is thrown open, Karl leaning back against the frame with a hand tossed dramatically over his head. “How do I look?”

“Ravishing, darling.” The sentiment is ruined a little by Quackity’s poor attempt at a british accent, sending them both giggling. Sapnap grins, stepping over to take each of their hands.

“You look adorable.” He really does, mint green pullover contrasting the pink in his cheeks. “Can we go now?”

“Ok.” Karl kisses the back of his hand, Quackity guides them towards the door.

The stairs are surprisingly hard to navigate without the use of his hands. Karl tumbles down in front of them, yanking him along in jolts and starts that almost dislocate his shoulder every time the omega decides to take three stairs at once. Quackity goes at a more sedate pace, leaving their joined arms to swing between them, which is cute until he starts putting a little more force into every swing till it’s almost knocking both of them over.

Karl takes the last flight of stairs at a run, finally dropping his hand. Sapnap almost breathes a sigh of relief until Quackity grins and takes off after him, yanking Sapnap along. He manages to remain upright, barely, until he stumbles on the last stair at the abrupt change in incline, falling into Quackity.

Quackity's still laughing as they go down, falling onto the floor at Karl's feet.

"You nimrod!" He rolls off Quackity's back, trying to avoid crushing him any more than he already has.

Karl bounces around them, toes tapping on the linoleum. "Let's go, let's go, let's go!"

"Calm down baby." Quackity reaches for Karl to pull him back up. Sheer enthusiasm almost sends him flying.

"Oh my god, Karl." Sapnap climbs back to his feet, brushing himself off. "Are you okay?"

"I am. So unbelievably good." Unbelievably good and shaking so bad that it's moving Quackity as well.

"Come here." Quackity wraps his arms around Karl's shoulders, squeezing hard. "Deep breaths."

"I'm fine." Karl's forehead thunks concerningly loud against Quackity's collarbone. His breathing is quick and light, echoing in the hollow of Quackity's clavicle. "We gotta go! Gotta- gotta go on a date."

"We're going. After you calm the fuck down."

"Don't tell me what to do."

Sapnap stands awkwardly to the side as Quackity coaxes Karl's feet back onto the floor and his thoughts back into his head, until gravity finally latches back onto him and he stops bouncing.

"Ready?"

"Ready."

Quackity smoothly transitions his hold to Karl's hand without ever losing contact with him. He takes a breath, reaching out for Karl's other hand, squeezing his hand tightly before relaxing into a hold that he hopes is comforting. Karl squeezes back. He thinks that's good.

The Olive Garden is in the middle of town in the opposite direction of campus. Walking feels like more of an experience than it normally does, a combination of the less familiar landmarks and Karl's hand wrapped in his own. He swears the streets drift by, overlaid with Quackity's light chatter and Karl's giggles. He finds himself falling quiet, watching their three sets of shoes step down the pavement in line with one another.

"Sappitus Nappitus!" Karl's hand wiggles in his grip.

"Hmm?"

"He isn't listening, your honour! He doesn't even care!" Karl cries out, voice loud in his ears from how close they're standing. He leans a little closer still.

"Sorry."

“Can’t believe we’re not the centre of your attention at all times. How dare you have other thoughts.” Quackity shakes his head.

Sapnap just shrugs, creating a little wiggle in the chain of hands.

Karl groans, lolling his head onto Quackity’s shoulder. “How much longer do we have to walk?”

“It’s literally two more blocks.”

There’s a resounding groan in response. “That’s so far!”

Quackity nudges him off. “You’ll survive.”

“Mm. Carry me.”

“No. You have enough energy right now to power a nuclear power station, you don’t need to drain my meagre reserves.”

Sapnap tugs gently at Karl. “I can carry you if you need?”

“Really? You’d do that for me?” Karl releases their hands to throw his arms around Sapnap. “Suddenly I have a favourite boyfriend!”

“No! You can’t give in, Sapnap!”

Karl just giggles as Sapnap turns around, hopping up onto his back. “You’re just mad cause you’re not strong like Sapnap.” Fingers clasp around thin wrists beneath his chin, knees hooking over his hip bones. He reaches down to grab Karl’s thighs, hoisting him up. His jeans do not do a good job of preventing Sapnap from feeling the shape of his leg beneath his grip.

Karl nuzzles into the hair behind his ear. Quackity rolls his eyes at both of them but grins at Sapnap’s blush, turning to keep walking towards the restaurant.

“Giddy up!”

“I’ll drop you.” He starts walking anyway, taking a few quick steps to catch up to Quackity, Karl bouncing on his back. When they come to the corner, waiting to cross the street, Karl reaches out to reel Quackity even closer to them, pulling him up as he leans down until their lips connect over Sapnap’s shoulder.

The crossing light turns green as Quackity drops back onto his heels, Karl pulling back to bury his face in the back of Sapnap’s head.

“Okay then.” He clears his throat, taking a careful step off the curb. Quackity’s grin is cavalier, striding ahead of them to open the door of the restaurant.

“After you.”

Sapnap drops Karl back to the pavement, bringing him around beside him to reattach their hands.

“Thank you very much, good sir.” Karl coos, tugging him along into the restaurant.

This chapter is not late! Despite the fact that I've had two essays due and a test in the two weeks since the last one. Never mind that it's only half of the date chapter that I originally planned.

Let me know in the comments what should go right and what should go wrong on the date! (but please keep in mind that my poor heart is weak to second hand embarrassment. i can't do it y'all.)

# wine and dine, bitches

## Chapter Summary

as seen in the title

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The hostess looks up from her lectern as Karl and Sarnap stumble through the door, Quackity darting in after them.

“Hello. Uh, table for three? Please.” Sarnap clears his throat, trying to stand up a little straighter.

“Right.” She side eyes a still giggling Karl, propped up between Sarnap and Quackity, who still won’t stop grinning. “Follow me.”

“Thank you.” Sarnap tugs the omegas along, feeling the heat in his cheeks intensify at the awareness that there are people around them, *looking* at them, at Karl’s hand wrapped in his own.

The table is in a back corner, pressed against a wall, halfway hidden by a cluster of booths. To be fair, Sarnap isn’t sure he’d trust them to behave themselves in the middle of the restaurant either.

“I’ll be right back with some water and some breadsticks.”

Quackity plops down in the seat that’s facing the wall, leaving Sarnap and Karl to sit across from each other. His hand feels cold when Karl lets go.

“So.” He clears his throat, startling a little when both omegas suddenly pin their attention on him. “Um. Is this when we’re supposed to like. Talk. Y’know.”

“Oh!” Karl giggles. “Yeah.”

“I mean.” Sarnap rubs at the back of his neck. “I don’t know. We don’t have to. It’s just- our first date, it seemed, I dunno, appropriate?”

“We can talk.” Karl leans forward across the table until there’s only a handful of inches between their noses. “You’re our boyfriend.”

Quackity nods in his peripheral vision. “If you want.”

“Nope! There’s nothing you can do about it.” Karl’s smile curls, drawing his own with it through sheer magnetism and proximity.

“I want to.”

Karl leans back. “Good! That’s settled then!”

“I think he meant actually talk, baby.”

“I know that.” Karl glances to the side. “I just...”

“We were both a little worried about how the whole polyamory thing would go down. Especially Karl.” Quackity’s hand folds over Karl’s.

“Oh.” Sapnap shrugs. “I mean. Obviously if I already liked both of you I was gonna be okay with it? I was way more worried about you guys being okay with it.”

Karl looks up at him, blinking slowly. “I’ve identified as polyamorous for years.”

Quackity nods. “Kudos to you man. I freaked out when Karl told me. And then freaked out again when I realised we both liked you.”

Sapnap makes eye contact with Karl and has to stifle his grin, glancing away. Karl grins in response. “What? What’s so funny?”

“I’m sorry.”

“What!”

“No, it’s too mean.”

“Tell me!” Karl grabs his hand, causing a criss cross of arms across the table where Q still hasn’t let go of Karl’s other hand.

“I was just thinking- were you one of those kids in high school who was just going through a perpetual sexuality crisis and had all the flags for like, every sexuality you ever possibly could have identified as?” Karl’s jaw drops. “Not that that’s a bad thing!”

“Oh my god he totally was!” Quackity thumps the table, the silverware tinkling against itself. “And every time he figured out some new label he would have this big dramatic coming out moment with his mom, as if anything was gonna phase her after she found out he liked the scrawny omega kid from down the street.”

“Shut up! You’re both meanies.” Karl draws both his hands back, crossing his arms over his chest as if to underline his pout.

“Anyway. Now that we’ve established that we’re all good and chill with the fact that polyamory exists, how are *we* going to do this?”

“Well. I mean. I’m down for. Whatever you guys want. Like, I’ll take whatever I can get.” He flushes as Quackity coos at him.

“Trust me, I wanna give you everything, baby boy.” He can feel the blush warming the tips of his ears as Quackity’s palm settles on his knee, thankfully under the cover of the table.

He almost jumps at the sound of approaching footsteps. The waitress slides a basket of bread and a pitcher of water onto the table. “What can I get for y’all today?”

Karl taps the corner of the menu against the table top. “Can I get the butter noodles but with the parmesan on the side?”

She scribbles on her notebook. “I’m sure we can do that for you.”

Sapnap grins. “Told you that we shouldn’t have gone anywhere fancy.”

Karl just sticks his tongue out. Under the table the toe of Karl’s converse collides with his shin.

"I'll have the fettucini with the red wine sauce." Quackity folds his menu closed, gathering it along with Karl's to hand back to the waitress.

"And for you sir?"

"Umm. Just the beef lasagne."

She nods, darting back to the more populated part of the restaurant.

Quackity folds his hands under his chin. "So... now that we're alone...." His eyebrows wiggle, brushing up against the hem of his beanie.

"Shut up, you pervert." Karl taps on the edge of the table, bumping it gradually towards Sapnap in tiny increments.

"Make me."

"I'll make out with you right now. Don't think that I won't."

"Do it," Quackity goads, leaning in, hands braced on the corner of the table so hard it starts tilting.

"Guys..." Sapnap is definitely not whining behind his hands. Karl giggles, prying his fingers away from his eyes.

"Sorry, are we embarrassing you babe?"

"Oh my god." *Babe*. He's babe now. What reality is he living in?

"So." Quackity grabs each of their hands, squeezing until they both look at him. "Boyfriends. Yes?"

Sapnap nods along with Karl. "Yes."

"So surely- and Karl, feel free to correct me if I'm wrong- we just treat this like any other relationship. Me and Karl have different boundaries, obviously, so it wouldn't make sense to try and treat it as one big conversation. We can just- feel it out as we go. We know how to talk to each other. Yeah?"

Sapnap blinks. Draws in a breath. "I- Yeah. Okay."

"Okay?"

"I don't know. It feels too easy?"

Karl's smile is dazzling. "Why can't it be easy?"

Quackity snorts. "It's not going to be easy. It's going to be just as hard as any other relationship."

"Shh. It's going to be so easy. We're perfect." Karl giggles, gripping both of their hands.

"Okay." Slowly, he brings both omega's hands up to his lips, brushing a soft kiss against the back of each of their palms. Karl squeals, Quackity moves to cradle his face.

"Cute."

"Shut up." He leans into the pressure of fingertips against his temple, kissing his palm. Quackity's

fingers tease out the curls around his face and it feels so nice he almost doesn't pull away, but there's a spike of noise from around them and he carefully extracts himself from the intimate hold. "Sorry."

"It's okay." Quackity slips his hand under the table instead, laying it palm up on his knee until Sapnap links their fingers together.

"Guys. This is so cute." Karl squeezes Sapnap's hand. "We're so cute. I love all the hand holding. But also... How are we supposed to eat?"

Quackity laughs. "You can let go, angel."

"Noo..."

Sapnap lets go for him, grabbing one of the breadsticks off the table. Karl shrieks when he uses it to poke him, then leans down to bite it, lashes fluttering suggestively.

Sapnap giggles, feeding him the rest of the bread. Quackity pours them all glasses of water and his knuckles brush against Sapnap's arm as he sets them down.

Karl leans back in his chair, hand over his full mouth as he smiles.

"You're gonna fall over."

"Look ma, no hands!" Karl throws his hands up, sending his chair wobbling backwards until he catches himself on the wall. He remains upright, the chair does not.

He tries really hard not to look around to see who's staring at them. He doesn't succeed. But at least he manages to laugh while he does it. Quackity is too busy cackling to look so he has to be self conscious for all of them.

"That was intentional."

"Sure babe." Quackity gasps as he wipes a tear from the corner of his eye. Karl picks up his chair, sitting back down with as much grace as he could. Sapnap grabs his hand as soon as he's within reach.

"Sapnap's my favourite."

"Screw you." Quackity sticks out his tongue, biting down on it as he fails to suppress his smile. Karl leans over to kiss the intersection of his cheek and his smile lines. Sapnap intertwines their hands, squeezing as gently as he can to try and convey how soft they look curled into each other like that.

A throat is cleared behind them. "Your food, sirs?"

"Oh. Yes. Sorry." He retracts his hands.

"Right. The butter noodles?"

"Yes please!" Karl bounces in his seat as she puts the plate down in front of him, along with the little saucer of parmesan cheese. Sapnap makes a space for her to pass him his lasagne.

"Enjoy."

Quackity waits until she leaves to unfold his flimsy paper napkin, flicking it out and tucking it into

the collar of his shirt. He picks up the bottle of water. “More wine, monsieur?”

“Oui!” Karl holds out his water glass for Quackity to fill, which he does with a flourish. Karl brings it to his lips, taking a loud sip.

“And for you, sir?” Sapnap smiles, holding out his own glass.

“A toast!” Karl raises his glass, splashing a little water on the tablecloth.

“Sure.” Sapnap clinks his glass with Karl’s. “What are we toasting?”

“To Sapnap!”

“No! To Karl and Quackity!”

“To us, you fucking nimrods.” Quackity pushes all of their glasses together before tipping them back, gulping down the water.

Sapnap grins against the rim of his cup. “I don’t know whether I’m wooed or insulted.”

Quackity pulls the napkin back out of his collar to attempt to hit him with it. “Be wooed, you dickhead.”

## Chapter End Notes

this was supposed to be one chapter and it's quickly turning into three... next chapter will be after the date I think, and will hopefully be one chapter rather than two, but who knows what will get written, it's exam season.  
anyway, tell me your thoughts. please.

# Sapnap knows how to be a functional human being. Definitely.

## Chapter Summary

post date snuggles

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Karl swings his hands into the air, dragging Quackity along with him. Breaths make tiny puffs in the cool air. Sapnap tucks his and Quackity's clasped fingers into his pocket, rubbing across bony knuckles to bring warmth back into them.

"We should go out for dinner every week! We've been wasting a perfectly good date opportunity by staying in! We can go get sushi, and ice cream, and coffee, and- and we can find so many cool places to go!"

"No thanks. I might die if I'm forced to interact with actual people that often." Sapnap's heart is still recovering from when the waitress had asked if they'd like to split the check and Quackity had winked dramatically at both of them before declining.

"Occasionally. Not every week. Otherwise when will I get to kiss your pretty faces?"

Karl pouts, stooping down until Quackity gives him a peck on the lips.

"W-where's my kiss?" His cheeks flush at the catch in his voice as Quackity smiles at him.

"Awww, you want a kiss too?"

"Yeah."

Quackity pulls them to a stop so he can tug Sapnap closer, pressing a gentle kiss to the corner of his lips. "You're cute."

"Shut up."

Karl tugs at Quackity's hand, pulling them apart and dragging them along. "Gotta go home! It's cuddle time!"

"The fact that he's so happy about it always makes you feel good, y'know?" Quackity leans in to murmur to him. "It's hard to second guess if he loves you when he's so damn enthusiastic about it."

"It's adorable."

Quackity nods sagely. "Just the perfect omega. Makes you feel wanted and needed and he's just so pretty."

Karl glances over his shoulder as he opens the door of the apartment building, holding it for them. "I can hear you both."

“We know.”

The stairs are taken at a much more sedate pace this time. Karl keeps glancing back over his shoulder, like an excited puppy that needs to double check that his human’s haven’t ceased to exist in the time where he was looking away. Every time he makes eye contact with Sappnap the Alpha imagines his tail wagging faster and faster.

“Cuddle time, cuddle time...” Karl mutters under his breath as he digs the key out of his pocket. Sappnap wraps an arm around Quackity’s waist and is somehow startled when he leans into it, hand sliding up to rest on his collarbone.

Karl pushes the door open and in a moment of stupidity, Sappnap deludes himself into thinking he can lift Quackity up. The reality is... Much less romantic than imagined. He ends up lifting him from the waist, wobbling his way into the apartment. Quackity is cackling, open mouth pressed to his curls with his hands braced on his shoulders.

He drops him onto the couch with a huff, flopping down next to him.

“Idiot- idiot Alpha energy, oh my god!” Quackity crawls over to him, flopping into his lap. Karl takes his place, kicking his legs up onto the couch so that his knees are pressed against Quackity’s thighs where they’re lying parallel to Sappnap’s.

“Our idiot.” Fingers tangle in the hair laying across the nape of his neck. His head tips back into the contact. Which ends up being a mistake, leaving his throat vulnerable to attack. Karl giggles as his teeth graze the skin beneath Sappnap’s ear, biting down as he jolts at the contact. “Our Alpha.”

“You menace.” Sappnap drags Karl closer until he can grab him by the jaw, shaking him gently. “You’re just using this as an excuse to torment me.” He drops his hand to Karl’s shoulder, pulling him against his chest to join the stack of boyfriends forming on the couch. Boyfriends. Wow.

“Oh no! The jig is up! We’re only dating you so that we can bully you and get away with it.” Quackity leans against his chest, looking up at him with a grin that curls with mischief and finishes with the soft touch of affection.

“I won’t let you get away with these schemes.”

“Hmm.” Quackity presses up until their lips slide over each other’s, drawing back in slow pulls that leave Sappnap aching for more. His words brush over his lips in the sliver of space between them. “Am I forgiven?”

“Yeah...” Sappnap sighs, staring into the omega’s eyes through heavy lids. “Wait- no, this is just you getting away with it!”

Karl screeches, burrowing into his neck. “He’s onto us!”

His fingers dig into Karl’s ribs, sending him squirming. “You muffinhead!”

Quackity laughs along with their screaming, throwing himself onto the arm of the couch to avoid the flailing limbs.

“Mercy! Mercy!” Karl cries, trying to simultaneously cling onto Sappnap and push him away. He slows the tickling to a stop, leaving his hands splayed across Karl’s rib cage.

Giggling, Karl squirms his way out of his arms. “I’m gonna go pee. Don’t get too lonely without me boys~” Karl flounces down the hall. Sappnap can hear the bathroom door close behind him.

He turns to the other omega where he's sprawled beside him. "What was the thing you did on the stairs? To calm Karl down?"

Quackity raises an eyebrow. "You mean when I hugged him?"

"Yeah."

"Literally just compression." Quackity makes a crushing movement with his hands. "Like, squeezing all the energy out of him. Like he's a stress ball."

"Teach me?"

"It's literally just even pressure and you squeeze tight." Quackity reaches around his shoulders, holding him close to his chest. His arms constrict more and more, crushing his shoulder blades together around his spine. At first he tries to resist it, but the moment he exhales it feels impossible to hold tension when the omega is this close, this present.

Quackity's arms slip away, leaving him cold and floating for a second.

"Oh."

"Yeah. It's nice, isn't it?" Quackity leans back into the sofa cushions. "Karl just melts, y'know. It really helps me feel like I'm helping in some tangible way."

"Yeah. Yeah, it's nice." He grabs his own arms. Quackity tilts his head.

"You good?"

"Fine."

"Baby. Do you want a hug?"

"Please."

Quackity folds him into his arms, pulling Sappnap down on top of him. "You know you can just ask, right? You can always ask."

"I guess." He shifts his weight onto his knees where they're braced on the couch. "Are you.. Comfortable?"

"Yes. Come back here." Quackity wraps his arms around his shoulders and yanks, sending Sappnap careening into his chest. "You're being stupid."

"I know."

"So stop it."

"I'm trying." The collar of Quackity's shirt is coarse against his nose. "Still getting used to it."

"That's okay. Still can't believe everything's worked out so well."

"Yeah." He looks up at the omega. "You're pretty. Too pretty to believe you're mine."

"These are lies sir. False." Quackity boops his nose before nuzzling against it with his own. "Get it through your thick skull that we like you and that must mean you're good enough."

Karl throws himself over the back of the couch, landing directly on Sapnap's ribs. Beneath him Quackity lets out a squeak. "What'cha talkin' about?"

"Nothing." He tries to shift Karl's weight off him but only manages to get stabbed with an elbow.

"Sappy is an anxious adorable baby."

"Aww." Karl pinches his cheeks. "We already knew that though."

"It's not my fault. You're both just too confident. It makes me look anxious by comparison."

"Lies." Karl twists around so he's actually sitting on the couch rather than sprawled out over Sapnap. His head tilts back into the couch cushions as he yawns.

Sapnap tries to remove himself from on top of Quackity without crushing him and almost immediately fails, trying to get an arm underneath himself and face planting into Quackity's shoulder. Karl giggles behind him, Q wrapping his arms even tighter around him.

"Quackity! Let me up!"

Quackity pretends to consider. "No. Not until you tell me you're pretty."

He rolls his eyes, setting his chin on Quackity's collarbones. "I'm not pretty."

"You are. But I'll settle for handsome."

"Mmm. Our handsome baby."

"Fine. I'm handsome. Are you happy now?"

Quackity lets him go. He rolls off of him, landing in the gap between Q and the back of the couch. Karl reaches out to pull him upright, which he blindly, stupidly trusts, and is somehow surprised when he ends up half on top of Karl.

"My baby!"

"Why are you like this, huh?" He reaches up to poke him in the nose, smiling when Karl gives a little "boop!" in response. "Why are you like this?"

"Dunno." Karl punctuates himself with another tiny yawn that Sapnap is compelled to copy.

"Aww, look, he likes you!" Quackity scoots up behind him.

"Oh my god. That's crazy. I think I like him too." Karl giggles, listing into his shoulder. Sapnap brings a hand up to cup his cheek.

Karl's eyes flutter, lashes tickling his knuckles as they trace the circles under his eyes.

"You should go to bed, K."

"Noooo... Wanna stay here."

"Q will still be with you in your nest. And I'll still be here in the morning." He looks up at Quackity, trying to silently double check if it's still appropriate for him to stay given the new arrangement. The omega is pouting a little, furrow forming between his brows. "Or I can go home and come back tomorrow?"

“Are you not going to be in the nest as well? Would you really rather sleep on the stupid couch than with us?”

“Is that not-... Aren’t we moving too fast? I don’t want to, like, push any boundaries. Or intrude; you guys still need your private space.”

“That’s sweet of you.” Quackity pats his cheek patronisingly. “Get your ass in that nest.”

“Yes sir.” He lifts Karl as best he can, straining his shoulders at the odd angle. “C’mon, work with me here.”

Karl mumbles, displeased, but moves away from Sapnap so he can stand up, turning back around to lift Karl up with him. Karl flops forward onto his shoulder, allowing him to hoist him up, arms looped around his shoulder and Sapnap’s hands at his waist to support his weight as best he can. With slow shuffling steps Sapnap inches them towards the bedroom, Quackity moving around the living room behind them to clean up, flicking off the lights as they go.

Karl collapses into the bed, crushing the closest wall of the nest. A whiff of scent flies up as he disrupts the blankets, leftover heat scent and the faint hint of arousal. Sapnap blushes, trying not to breathe too deep as he kneels down to untie Karl’s shoes.

Quackity comes through the door behind him as he sets Karl’s shoes to the side. He stands up quickly, moving away from Karl.

“You’re so jumpy.” Quackity giggles, poking at the tense muscle of his shoulder. He does, in fact, jump. Quackity laughs again. “Calm down.”

“I’ll try.”

Quackity leans onto the bed hovering over Karl. “Bebe. Can I take your jeans off so that you can sleep?”

Karl’s nose crinkles with a yawn. “Yeah.”

Quackity pecks the tip of his nose before moving down to shimmy off his skinny jeans. Sapnap looks away.

“You absolute prude.” There’s the shuffling of blankets and the opening and closing of a drawer from behind him. “Will you get in the bed now that we’re both adequately covered up?”

He turns around. Karl has been tucked under the blankets and Quackity has changed into pyjama pants, holding out a hand to him. He takes it with no small amount of caution, ready for Quackity to yank him in. But instead he just holds it there, waiting for Sapnap to climb in on his own.

He tries not to push anything out of place as he climbs in, wary that Karl might be a little more protective than usual in the come down from his heat, especially when Sapnap’s scent is probably nervous and eager. He tries to take some deep breaths to calm down, but only ends up with a noseful of Quackity’s scent as he settles down next to him. He sits up abruptly, takes another deep breath that still smells like nest and omega and love but at least this time he’s ready for it. He reaches over to turn off the bedside light before lying back down.

“You ok?” Quackity’s nose nudges against his shoulder, dark eyes staring up at him in the cloudy dim of the room.

“Fine.”

He hums slowly, nosing a little closer to the Alpha's neck before looking up with a question in the line between his brows. Sappnap sighs, tilting his head a little further into the pillows as Quackity rubs his cheek against the skin of his throat.

"Me too..." Karl mumbles from over Quackity's shoulder. The omega rolls over, pressing his scent gland right up against Karl's. There's a sharp spike in the scent in the air, both omega's scents mingling as Quackity coaxes a full scent mark onto Karl. The taller omega sighs, melting even deeper into the mattress, eyes closing. "Mm. Love you."

"Love you too. Go to sleep, I'll take care of Sappy."

"Mmm."

"You're going to take care of me?"

"Yeah." Quackity smiles. "Make sure you get to sleep without thinking so hard your eyeballs explode."

"Wow. I guess I do need taking care of then."

"Yeah." The tip of Q's nose brushes the tendons of his throat, a gentle nuzzle. He probably smells overbearing, Alpha scent spilling all over their bed. But Quackity keeps scenting him softly. "Calm down."

"Calm down?" He wraps an arm around Quackity's waist, drawing him up a bit so that they're nose to nose. "I- How am I supposed to calm down? You- You're both right here. Today is the most exciting thing that's ever happened to me. I don't think it's possible to sleep."

"Hmm. But you're exhausted baby."

He doesn't feel the weight in his head until fingers trace over his temples, dipping down to draw little circles beside his heavy eyelids. His eyes slip closed under Quackity's coaxing, only sliding back open as a weight settles onto his chest.

"Shhh. Just relax, *cariño* ." Quackity's head rests on his shoulder, body pressing down against his own. He draws in a deep breath, feeling the omega shift against him, compensating for the expanding of his lungs. It feels real. It feels like being part of the same thing, as close as they can possibly get in this moment. He holds Quackity a little bit closer and lets himself drift.

## Chapter End Notes

I'm posting! Kind of on time! During EXAMS!

this was pre-written, I haven't touched any of my writing in days, studying is killing me. So the next chapter is. non existent.

But the rest of the story is planned! So let me know what you think is gonna happen in the comments and I'll quietly laugh at all the incorrect theories.

## mornings with the boys

### Chapter Summary

the morning after the date (because this somehow became its own chapter)

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

He wakes up to something moving against his face and the need to pee. An attempt to roll over is thwarted by an arm tangled around his neck.

“Hmm.” He opens his eyes only to be almost blinded, getting poked in the eye by a stray lock of hair. “Karl...”

“Shh,” Karl slurs against his neck. “Sleepy time.”

“Karl, I need to get up.”

“No...” Karl whines, but he rolls off of him towards a sleeping Quackity, who has somehow ended up on the opposite side of Karl than he fell asleep. Sapnap climbs out of the nest, slipping into the hall.

When he comes back into the bedroom it paints the omegas in a sliver of light, framing Quackity as he tries to squirm away from a clingy Karl without fully gaining consciousness. Sapnap climbs back in on Karl’s side, opening his arms for the omega to crawl into. Quackity sighs, squirming back into the pillow, beanie scrunching up with the friction.

Karl settles himself against Sapnap’s chest, looking far more awake now. Sapnap kisses his hairline.

“Good morning.”

“Morning.” He looks over at Q again. “Does he normally sleep with the beanie on?”

Karl grins. “No. I get special hair viewing privileges.”

Sapnap smiles back. This boy is so special to be getting a smile out of him at this time in the morning. Although to be fair he’s pretty sure it’s at least mid morning. “Damn. Maybe one day I’ll be able to earn hair privileges.”

“Shut up...” Quackity groans, rolling over. “It’s not a privilege, I’m just trying to not scare you away with how gross my hair is.”

Sapnap looks down at Karl, shaking his head. “Does he not know that everything about him is perfect?”

“It appears not.” Karl furrows his eyebrows, a mock serious scowl. “How are we going to remedy this?”

“We could utilise an aggressive compliment attack?”

“It seems like it might be only partially effective. I propose we steal the defensive tactic in order to increase attack potential.”

“Will removing the defence be safe?”

“No. But this is a risk I am willing to take.”

Quackity fights against the sheets, trying to free his arms. “If you touch my beanie you are a dead man, Karl Jacobs.”

“A risk I am willing to take!” Karl makes a desperate lunge for Quackity’s head, knocking the wind out of Sapnap as he launches off his chest. He manages to get a hand on the beanie, wrestling with the other omega as he tries to pull it off.

“KARL!” Quackity screeches, trying to squirm away without losing his hat in the process.

“Give it up! Let us see your beauty!” Karl finally pulls the beanie off, leaving Quackity pinned to the bed with his hair fluffed up on the pillow.

“Ugh.” Quackity hides his face behind his hands but peaks out through his fingers to grin at Sapnap.

“You do look pretty cute.” Sapnap leans down to kiss the back of his palm where his cheek would be.

“Shut up. I hate my hair.”

“Our pretty boy,” Karl coos, nuzzling against Quackity’s temple.

“Can I touch?”

“Might as well. You’ve already seen it.”

“You sure?” He hovers a hand over Quackity’s head. The omega nods his, brushing

He drags his fingers through soft dark strands. Quackity’s head tips back into the movement, groaning lightly. “Sap...”

“You’ve found his greatest weakness.” Karl drapes himself over his side, watching as Quackity melts into the bed.

“Shut up.” Quackity presses into his hand, shivering as Sapnap drags his nails across his scalp. “I have no weaknesses.”

“Mmmhmm. Keep telling yourself that.” Karl rolls straight over Sapnap, toppling over the side of the bed.

“Karl? You good, man?”

Karl bounces back up. “I’m fine. Also hungry. Fine but hungry.”

“Breakfast?” Sapnap removes his hand from Quackity’s hair, generously not commenting on the small whimper he lets out at the loss.

“Yes!” Karl bounces on his toes as Sapnap climbs out of bed. “We need pancakes!”

“Do you own pancake mix?”

“No.”

“I’m not sure any of us are capable of making them from scratch.”

“It’ll be fine.”

“It really won’t.” Sapnap reaches out to pull Quackity out after him. “What about toast instead?”

“Fine,” Karl sighs, grabbing Sapnap’s other hand. (Which is becoming a trend. And it’s great. Everything is great. He’s never been so happy. But also he’s beginning to think he’s gonna have to learn how to go about all domestic tasks without the use of either of his hands.)

The way to the kitchen is a messy stumble intercut with Karl’s giggles as he “accidentally” bumps them into walls and Q’s tiny yawns and sleepy complaints.

Karl is allowed to put the toast in the toaster because he won’t let go of Sapnap’s hands to let him do it, but only under the condition that he is directly supervised and he adjusts the dial to exactly the number that Sapnap tells him to. Karl pouts as Sapnap guides them all to sit at the table. “I do know how to make toast. I’ve been doing it for myself since I was like, twelve.”

“I know sweetheart.” Sapnap strains his neck to place a placating kiss on Karl’s curls. “It’s not your fault that the toaster is broken.”

The toaster makes a sound like a spring bouncing away from a malfunctioning machine, toast almost rocketing across the room.

Karl is still pouting when Spanap gets up to collect the toast from where it’s strewn across the countertop. Quackity just leans a little further into his shoulder and gives him a half sympathetic pat.

The most lightly toasted slices go to Karl unbuttered with a tiny coating of jam, the scorched ones to Quackity with a thick layer of butter, the ones in the middle are for him (like a normal human being. Some of the food in this house...) with butter and peanut butter. He puts them all on a plate but makes sure that Karl’s don’t touch anything else and Quackity’s don’t get too much peanut butter on them because he hates the texture. When he brings the plate over Karl coos at the idea of all their food on one plate together, rambling between bites about cooking together for future dates, about cute dining sets in a future house that they can afford to furnish with more than the basics, about Sapnap being the best provider, about wanting to repay the favour, but because he couldn’t cook...

“Nope.” Sapnap’s fingers press to Karl’s lips, making him cross eyed as the omega looks down at the point of contact. “No one will be repaying me making sure you are properly fed with any favours, dubious in nature or otherwise.”

“My my, what exactly did you think we were suggesting, Sapnap? I was merely suggesting we could supply gifts as thanks.” Quackity’s grin is lopsided and loaded with faux innocence. Sapnap’s cheeks flash with mortification but he shakes his head.

“I know exactly what was being implied. I’m not dumb.”

Quackity giggles, falling over his lap. “No, no, we’re just innocent silly little omegas, we would

never!”

“We would never, we would never!”

“Dirty minded, the both of you.” He winds his arms around both of them a little more firmly. “I should probably go home at some point.”

“No.” Karl puzzles more firmly into his shoulder. “Stay.”

”We demand it.”

“Guys.” He wiggles a little, but really, if he intended it as an attempt to get out of the embrace then it was a pitiful one. “I have to go back home eventually. I don’t have enough clothes here or any of my school stuff.”

Karl shrugs. “Borrow mine.”

“Borrow the comp-sci resources you don’t have? I have a test next week baby, I kind of need to do some studying.” He nudges them both back a bit. “Plus, I need to go tell Dream about our date. As is my god given right to gossip to my best friend.”

“This is true.” Quackity’s brows furrow in mock consideration. “I suppose we will have to allow it on the grounds of a bff gossip session.”

“*However!*” Karl gestures emphatically, the act of letting go of Sapnap negated by leaning even further into his space. “This is under the condition that you return as soon as is feasible in order to compensate with kisses for any and all time apart!”

“Yes sir.” He pecks Karl’s cheek. Better get started on his payment sooner rather than later.

He is allowed out the door after a long string of kisses and only one instance of being fully hauled back into the apartment so that Karl could press as close as he physically could, scents so intertwined at the end of a marking that it’s almost no longer distinguishable as separate scents, instead surrounding the three as something new and unfamiliar, but wholly pleasant. He sets out for home with enough happiness trapped in his chest to bear him through anything.

## Chapter End Notes

This chapter is late! and on the shorter side! But! In my defence!  
idk, it's cute? also since the last update i've finished exams and started my nanowrimo project, which is a d-team fic i've been working on for ages and will hopefully start posting soon/when this is finished/when i get around to editing it.  
So yeah, this chapter is not what it was going to be, the next chapter will be Sapnap getting to share the good news with Dream, I promise, I was just having a hard time writing some transition scenes and it was already late so... you get this.  
I hope you liked it! Let me know!

## **a totally normal gossip session with the bff**

### Chapter Summary

Sapnap goes home... And then comes right back again.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The front door smacks against the wall, announcing his arrival and heralding his enthusiasm.

“Hey.”

“Hey.” Sapnap drops himself down onto the couch opposite Dream where he's leaned against the armrest. “Stop texting George for two seconds and pay attention to me.”

Dream glances him up from his phone for a couple of seconds before looking back down at the screen. “You don’t know that I’m texting George. I could be emailing a professor for all you know.”

He crosses his arms, head tilting to the side with a lazy grin. “So you’re not texting George?”

Dream's ears start to turn red at the tips, fidgeting with the phone for a second. “I mean. I am. But you didn’t know that.”

“Except the part where I did know.”

“Shut up.” Dream kicks him. He grabs his ankle, shoving his leg back towards him. He returns the kick, repeatedly, until Dream finally looks at him.

“I won’t shut up, I have important shit to say.” He swears he's so excited that he's shaking, at least inside his own head. Or, actually, the cushion that Dream's sitting on is moving too, maybe he actually is vibrating.

Dream rolls his eyes, dropping his phone on the couch. “Fine. What’s up?” His nose wrinkles a little as he finally pays attention to something other than his phone. “Why do you smell so much like Karl?”

Sapnap sits up, drawing in a deep breath. Definitely because he needs to prepare himself and not at all because of dramatic effect.

“Because he scented me. Like, romantically. And we kissed.” He waits for the surprise, the congratulations.

Dream swing his legs off the couch, putting more space between them. His fingers settle over his temples where he brow has furrowed sharply, leaving a wrinkle in his forehead. “You know the whole home wrecker thing was a joke right? Fuck Sap.”

His breath catches in his throat, balling up in a knot of tension that explodes in an unknown jumble of words. “Shut the fuck up! You don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“I know it’s fucked up to kiss your friends boyfriend, no matter what the circumstances are.”

"It was both of them! I kissed both of them!"

"Oh!" Dream rolls his eyes. "So instead of a home wrecker you're a knot head."

He rolls off the sofa, stepping back, away from the rancid scent of Dream’s disapproval. “What the fuck, Dream? Why are you acting like such a dick?”

“No, no, you’re the one acting like a dick. This is why people have such a bad perspective of Alphas; you saw two omegas and couldn't think with anything other than your knot and your nose and now you're trying to create a harem!"

"Shut the fuck up, you fucking moron! This is what I get for trying to tell you anything about myself- Some fucking best friend you are!"

The door slams with the sickening crunch of the wooden frame splintering.

The noise of the stairs slamming beneath his feet is somewhat cathartic so he goes faster, letting it turn into a cacophony so he can stop hearing Dream's words echoing. But that just gets him to the street faster and the outside world is an awful place full of people and sounds and he just turns and keeps running.

Eventually the ache in his lungs and the taste of iron pooling on the back of his tongue gets him to stop running but his feet carry the momentum on and he doesn't know what he would do if he stopped moving so he doesn't stop.

The heat pooling in his hands, radiates through his palms and clenched fists and into the brick wall of the apartment building next to his, leaking through the scrapes the side of his hand, dragging dirt and stones into the crevices of his hand. He keeps the contact as long as he can as he moves past, trying to leak all his anger out into his surroundings. But instead it clings, persistent cobwebs of frustration trailing behind him down the street.

He comes up short at the door of the apartment building, staring up at the windows of Karl and Quackity’s apartment. There’s no brain capacity left in his skull to think about what he’s doing, so he just goes, opening the door and taking the stairs, not willing to be trapped in the tiny box of the elevator with himself.

Thankfully he has the presence of mind to knock on the door, pacing the singular step back and forth across the width of the hall, until the door opens.

“Sap! You’re back!” Karl’s hands curl around the back of his shoulders, pulling him into the apartment. He flinches a little when Karl tries to pull him in for a hug and the omega recoils like he’s been shot. “Sap? What’s wrong?”

He opens his mouth, fully intending to speak, to explain, to at least say something. But nothing comes out. Quackity appears behind Karl, nudging in beside him in the narrow entryway.

“Baby, baby, what happened?”

“I- Dream!” He growls, hands fisting in his curls. Karl releases a whimper that sounds half sympathetic, but reeks a little of the distress that is leaking into the room. The sour note is a wake up call, piercing through his own bubble of angry pheromones.

“Sap.” He looks down at Quackity, who holds his gaze. It takes a moment for Sapnap to realise it’s

his own eyes that are restless rather than Quackity's. "Sap, you're shaking."

"Yeah."

"You're bleeding."

"What?" He lowers his hands from his head to inspect himself, only to realise they are the source of the blood. He looks down at the blood dripping from his fingertips onto the carpet. "Oh. Sorry." He cradles his hand, trying to shield the sight of the blood from Karl.

"Don't apologise, you idiot." Quackity grabs his hand, immediately getting smeared with blood himself as he turns it over, looking for the wound. Shallow gashes line the side of his palm, still inlaid with flecks of debris from the wall. "C'mere." He tugs him towards the bathroom, hand cradled so gently in Quackity's. He's pushed to sit on the closed toilet as Quackity grabs the first aid kit and a face towel. The damp cloth is pressed against the grazes, and he winces, trying to hold his hand still. He swears his hand didn't hurt until just this moment.

Quackity smiles at him, pressing gently around the cut to wipe away the drying blood. His other hand holds him at the wrist, steadying the shaking of his hand as his thumb digs into the tendons over his wrist, rubbing back and forth in a soothing movement. He unfolds a large gauze bandaid, pressing it softly over the torn up area.

The smallest, softest kiss is pressed to the very corner of the bandaid. "Better?"

"No. It hurts now." He blinks a couple times, focusing in on Quackity's face. "But thank you though."

Quackity's smile doesn't quite reach the corner of his eyes. He squeezes Sapnap's fingers, standing up and drawing Sapnap gently up after him.

"Come lie down, you look like you need it."

"I'm sorry."

"What on earth are you sorry for, huh?" Quackity squeezes his hand again, this time sending a little shock of pain up his arm. "You know you're always welcome here. We'll take care of you."

"You don't even know what happened."

"Doesn't matter." The bedroom door is already half open, Karl fussing with the blankets, tucking corners under and shaping the nest. "C'mon, let's get you out of those smelly clothes."

"Don't you have things you need to be doing?"

"Nope." Quackity starts tugging his t-shirt over his head, already reaching for Karl's half of the wardrobe for something for him to wear.

"Seriously, you don't have to worry about me, I'll be okay."

"Too late, I'm worrying." Quackity dumps a hoodie on his head, leaving him to fight his arms into the correct holes. "Take off your pants, I'll find you some sweats."

"Wow- smooth." His hands are still a little shaky, but he fights the rest of his clothes off, letting Quackity pass him a pair of Karl's sweats. The moment he's fully dressed Karl makes grabby hands at him from the bed.

“C’mere, c’mere, c’mere....” Karl mumbles as he climbs onto the bed, falling against his chest as soon as he rests against the headboard. “You smell so *sad* ... need to be happy...” The soft skin of his cheek rubs against the underside of his jaw, layering Karl’s sweet, comfort infused, scent overtop Sapnap’s. He sighs, wrapping a hand around the back of Karl’s neck to keep him close as the bed moves as Quackity climbs up beside them.

“Thanks sweetheart.” He stares up at the ceiling, watching the stippling on the plaster blurs into a mess. If he doesn’t blink it’s not real, if he doesn’t blink it’s not real.... He blinks, tears sliding down towards his temples.

Fingers wipe them away before they can reach his hairline, again and again, both omegas pressed close to his sides as he quietly sobs.

## Chapter End Notes

I would like to formally apologise for not posting for two months and then coming back with this.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!